

# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELL... WE MEET AGAIN, DEAR READER! WELCOME BACK! RIGHT TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! GET A GOOD SHIP ON YOURSELF! SIT BACK AND RELAX... AND I'LL TELL YOU ANOTHER TALE DESIGNED TO SCARE YOU. TO REASSURE YOU! THIS TALE FROM MY COLLECTION IS CALLED...

## DEATH MUST COME!



ECOSTEIN

ANOTHER  
ILLUSTRATED  
SUSPENSE STORY

MY STORY BEGINS IN A LONELY OLD HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF A SMALL TOWN. OUTSIDE, NIGHT IS FALLING.

HENRY! YOU DID MY MESSAGE? BUT, FREDERICK! THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME! ANOTHER DAY AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE!



YES! BUT MY BONES ARE BEGINNING TO ACHES... AND THE PAINS IN MY BACK... ARE GETTING STRONGER! I MUST HAVE ANOTHER OPERATION TOMORROW!

OH, I'M TIRED FROM SITTING! LET ME SIT DOWN FOR A WHILE!



YES, HERE? SIT DOWN! IT IS TOO EARLY TO START OUT, ANYWAY!

YOU LOOK EXACTLY THE SAME, FREDERICK! EXACTLY AS YOU LOOKED THAT NIGHT ALMOST FIFTY YEARS AGO...



I REMEMBER IT AS THOUGH IT WERE YESTERDAY! WE WERE BOTH TWENTY-FIVE! YOUNG... AMBITIOUS... FULL OF LIFE! I REMEMBER IT WAS IN VIENNA! TWO YOUNG STRUGGLING SCIENTISTS... WITH AN IDEA! THEN... IF OUR EXPERIMENTS ARE CORRECT... HENRY... AND WHAT WE HAVE PROVEN ABOUT THIS GLAND IS TRUE, WE HAVE SOLVED THE RAPIDLY PROBLEM OF THE AGING OF A HUMAN BODY! THINK WHAT IT CAN MEAN!

ETERNAL LIFE! REPLACING THE GLAND WITH A YOUNGER ONE CAN MEAN ARRESTING OLD AGE!



WE MUST PROVE IT, HENRY! WE MUST TRY IT ON OURSELVES!

NO, DON'T! MY OLD FREDERICK! I DON'T WANT ETERNAL LIFE! I WANT TO KNOW OLD AND DIE WHEN MY TIME COMES!



YOU'RE A FOOL, HENRY! THINK OF IT! YOU CAN LOOK AS YOU LOOK TODAY! FIFTY... A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW! I WANT IT, EVEN IF YOU DON'T! YOU WILL PERFORM THE OPERATION ON ME! WE OWE IT TO SCIENCE, TO THE WORLD!



AS YOU WISH, FREDERICK! HERE? IN ANYWHERE CAN WE GET A POWER BLAST WHEN IT COMES? WILL WE FIND ONE?



ALYES, FREDERICK, I REMEMBER WELL! THE PAPER TOLD OF A YOUNG COLLEGE STUDENT'S UNTIMELY DEATH! OUR EXPERIMENTS HAD PROVEN THAT THE GLAND REMAINED ACTIVE AFTER SUDDEN DEATH FOR 48 HOURS! THAT NIGHT WE WENT TO THE CEMETERY AND EXHUMED THE STILL-WARM CORPSE.



AND IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THAT MORNING, I REMOVED YOUR GLAND... AND SUBSTITUTED THAT OF AN EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD BOY IN ITS PLACE...



THAT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO! TWENTY YEARS LATER, I WAS OVER FORTY FIVE... YOU SENT FOR ME! WHAT A SHOCK TO SEE YOU... STILL YOUNG... STILL FULL OF YOUTH!



WHAT HADN'T THERE? HE'S DEAD, ISN'T HE? COME! WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!

YES, FREDERICK!



AND SO AGAIN WE WENT TO A CEMETERY... JUST AS WE HAD THAT FIRST TIME...

THE COFFIN! YOU'VE STRUCK THE COFFIN!

GIVE ME THE SHIRT! I'LL WRAP THE BODY IN IT!



AND AGAIN I PERFORMED THE OPERATION... SUCCESSFULLY! THE YOUTH WAS A GOOD SPECIMEN... NINETEEN! HE HAD BEEN HIT BY A TRUCK... BUT THE ISLAND WAS UNDISCOVERED...

THEN YOU WENT TO AMERICA... AND SHORTLY AFTER, AN OPPORTUNITY PRESENTED ITSELF, AND I FOLLOWED ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER THE SECOND OPERATION... I RECEIVED A LETTER!

AT FIRST, I DID NOT WANT TO GO! I WAS ALMOST SIXTY! WHAT WOULD I FIND? THE SAME YOUNG, HANDSOME BOY I HAD KNOWN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS BEFORE? SURELY, MY SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY GOT THE BETTER OF ME, AND I AGREE!



THERE! IT IS DONE!



HENRY! I MUST TELL YOU! COME AT ONCE! ANOTHER OPERATION IS IMPERATIVE! FREDERICK!



FREDERICK! IT CAN'T BE! NO! IT CAN'T BE!

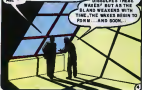
YES, HENRY! IT IS ME! STILL YOUNG! STILL FRESH!

AH! AREN'T YOU SORRY, NOW, THAT YOU DIDN'T CONSENT TO A MORE WAS EXPERIMENT?

PORRAPH? PERHAPS NOT? I DO NOT KNOW! ANYWAY THAT IS OF NO MATTER! WHAT CONCERS ME IS NOW! YOU SAY ANOTHER OPERATION IS NECESSARY?

YES! THE WAXES ARE FORMING AGAIN! YOU KNOW THAT ACCORDING TO OUR CALCULATIONS, IT IS THESE WAXES THAT STOP OTHER BLAMES FROM OPERATING CORRECTLY, THEREBY BRINGING ON A BREAKDOWN OF TISSUE, AND "OLD AGE"!

YES, AND THAT THE ISLAND LOCATED ON THE SPLEEN SECRETED A FLUID WHICH IN YOUTH, DISSOLVES THESE WAXES! BUT AS THE ISLAND WEAKENS WITH TIME, THE WAXES BEGIN TO FORM... AND SOON...





EASIER! WELL, THE SLAND HAS  
WEIGHED. IT *WOULD* BE  
REPLACED? HERRY, IT MUST  
BE REPLACED *TOMORROW*!

FREDERICK? HOW  
LONG DO YOU  
INTEND TO KEEP  
THIS UP?



UNTIL I AM SEVENTY. OR  
EIGHTY? THEN WE WILL  
TELL THE WORLD!

I *DID* NOT BE HERE BY  
THEN, FREDERICK? WHY  
NOT TELL... *NOW*?



WE'LL SEE, HERRY! BUT NOW...  
WE HAVE WORK TO DO.



"AND SO, FOR THE THIRD TIME, WE  
WENT TO A GEMETERY... REMOVED  
THE BODY...



"... AND I PERFORMED ANOTHER OPER-  
ATION! THIS TIME, IT WAS A TWENTY-  
TWO YEAR OLD MAN! HE HAD BEEN  
KILLED IN A BRAWL...



"AFTER YOUR RECOVERY, THE CONVERSATION ABOUT  
PUBLISHING A REPORT WAS FORGOTTEN... AND I WENT  
AWAY! BUT *TEN YEARS LATER* YOU SENT FOR ME  
AGAIN!"

SO SOON, FREDERICK?  
*SO SOON?*

THE SLAND MUST WORK  
MUCH HARDER NOW? IT  
CANNOT LAST AS LONG!



FREDERICK? I AM  
ALMOST SEVENTY?

YOU CAN DO IT, HERRY! YOU'VE  
DONE IT THREE TIMES BEFORE!



AND SO, FOR THE FOURTH TIME IN FORTY-FIVE YEARS, HE WENT AGAIN TO A CEMETERY AND REMOVED A BODY NOT YET COOL IN DEATH...

I CANNOT HELP YOU, FREDERICK!  
I WANTED BLS TO DO THIS

JUST HOLD THE  
LIGHT, HENRY! I  
AM STRONG, I WILL  
MANAGE IT ALONE!



AND THAT SAME NIGHT...

USE A LOCAL ANESTHETIC,  
I WANT TO WATCH IN THAT  
MIRROR ON THE CEILING!

AS YOU WISH,  
FREDERICK?



AND AFTER YOUR RECOVERY, FIVE  
YEARS AGO, WE PARTIED! AND NOW  
YOU SEND FOR ME AGAIN! CAN'T YOU  
SEE WHAT IS HAPPENING,  
FREDERICK?



YES, HENRY! THE  
TIME BETWEEN  
OPERATIONS IS  
GROWING SHORTER!



AND THIS WILL  
CONTINUE UNTIL  
YOU WILL NEED A  
NEW CLAMP EVERY  
YEAR... EVERY  
MONTH... EVERY  
YEAR!

NO, IT WILL NEVER  
COME TO THAT!  
PERHAPS A  
FOUNDER CLAMP  
A DAYLIFE?



I CANNOT  
DO OR,  
FREDERICK  
I REFUSE!

YOU MUST!!  
YOU MUST!!

NO! I REFUSE! I WILL NOT  
PERFORM THE OPERATION  
AGAIN!



DISORDERING OLD PEOPLE?

ORDER?





YOU... YOU STRUCK... ME...  
BASP... YOU... FREDERICK?  
MY HEART!

HENRY!



HE... HE'S DEAD!  
WHAT WILL I DO?  
WHAT WILL I DO NOW?



I'M GROWING OLDER RAPIDLY THE  
FARER... I... I DON'T DON'T DO UP A  
BRAIN! I... I HAVEN'T THE  
STRENGTH! I MUST THINK OF  
SOMETHING!

WELL, DEAR HENRY! OLD... EH... THAT ISN'T YEARS...  
FREDERICK IS IN A MESS NOW! HE NEEDS A YOUNG YOUNG  
VIRILE SPECIMEN... BUT QUICK!

HELLO... PORTAL UNION! I WANT TO SEND A  
TELEGRAM... JURGEL... TO FREDERICK CARTON...



GLORY! THERE IS NOTHING! SENDING A TELEGRAM TO  
HIMSELF... THAT WILL BRING A YOUNG MESSAGE TO HIS  
HOME...

WHEN HE GETS HERE, THIS MAN BOARDS IN CHILD-  
FORM OVER HIS NOSE AND MOUTH WILL TAKE CARE OF  
HIM! HURRY! HURRY! I'M ASKING FASTER NOW!



... SHARP PAINS SHOOT THROUGH FREDERICK CARTON AS  
HE WANTS! WRIGGLER BEGAN TO APPEAR IN HIS SKIN! HE  
FACED HIS HANDS... AND THEN... THE CORRELL...



YES?

TELEGRAM FOR FREDERICK  
CARTON! I...



WRRP...!!

HEH... HEH... THIS WAS TOO  
EASY! NOW I'LL GIVE HIM A  
HYPO TO KILL HIM!

CAREFULLY, FREDERICK PREPARES FOR THE OPERATION. IT WILL BE TIGHT... THE LOCAL ANESTHETIC... THE REMOVAL OF THE GLAND... AND THEN... OPERATE UPON HIMSELF.

...BUT... IT HAS TO BE DONE!



...AND THEN... AS THE SCULPTOR LAYS BARE THE PLACE WHERE THE GLAND IS LOCATED...

NO! NO! NO!

AAAAAAH!



SHOCKED AND HORRIFIED, FREDERICK STAGGERS FROM THE LABORATORY. THERE IS NO HOPE NOW!

GASP! GASP!



OLD MAN! THE FLESH DRAGS TIGHT OVER HIS BONES... THE HAIR GRAYS... THE EYES REDDEN... THE FINGERS SNAP...



WEARILY, HE SINKS TO THE STOPS. HIS BODY BENT AND OLD... HIS FEATURES DISTORTED, UGLY... WRINKLED... WITHERED...



A FINAL SCREAM... AND THEN SILENCE! THE DEEP SILENCE OF DEATH...



AND THAT'S THE STORY, DEAR READER! FREDERICK FINALLY DID DIE, AN OLD MAN WHO KNOWS THE NIGHT HAVE LIVED LONGER IF HE HADN'T CRAVED ETERNAL LIFE! OR... BY THE WAY, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT FREDDY SAW WHEN HE... OH... OPENED UP... THAT MESSENGER? WELL... HE FOUND **ADAMANT!** IT SEEMS THAT PART OF THE BOY'S SPLEEN HAD BEEN REMOVED - THE PART WITH THE GLAND! SEEING THAT SAVED OLD FREDDY THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE! WELL... I'LL SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE WITH ANOTHER TALE FROM THE

**THE CRYPT OF TERROR!**  
BE SURE AND COME, WON'T YOU?

IF YOU LIKE OUR TYPE OF STORY... WILL YOU WRITE AND TELL, MR. Russ Cochran, P.O. Box 468, West Plains, MO 65775

OUT OF THE DARK NIGHT HE WALKED, HIS HANDS TRAINED IN THE ART OF KILLING, HIS BRAIN A SEETHING FERMENT OF DESTRUCTION! HIS EYES SAW LIFE, AND HIS HEART LOVED THE GRAVE, FOR HE WAS---

# "THE MAN WHO WAS DEATH"



EDGAR BOWMAN WAS THE EXECUTIONER AT STATE'S PRISON. HIS HANDS WERE DEFT WITH GAF AND BRACES, BUT HIS HEART SEEMED FORMED OF STONE...

EVERYTHING'S READY, BOON. THEY WILL BRING HIM IN HERE, SHIVELLING AND WEeping!



NO! NO! I DON'T WANT TO DIE! I DON'T WANT TO... DIE! I'M SCARED! SCARED!

HE DIDN'T THINK OF THIS WHEN HE WAS KILLING HIS BROTHER!



EDGAR BOWMAN WAS A CAREFUL WORKMAN--HE CHECKED HIS SWITCHES AND HIS WIRES CAREFULLY, EVEN AS THE SCREAMING GUNMAN WAS CASTING TO THE CHAIR.

AAAAAAAAHHH! NO, NO! I'LL DO ANYTHING! GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE! I DON'T KNOW...IT WOULD BE LIKE-- FARE?



THE EXECUTIONER MOVED HIS HAND DOWNWARD WITH A DEFT MOTION OF HIS WRIST. ALL OVER THE PRISON, THE CELL BLOCK LIGHTS DIMMED.

HE'S BETTER--HIS?

SO LOW,  
FELLA...



AFTER EACH DEATH, EDGAR BOWMAN WENT OUT INTO THE NIGHT, WALKING WITH HEAD LOW, HIS SOUL, EXULTING.

HE WAS A BAD MAN--HE PAID THE PENALTY--AND I--I WAS FATE'S INSTRUMENT TO BRING HIM TO HIS DOOM!



DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT IT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME.

ENDLESS WRINKLES. EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM I THOUGHT THIS ONE WOULD BE DIFFERENT. SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE COLD--IMMUNANT BUT SHE YELLS JUST LIKE THE REST!

AAAAAAAAHHH!



SHE YELLED--AND SO SHE DIED!



THAT BUT JUST LOW'S HIS WORK, DOESN'T HE?

I'LL SAY IT WOULDN'T TAKE IT ON A BET--BUT HE GETS FANGLED ON ACCOUNT OF IT!



EDGAR BOWMAN'S FAME SPREAD TO NEARBY STATES. PRISONS SENT HIM INVITATIONS TO ATTEND THEIR EXECUTIONS AS GUEST OF HONOR...



IN THIS STATE WE HAVE A GAS CHAMBER WOULD YOU CARE TO RELEASE THE BAIT?

I CERTAINLY WOULD, BUT IT WILL BE A NEW EXPERIENCE FOR ME!



HMM... HANGING IS THE METHOD IN THIS STATEMENT?

IT IS? QUICK AND SURE? CARE TO PRESS THE ROPE RELEASE?

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN, THE NAME OF EDGAR BOWMAN BECAME KNOWN. HE WAS A SYMBOL OF JUSTICE? HIS HANDS WERE QUICK AND CERTAIN. HE KILLED CALMLY, QUICKLY! WITH HIM, DEATH WAS A SERVANT TO HIS DESIRES! HE WENT ON THE RADIO, ON TELEVISION...



AND THEN, ONE AFTERNOON IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE OF THE STATE PRISON...



NOTHING MUCH DOING FOR YOU, EDGAR? NEWS PEOPLE HAVE BEEN REMAINING THEMSELVES LATELY, NO DEATH PENALTIES AT ALL?

THAT WON'T KEEP UP. THERE ARE ALWAYS PEOPLE GOING OFF THEIR TROLLEY! I'M NOT WORRIED!

BUT AS THE DAYS WENT BY...



CARPER JONES--NOT GUILTY? ARTHUR BOWAN--NOT GUILTY? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE JONES, ANYHOW?

NOT GUILTY? NOT GUILTY? TEN MURDERERS IN AS MANY WEEKS--AND ALL OF THEM SET FREE? POOLS? THAT'S WHAT THOSE JONES CONSIST OF--POOLS? WELL, I'M NO POOL!



I KNOW THEY'RE GUILTY!





DEAD BY EXECUTION? IT WAS A  
SIMPLE MATTER TO RIG UP MY WIRES  
SO I COULD FLOOD THAT METAL GATE  
WITH ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO KILL  
A COUPLE MURDERERS?



HE IS ONLY THE FIRST/THERE  
ARE MANY OTHERS THAT DE-  
SERVE TO DIE—AND WILL!



TWO NIGHTS LATER, IN A LITTLE SPORTS CAFE,  
ARTHUR BOWMAN PREPARED FOR BED...



THINK I'LL TAKE A NICE  
WARM SHOWER! IT'LL HELP  
ME SLEEP... LET ME FORGET  
MY MURDER THING...

SAFE...SAFE AT LAST, AFTER ALL THOSE  
MONTHS OF WORRY? I DON'T KNOW WHO  
KILLED JIM—BUT I DON'T! AND THANK  
GOODNESS...THE JURY RELIEVED ME!



BOOOOOOOOOOO!



DEAD? ONE MORE HAS PAID THE  
SUPREME PENALTY FOR HIS EVIL!  
BUT THERE ARE OTHERS... MANY  
OTHERS FREED FROM THEIR FATE  
BY A STUPID JURY...



TWO HAVE DIED! BEHOLD,  
FLOOD WAS FREED BY A JURY!  
I WAS THERE MYSELF TO HEAR  
THE TESTIMONY IN HIS CASE!  
BUT HE SHALL NOT ELUDE  
JUSTICE!



IT WAS ON A WILD AND STORMY NIGHT THAT GEORGE FLOOD CLOSED HIS ACCOUNT BOOKS AND WALKED TOWARD HIS LITTLE SUBURBAN HOME.



I GUESS I'M JUST ABOUT THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE ENTIRE WORLD.



HERE COMES THE HANGMAN NOW!

A SNAP OF WIRE CUTTERS IN REACTION-GLOVED HANDS—



WHEN THIS LIVE WIRE TOUCHES FLOOD—IN HIS RAIN-WET CLOTHING--IT WILL BE JUST AS EFFECTIVE AS THE ELECTRIC CHAIR HE CREATED!



AAAAGGGHH!



DEATH FOR THE WICKED? HE CREATED DEATH ONCE, BUT IT HAS CLAIMED HIM FOREVER! HE WILL NOT KILL AGAIN!



IN THE POLICE STATIONS, HARD-BOILED DETECTIVES ARE GATHERING TO DISCUSS THE "ELECTRIC DEATH".

EVERYONE'S BEEN KILLED BY ELECTRICITY! GEE, ISN'T IT?

A JURY SAID THEM ALL, YET FATE CONSPIRED TO EXECUTE THEM AFTER ALL!



I'M NOT SO SURE IT WAS FATE! I THINK IT WAS—A MAN!



MAYBE I'M WRONG--BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! WATCH BETTY BATES? A JURY PLEDGED HER A MORTH APO. IF A MAN IS OUT TO KILL HER--HE'LL TRY SOON!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'LL GUARD HER RIGHT AND O.K.



NEXT DAY, A PLAINCLOTHESMAN TOOK UP HIS POSITION, ALWAYS WITH HIS EYES FASTENED ON THE FORMER PRISONER OF THE LAW.

THAT MAN WITH THE NEWSPAPER IS A DETECTIVE I'VE SEEN HIM AT THE BIG HOUSE LOADS OF TIMES!



THIS EXECUTION WILL HAVE TO BE MY MASTERPIECE! THE POLICE WILL TRY TO STOP ME, BUT I MUST NOT LET THEM! HMMM... THIS WILL REQUIRE SOME THOUGHT...



I'LL BE HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS--A QUICK LEAP--AND THEN TO LIFT HER INTO THE WOODEN WATER TROUGH--WHERE HIGH VOLTAGE WIRES WILL ELECTRIFY HER!



BUT EVEN AS THE EXECUTIONER LEAPED FORWARD, HIDDEN BY DARKNESS AND THE SHADOWS, A BRILLIANT BOAT OF ELECTRICITY--~~LIGHTNING?~~--LIT UP THE SCENE LIKE A BEAM OF SUNLIGHT!

LOOK OUT! THERE'S A MAN THERE!

electric?



IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT LIGHTNING...I WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN HIM. UNTIL AFTER HE'D LIFTED MISS BATES...AND TOSSED HER IN THAT ELECTRICALLY TREATED WATER!



SOME MONTHS LATER, IN THE BIG HOUSE, A SCREAMING MAN WAS DROPPED TOWARD THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! THERE WAS FRIGHT IN HIS PALLID FEATURES, FEAR IN HIS WRITHING MOUTH...

I--I'M SCARED! I DON'T WANT TO DIE! NO...NOT STOP... STOP...AAAAAHHH!

# ALIBI...ON ICE!

**S**now Trooper Mark Holliday looked down at the body stretched in the snow at his feet. The man had evidently been skiing down treacherous Harpin Turn . . . had momentarily lost control of his skis . . . and had crashed head-on into the gnarled old tree which poked its tremendous girth up out of the snow and ice around it!

"I can't imagine how in the world it could have happened," mumbled the giant of a man standing at the Trooper's elbow. "This turn on the ski slope has a bad reputation. I know . . . but still . . . he claimed to be an **EXPERT** skier! Awful bad **ACCIDENT**!"

Trooper Holliday nodded almost unconsciously to the tall man's speech. Funny thing, he mused. An **EXPERT** skier, this Jack Benson says . . . and yet the man can't stop himself short of such an obvious obstacle as this old tree!

"I just happened to be looking out of the window of the Inn when I saw this guy go shooting down the hill," big Jack Benson was saying, his large St. Bernard's eyes roving over the landscape. "Sure happened sudden . . . an awful tragedy . . . accident like that!"

Trooper Holliday looked down at the dead man. His eyes roved over the figure . . . moved on to the trunk of the tree . . . and then crossed back to the spot where towering Jack Benson

stood, his feet stamping against the snow to keep his toes warm.

"YOU do much skiing, Benson?" asked Holliday. "See any other accidents like the one in all the time you've spent that run up there on the hill?"

Benson's eyes squinted at the State Trooper before he answered. "Can't say as I have. Other . . . first kind like **THIS**!"

Trooper Holliday rubbed his chin, let his hand rest momentarily under his coat. When he brought it out, the fingers were gripped tight around his revolver.

"You better put your hands up, Benson . . . we've got a trip to make to Headquarters!"

Benson started to sputter his innocence, but one look from the Trooper quieted him. "Couple of things don't look like accidents to ME! The bark of the tree where the victim was supposed to crash, for instance," and the Trooper. "If you look closely you'll find it isn't even peeled . . . and yet the man was supposed to hit it hard enough to crack his skull! And his clothing . . . got too much on him, especially for an expert skier! But what points the finger at **YOU**," and the Trooper, as he steered Benson down the snow-covered hillside, "are these skis! The man on the ground is less than five-and-a-half feet tall . . . and these skis are long enough for a giant! A Giant like **YOU**!"

## CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER EXTRA

I have a question that has puzzled me for a while now. I wasn't around in the early 50's, but I have a few original Tales from the Crypt comics and I noticed inside the front cover of them at the bottom it says that "Tales From The Crypt" was formerly "The Crypt of Terror." I have the last "Tales From The Crypt" which was #48 and inside there is an article that says E.C. was not planning to make a #48. Instead they were going to make #45 the last and make a fourth title called "The Crypt of Terror," but because the comic companies felt Tales, Vault and Haunt were a "bad influence" on kids . . . they made a Crypt #48 and ended the 3 titles. What I would like to know is was there ever a "Crypt of Terror" and if not why did they print that "Tales" was formerly "The Crypt of Terror?"

Sincerely,  
Tales From The Crypt's  
#1 Fan,  
Robert Bonneau  
Staten Island NY

EC started a life called INTERNATIONAL COMICS in that with or without it. The title was changed later to INTERNATIONAL (Giant PULP), and, later, to CRIME PULP, but the numbering stayed to continue. When the New Trend was launched, that would have been CRIME PULP, #1 became CRYPT OF TERROR #1. This was actually the first issue of CRYPT, then, despite the lower number. With the fourth issue of CRYPT, the title was changed to TALES FROM THE CRYPT, it's this name which was used for the longest time and under which the comic really ran for years.

Near the end of the New Trend period, EC was on the verge of starting a KODAK horror line, and would have resurrected the name CRYPT OF TERROR for it. That is the comic mentioned in the first issues of CRYPT, HAUNT and BLOOD and illustrated in a famous house ad.

However, EC decided to jump the whole New Trend thing and soon released the New CHALLENGER comics (called BLOOD and BLOOD), the contents of the advertised THE CRYPT OF TERROR #1 of 1954 was published as the "MAD" and first issue of TALES FROM THE CRYPT.



ABOVE IS THE COVER OF "CRYPT #1" (CRYPT OF TERROR #17, 1954) AS IT APPEARED UPON ORIGINAL RELEASE.

# TELL-TALE MARKS!

Master Coming picked up the telephone and called the Police station. While he held the phone, waiting for the connection to be made, he let his eye rove around the room. He could breathe a little more easily now, he thought to himself, his eye resting for one moment on the trophy case with the metal plate screwed to its top. Matthew Coming, Curator was inscribed in black on the bronze strip.

"Is this the Police station?" he asked the voice on the other end of the line. "This is Matthew Coming, Curator over at the Mid-town Museum and Zoo. I'm afraid there's been a little trouble over here. I think we'll need your assistance!" Coming reached across the desk as he spoke and picked up a vial which contained an oily liquid. He cleared his throat, rolled the vial between his fingers. "The trouble took place just ten minutes ago . . . over in the Snake cage! A man who once worked here wandered in . . . evidently poked around! And now . . . we've got a corpse on our hands!"

It had gone off precisely as he had planned it, Coming thought to himself as he dropped the vial into his coat pocket. That meddlesome Smith had come back today as he had promised. All set to tell the authorities about that bit of trouble Coming had with the low years

below. Unless, of course, Coming could make it worth his while to be quiet about the episode. And so he had made preparations to welcome Smith . . . something in the way of a farewell party, he thought to himself with a chuckle! The snakes . . . they had been the surest way out of the difficulty! Who could question the death of a man who had stumbled into a cage-full of poisonous serpents?

\* \* \* \* \*

The Detective stared down at the body of the man which the Zoo attendants had dragged out of the Snake Cage. The clothing around the shoulders was torn and shredded . . . and deep in the man's throat were two tiny punctures, which were beginning to turn black! Nasty thing, thought the Detective . . . to be killed that way by the bite of a poisonous snake! He stared closer to the corpse, and then he straightened out, his pencil point tapping against the glass top of the Curator's desk.

"Anybody else around when you heard the noise from the Cage?" the Detective asked Coming.

"Nobody that I know of, Coming answered, his fingertips rubbing against the vial in his coat-pocket. "I guess we were alone here . . . just the two of us . . . and a cage-full of SNAKES!"

"Those marks are curious," the Detective said, his pencil tapping. "I remember reading something recently about snakes. Seems they very rarely will bite a man above the knee . . . certainly not as high up as the throat! And the reason is simple . . . no snake is large enough to arch its back and reach much higher than a foot-and-a-half off the ground!"

Coming gulped. He could feel his palm moist against the vial in his pocket.

"Those punctures undoubtedly contained snake venom," the Detective was saying, but Coming could no longer hear him very distinctly. "But I don't think they were administered by a snake's tongue! Perhaps YOU can tell us how they WERE administered, Master Coming . . . down at Headquarters!"



PRIVATE DETECTIVE JACK WILKINSON DECIDES TO  
TO ESCAPE FROM THE TURMOIL OF HIS OFFICE  
AND HOME BY TAKING HIS WIFE TO A SMALL  
FAMILY HOTEL IN WHICH HE IS CERTAIN HE CAN-  
NOT BE REACHED! BUT HE WALKS HEAD-ON INTO  
TROUBLE WHEN HE ENTERS ROOM 404, WHICH  
CONTAINS....

# THE CORPSE NOBODY KNEW



THE LOBBY OF THE MAJESTIC HOTEL...

HERE'S THE KEY,  
SIR...ROOM 404!  
I'LL HAVE A BELL-  
BOY...

DON'T NEED ONE,... THANKS  
JUST THE SAME! ME AND THE  
WIFE'LL JUST SHUT UP TO THE  
ROOM BY OURSELVES! NO OTHER  
...NO FUSS!



MADE IT! A PHONEY NAME  
AT THE DESK... NOW THE  
OFFICE'LL NEVER BE  
ABLE TO FIND ME!

YOU JUST STRETCH  
OUT ON THE BED, JACK.  
WHILE I HAVE A COUPLE  
OF DRESSER IN THE  
CLOSET....





EASER SAID THAT SOME? HE'S NOT AROUND. SAID HE HAD TO LEAVE RATHER SUDDENLY... OUT-OF-TOWN TRIP. BE BACK IN A DAY-OR-SO? BEEN ACTING RATHER FUNNY LATELY... FOLLOW ME!



JUST A HUNCH OF MINE... THING MAYBE HE STARTED OUT TO COMMIT A LITTLE IMMORAL LASCIVIOUS HERE IN THE HOTEL VAULT... AND THOSE WENT WRONG!



THE PLACE IT'S BEEN TURNED UP-SIDE-DOWN!



YEP! JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE PLACE HAS BEEN NOBBED... BY SOME OTHER THAN PAUL WINSLOW... THE MANAGER OF THE MAJESTIC HOTEL?

NOW WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL THE POLICE! LUCKY THING I HAPPENED TO LEARN THAT WINSLOW WAS PLANNING TO LEAVE TOWN... EVEN KNOWING WHICH PLANE HE PLANS TO TAKE? THE SGP'LL LOVE ME FOR IT!



THE COMMISSIONER MAY EVEN KISS YOU!

POLICE? THIS IS BILL RIEKER... DETROIT-ONE OVER AT THE MAJESTIC? ABOUT THAT UNIDENTIFIED MURDER VICTIM... HERE'S A CLUE! PAUL WINSLOW, MANAGER OF THE HOTEL, PLANNED TO TAKE THE TWO-THIRTY PLANE THIS AFTERNOON TO CHICAGO! RATHER SUDDENLY, TOO?



THE PORDERIOUS MACHINERY WHICH DEALS WITH LAW AND ORDER BEGAN TO FUNCTION IMMEDIATELY...

CALLING SQUADGARS EIGHT TO THIRTEEN EIGHT TO THIRTEEN? VISIT ALL THE AIRLINE OFFICES IN TOWN? GET INFO ON A PAUL WINSLOW... SUPPOSED TO HAVE LEFT BY PLANE AT TWO-THIRTY! URGENT!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT, UP IN ROOM 808...

I HOPE JACK GETS BACK SOON. I DON'T LIKE TO BE LEFT ALONE LIKE THIS! AWFULLY BORED IN HERE... I'D BETTER OPEN THE WINDOW...







JACK DOESN'T WANT ME TO STRAY OUT OF THE ROOM...SO I'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT! UNLESS THIS WINDOW IS BUILT SOLID!



NO WONDER I COULDN'T BRUSH THE WINDOW. SOMEONE JAMMED PIECES OF PAPER INTO THE FRAME! 3-DAY...MAYBE JACK WILL GIVE SOME CLUE TO THE IDENTITY OF THE GUY THERE ON THE FLOOR!



W-W-W...IT'S A RECEIPT FROM THE STREET-WALKER CAMERA COMPANY! FOR ONE OF THOSE PHOTOS THEIR CAMERAMEN TAKE ALL OVER THE CITY...YOU BRING IN THE RECEIPT AND THEY DEVELOP THE PICTURE WHICH CORRESPONDS TO THE NUMBER ON THE RECEIPT THEY HAND YOU!



HERE COMES JACK...WITH SOMEONE WHO LOOKS LIKE A GUY I'LL SASHAY DOWN TO THAT PHOTO OUTFIT...GET THE PICTURE DEVELOPED! THAT MAY TELL US WHO THE VOTIN IS!



FIVE BLOCKS AWAY, FIVE MINUTES LATER...

I'D LIKE TO HAVE THIS DEVELOPED...

YOU BET, MA'AM...HAVE IT READY IN A JIFFY! JUST BRAB A SEAT...IT WON'T TAKE LONG!



HERE IT IS! LADY, ALL DEVELOPED AND PRINTED! AND IT'S A BEAUTY...CLEAR AS CRYSTAL! LOOKY THE CAMERA THAT TOOK IT HAD BEEN TURNED IN FOR THE DAY...OTHER-WISE YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD TO WAIT FOR A WHILE!

Y-YES...I JUST HAND IT OVER!



NO DUB! I KNOW...BUT MAYBE IT'LL HELP JACK ON THE POLICE FIND OUT WHO THAT IS THERE ON THE FLOOR! THAT MAY BE THE GUY THAT SMASHED THE CASE!

WHILE BACK AT THE MAJESTIC HOTEL...

SECURED EVERY INCH OF THE ROOM, WENT OVER THE BODY AND CLOTHING WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB. NOT A CLUE AS TO WHO IT IS! AND THE BODY'S BEEN SO BADLY BATTERED...PROBABLY THE GUY'S OWN MOTHER WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM!



EXCUSE ME, CAPTAIN HALL. I DON'T LIKE TO BUIT IN ON THE POLICE...BUT MAYBE *JACK* WILL HELP! SINCE THE SAFE WAS ROBBED, AND ONLY WINSLOW KNOW THE COMBINATION. THIS MAN MAY HAVE BEEN KILLED BECAUSE HE SAW WINSLOW IN THE ACT OF ROBBERY!



GUY'S HALL...HERE'S THAT INFO ON THE AIRPLANE YOU WANTED? JUST CAME INTO THE NEAREST STATION HOUSE OVER THE TICKET!

NEVER MIND THE LONG STORY...WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN?



HE DROVE INTO THE TRANS-NATION AIRFIELD AT 2:00-04:30...BOUGHT A TICKET ON THE 2:05 PLANE TO CHICAGO, REGISTERED AS PAUL WINSLOW OF THIS CITY! NO CHECK YET AS TO WHETHER HE ACTUALLY GOT ON THE PLANE!

HMM...



I GUESS YOU ALL OVERHEARD THAT DELICATE STAGE-WHISPER OF MY ASSISTANT'S? IT WAS SO-GAET IN HERE YOU COULD HEAR AN EARS-DROPP! IF WINSLOW IS ON THAT PLANE, HE'LL BE Picked UP AS SOON AS IT LANDS! UNTIL THEN...WE'LL JUST WAIT!



SEEMS LIKE AN OPEN-AND-SHUT CASE TO ME, CAPTAIN...EVEN THOUGH NO ONE'S ASKING MY OPINION!

MAY BE...MAY BE...



W-WHAT IS THIS A *MURDER*?

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, MY FINE FEATHER-BRAINED FRIEND? AND WHAT IS THAT YOU'VE GOT IN YOUR HAND?





IN THE DENSE FORESTS OF EASTERN EUROPE, THERE GROWS A WILD PLANT CALLED WOLFS-BANE. LEGEND HAS IT THAT ANY HUMAN WHO COMES IN CONTACT WITH ITS THORNS WILL BECOME A WEREWOLF, AND SUFFER THE...

# CURSE OF THE FULL MOON!



THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON. THE BUILDINGS OF GOTHAM ARE STEEPED IN A DREDDING RAIN AND A HEAVY FOG BLANKETS THE CITY, FORMING DENSE PATTERNS IN THE NIGHT.



BETWEEN LIGHTNING FLASHES, A FIGURE RUNS THE LENGTH OF A STREET... DARTS TO THE DOORWAY OF A BUILDING AND FRANTICALLY HANGERS ON THE DOORING WAITS NERVOUSLY... NERVOUSLY, BECAUSE TONIGHT... IS THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON...





"REMEMBER HOW WE STOPPED OFF AT THAT LITTLE VILLAGE IN HUNGARY? WE STAYED SEVERAL DAYS... ONCE GOING FOR A WALK IN THE FOREST... REMEMBER?"



"We thought little of the event and returned to the inn after a glorious dinner. We retired to the room we shared and went to bed. That was my last restful night, George. For as we awakened the next morning, we found the inn a hubbub of excitement... and fear!"



**WEREWOLF?**  
WHY, THAT'S  
HORRIBLE!

NOT POSSIBLE,  
HERE DOCTOR?  
IT HAS HAPPENED  
BEFORE? COME, I  
WILL EXPLAIN...



THE WOODS SURROUNDING THE  
VILLAGE ARE INFESTED WITH A  
WILD PLANT CALLED **WOLFS-  
BANE!** LEGEND SAYS THAT  
ANYONE WHO TOUCHES IT WILL  
TURN INTO A WOLF ON THE  
NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON.  
LAST NIGHT, THE MOON  
WAS FULL!



SEE... HERE, IN THIS BOOK, IS A  
PICTURE OF THE PLANT OF  
WHICH I SPEAK!  
WE HAVE NOT  
DESTROYED IT  
BECAUSE NO  
ONE WILL GO  
NEAR IT...

WOLF? WHY,  
THAT'S THE  
SAME PLANT  
I SCORCHED  
MR. DR. MOE!



MANY TIMES BEFORE  
THIS HAS OCCURRED,  
HERE DOCTOR... I...  
HERE DOCTOR, IS  
SOMETHING WRONG  
WITH YOUR FRIEND?  
HE DOES NOT LOOK  
WELL...

RIGHT?... OH, BALPH! WHY,  
I... EH... I SUSPECT YOUR  
STORY HAS UPSET HIM!  
I'M SURE HE'LL BE  
ALL RIGHT!



"I CLIMBED THE STAIRS TO OUR ROOM, SECURE,  
IN A TRANCE... COMPLETELY COLD GREAT BEADED  
MY BODY... *Should it be? I had to know!*"

I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE... SEARCHED EVERY-  
THING! I CAN'T FIND A THING TO CONNECT ME  
WITH THAT GOD'S DEATH... WHAT MY TRENCH-COAT...

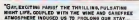


MMH... NO, NOTHING HERE TO... WAIT, WHAT'S THIS?  
A REDDISH STAIN... LIKE... LIKE **BLOOD!**... AND  
SHORT CURLY HAIR? GOD'S HAIR? OH, NO...



THIS... THIS MEANS  
I AM A **WEREWOLF!**  
I AM! I AM!





"I WROTE THE NEXT DAY TO FACE THE SHOCKING FACTS OF THE SLAMING MORNING HEADLINES..."

"YOUR WOMAN BRUTALLY SLAIN! BODY MUTILATED AS IF ATTACKED BY WILD ANIMAL!... ONE EYE MISSING... ONE EAR MISSING..."



"I QUICKLY DRESSED, AND DISPOSED OF THE BLOODY SHOE BY THROWING IT DOWN AN INCINERATOR CHUTE! WHEN I RETURNED TO OUR ROOM, GEORGE, YOU WERE THERE..."

GEORGE, I WANT TO LEAVE PARIS RIGHT AWAY! WE...WE'VE BEEN HERE LONG ENOUGH!...I DON'T WANT TO STAY ANY...ANY LONGER!

WHY, RALPH? I THOUGHT YOU WERE HAVING A GOOD TIME? BUT, IF YOU WANT TO LEAVE, IT'S UP TO YOU!



"AS OUR CAR DIED TOWARD THE COAST OF FRANCE, I FOUGHT TO KEEP FROM BEING ENGULFED BY THE FEAR THAT SEETHED WITHIN ME..."

HOW I KNOW I'M SURE? BUT WHAT CAN I DO? HOW CAN I STOP MYSELF? HOW CAN I STOP? MAYBE WHEN I'M OUT OF THIS COUNTRY...YES, MAYBE THEN I'LL BE ALL RIGHT AGAIN.



"AT LE HAVRE, WE HAD TO WAIT TILL THE FOLLOWING DAY BEFORE BOARDING A SHIP TO CROSS THE CHANNEL TO ENGLAND. BUT EVEN WITH PARIS FAR BEHIND, I WAS AFRAID. LONDON WAS SMOTHERED IN FOG WHEN HE ARRIVED THAT NIGHT, AND MIST BLISTERED ON THE PARADES OF THE DARK STREETS..."

WELL, RALPH, I'VE BOOKED PASSAGE FOR US ON THE "QUEEN"! HE LEAVES FOR HOME NEXT MONTH! THAT'S NOT TOO LONG A WAIT...IS IT?

NEXT MONTH? NO...NO, GEORGE...THAT'S NOT TOO LONG!



"THE MOON'S WAY ACROSS THE SKYDOME AND THE WEEKS PASSED QUICKLY, SILENTLY...UNTIL A FEW DAYS BEFORE WE WERE TO SAIL! FOR IT WAS A NIGHT OF A FULL MOON, AND THE WEREWOLF STALKED AGAIN!"





"AND AS USUAL, THE SAME BROOKLYN FEAR COURSED THROUGH ME AS I LEARNED OF THE TERRIBLE INCIDENT THE FOLLOWING MORNING."

EARLY THIS MORNING, POLICE FOUND THE HORRIBLY TORN AND MUTILATED BODY OF ARTHUR KREEK, BELLBOY OF THE LONDON SQUARE HOTEL...



...POLICE AND SPECULATORS ON THE THEORY THAT THIS MAY BE THE WORK OF ANOTHER "WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING"! THE BELLBOY WAS STILL IN HIS WORK UNIFORM WHEN FOUND, AND ONLY HIS HAT IS MISSING! NO CLUE'S NAME...



"I DREADED WHAT I KNEW I WOULD FIND... PROOF POSITIVE AGAIN THAT I HAD KILLED!" I FOUND IT IN MY COAT POCKET... THE CRUMPLED, BLOODSTAINED BELLBOY'S HAT!



...AND THAT'S MY STORY, GEORGE? WE MAILED SEVERAL DAYS LATER AND DECIDED HERE IN NEW YORK ABOUT THREE WEEKS AGO! HOW DO YOU KNOW WHY I'VE COME TO YOU, GEORGE? THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON... AND I'M TERRIFIED!



YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME THIS BEFORE, RALPH! BUT, IT'S NOT TOO LATE. YOU SEE, THIS IS ALL IN YOUR MIND! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANYONE TO PHYSICALLY TURN INTO A WOLF! YOU MERELY *THINK* THAT!



CERTAINLY! THE BELIEF THAT PEOPLE CAN ASSUME THE APPEARANCE AND CHARACTERISTICS OF A WOLF IN AN INSTANT ONE! BUT, BELIEVE ME, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! TRUE, TALES OF LYCANTHROPY DOOR EVER TODAY IN Savage OR SEMI-CIVILIZED RACES, BUT IT IS NOW REGARDED AS A FORM OF INSANITY! AND IT IS CHARACTERIZED BY ABNORMAL DESIRES FOR CERTAIN FOODS INCLUDING HUMAN FLESH!



YOU... YOU'RE SAYING I'M... I'M NOT A WEREWOLF?... BUT... BUT THAT I'M... I'M INSANE??





GEORGE... I...  
I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...  
2... 2...



N... NO...  
NO, GEORGE!  
2... I FEEL  
PERFECTLY  
NORMAL...  
BUT... BUT...



WH... WHAT?  
SOMEONE...  
SUSPECT...  
REMARK?  
2... YOU MEAN...





# TALES

FANTASY



10¢

from  
the

# CRYPT



## UNIQUE STONECUTTING GRAVESTONES

NO... NO... IT CAN'T BE! THAT  
NAME HE'S CUTTING ON THE  
GRAVESTONE... THAT'S MY NAME!  
AND MY DATE OF BIRTH! BUT  
THE DATE OF DEATH... THAT'S  
TODAY!

ALEX KORDOVA  
PROP.

HERE LIES  
THEODORE  
J. WARKEN  
BORN APRIL 25, 1901  
DIED JUNE 9, 1950

IN  
MEMORY OF



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•  
**THE HAUNT OF FEAR**

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# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S TALE



WELL...HEH, HEH...I SEE IT'S TIME FOR ME TO TELL YOU ANOTHER *SPINE-TINGLING* TALE. ONE OF MY VAST COLLECTION OF *GALLIES* WHICH I KEEP HERE IN THE *CRYPT*! THIS STORY IS A FAVORITE OF MINE. ONE THAT I GUARANTEE WILL MAKE YOUR BLOOD RUN COLD AND YOUR HAIR STAND ON END! I CALL IT:

## THE THING FROM THE SEA!



YOU ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN A FRIGHTFUL ADVENTURE...CONCERNING A LUXURIOUS OCEAN LINER AND THE STRANGE AND UNEXPLAINED EVENTS THAT WILL OCCUR IN

STATEROOM 13!

YOU ARE ON A CROWDED PIER IN NEW YORK TRYING TO SECURE PASSAGE ON THE "OCEAN QUEEN," BOUND FOR ENGLAND! THE TRIP IS URGENT, AND YOU ARE PLEADING WITH THE PURSER...

BUT YOU MUST HAVE ONE BERTH OPEN... I'LL TAKE ANY GLASS!

WELL, AS A MATTER OF FACT, SIR... THAT IS... IF YOU'RE NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.



WHAT WONDERFUL LUCK! ONLY ONE OF THE TWO BERTHS IN STATE-ROOM 13 HAS BEEN TAKEN! YOU MAY THE PURSER AND BOARD THE SHIP! AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON... FOR AS YOU REACH THE TOP OF THE GANGPLANK...

GAST OFF THE FORWARD LINES.

MAKE READY FOR DEPARTURE...

LAST CALL... ALL ABOARD THAT'S GOING ASHORE...



YOU WATCH AS THE DOGS SLIPS AWAY, THE LITTLE TUGS STRAINING AND PUSHING THE GIANT LINER OUT INTO MIDSTREAM? THEN...

MAY I TAKE YOUR BAGS AND SHOW YOU TO YOUR CABIN, SIR?

WHY THANK YOU, STEWARD?



AH... WHAT NUMBER STATE-ROOM DO YOU HAVE, SIR?

WHY... 13?



THE COLOR DRAINS FROM THE STEWARD'S CHEEKS... HIS EYES FILL WITH HORROR AS HE STARES AT YOU...

WHY, WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE STEWARD?

OH... ER... NOTHING, SIR... NOTHING!



THE STEWARD SETS YOUR BAGS DOWN IN YOUR STATE-ROOM, CHECKS THE PORTHOLE TO SEE THAT IT IS SECURELY BOLTED, AND THEN GOES TOWARD THE DOOR! THERE IS A LOOK OF FEAR ON HIS FACE...

WHAT IS IT, OLD MAN? WHAT IS THERE ABOUT THIS CABIN THAT FRIGHTENS YOU?

I... I DON'T KNOW, ONLY... ONLY



NO ONE WHO HAS EVER BEEN ASSIGNED THIS CABIN HAS COMPLETED HIS CROSSING IN IT! SOMETHING... SOMEBODY... FRIGHTENS THEM INTO LEAVING IT! WHY ONE PASSENGER EVEN WENT MAD FROM WHAT HE SAW HERE.

WHY...? WHAT DID THEY SEE? TELL ME!



THE STEWARD MUMBLES SOMETHING ABOUT GHOSTS AND SLIPS FROM YOUR GRASP! YOU WATCH AS HE HURRIES DOWN THE CORRIDOR, AND THEN YOU CLOSE THE DOOR.

YOU STOW YOUR BELONGINGS IN YOUR ASSIGNED BERTH AND SURVEY THE CABIN! IT IS SMALL, WITH ONE PORTHOLE... AND THE TWO BERTHS...

AFTER DINNER YOU DECIDE TO TURN IN! YOU ARE TIRED, AND THE FRESH SEA AIR HAS MADE YOU SLEEPY.

GHOSTS... BAH! HE'S PROBABLY PLAYING A TRICK ON ME. SUGGESTION AND STUFF.

HMM... I WONDER WHO HAS THE UPPER? HIS BAGGAGE IS HERE! HE'S PROBABLY UPON DECK SAYING GOODBYE TO THE GOOD-OLD U.S.A.!

OH, HELLO! I GUESS YOU MUST BE MY ROOM-MATE! GLAD TO MEET YOU!

SAME HERE! RATHER SMALL STATE-ROOM, ISN'T IT? HAD TO TAKE IT... ONLY ONE LEFT!

YES... THAT'S WHAT THEY TOLD ME! WELL... GUESS I'LL TURN IN! I'M PRETTY TIRED!

ME, TOO! GLAD YOU'RE HERE, THOUGH! THE STEWARD TOLD ME SOME ANFUL TARN ABOUT THIS ROOM.

OH, I WOULDN'T TAKE IT SERIOUSLY! HE'S PROBABLY PULLING YOUR LEG!

YES... WELL... GOOD-NIGHT!

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LONG YOU'VE BEEN ASLEEP. ONLY... SUDDENLY YOUR EYES ARE OPEN! YOUR STATE-ROOM SMELLS STRANGE! THE PECULIAR SMELL OF DAMPNESS... STALE SEA-WATER! AND YOU ARE COLD... A BUSH OF AIR IS COMING FROM THE OPEN PORTHOLE.

YOU GET UP AND STUMBLE TO THE PORTHOLE IN THE DARKNESS! THE BOLTS HAVE BEEN LOOSENED AND THE FIRE SPRAY FROM THE SEA WETS YOUR FACE! YOU BLAM IT SHUT, BOLTING IT TIGHTLY! AND THEN, FROM THE BERTH ABOVE YOURS, COMES A RUDD-CLURLING CRY.

BLAST! THE PORTHOLE IS OPEN! I'D BETTER CLOSE IT OR RISK A NAFTY COLO!

A-A-H-H-H!

WHAT THE...?

WITH A SINGLE LEAP, YOUR ROOMMATE SPRINGS FROM HIS BERTH TO THE FLOOR AND GASHES MADLY TOWARD THE STATEROOM DOOR...

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG? NO! NO! NO!



THE NEXT MORNING, THE SUN STREAMING THROUGH THE PORTHOLE AWAKENS YOU AND YOU DRESS QUICKLY! THE OUTFITS OF THE UPPER BERTH ARE DRAWN... YOU LEAVE WITHOUT DISTURBING YOUR ROOMMATE...

...PROBABLY ISN'T IN THE MOOD FOR BREAKFAST ANYWAY!



ON DECK, THE SHIP'S DOCTOR STOPS YOU...

...I WONDER IF YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT? WE FOUND YOUR ROOMMATE COVERING IN A PASSAGE... GASOLINE LIKE AN INKOT?

WHA...? YOU MEAN... HE DIDN'T COME BACK TO THE STATEROOM?



NO! WE HAVE HIM IN THE SHIP'S HOSPITAL! HE'S SUFFERING FROM SHOCK! CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT HE SAW THAT MIGHT HAVE CAUSED IT?

I... I HAVE NO IDEA!



LOOK! I HAVE A LARGE SABBIN! WHY DON'T YOU BRING YOUR THINGS OVER THERE AND SPEND THE REST OF YOUR TIME WITH ME?

OH, REALLY, DOCTOR? ARE YOU IMPLYING THAT THE RUMORS ABOUT STATEROOM 13 ARE FALSE?



YOU LAUGH, REFUSING THE DOCTOR'S INVITATION! YOU SPEND THE DAY RELAXING IN YOUR DECK-CHAIR... SWIMMING IN THE SHIP'S POOL... AND PLAYING CANASTA IN THE GAME ROOM AFTER DINNER! IT IS VERY LATE WHEN YOU RETURN TO YOUR ROOM...

HO-HUM! GAD, I'M TIRED! THAT BERTH CERTAINLY LOOKS INVITING!





YOU CHECK THE PORTHOLE TO SEE THAT IT IS SECURELY BOLTED AND THEN YOU STRETCH OUT ON YOUR BERTH! YOU LAY AWAKE THINKING ABOUT THE AGONIZING SCREAM OF YOUR ROOMMATE THE NIGHT BEFORE, WHEN

WHAT THE...? THE PORTHOLE IS OPEN AGAIN...AND...PHEW...THAT SMELL OF SEAWATER AND DECAY.



YOU GET UP AND CLOSE IT! YOU ARE FRIGHTENED! YOU DISTINCTLY REMEMBER CHECKING IT BEFORE YOU WENT TO BED! YOU TIGHTEN THE BOLTS WITH ALL OF YOUR STRENGTH AND STAND THERE FOR A WHILE, STARING OUT TO SEA! SUDDENLY...

WHAT'S THAT? A MOAN... COMING FROM THE UPPER BERTH...



YOU SPRING TO THE BERTH AND TEAR THE CURTAINS APART...THRUSTING YOUR HAND IN, TO DISCOVER IF THERE IS ANYONE THERE...

THAT SMELL...THAT MAUSSEATING SMELL OF STAGNANT SALT-WATER! AND...AND...AAAAAHH!



YOU TAKE HOLD OF SOMETHING... SOMETHING COLD AND WET...ICY COLD...SOMETHING LIKE A MAN'S ARM! AND AS YOU PULL, THE CREATURE HURLS ITSELF FROM THE BERTH...A CLANNY, GOOY MASS!

KEEP AWAY!  
KEEP AWAY!



IN AN INSTANT, THE HORRIBLE MONSTROSITY HAS CARTED OUT OF THE STATEROOM DOOR!

GOOD LORD! SO THAT'S WHAT IT IS! I'LL FOLLOW IT!



YOU CHASE THE DARK SHADOW THROUGH THE DIMLY LIT PASSAGE, AND UP TO THE COMPARTMENTWAY!

BLASTED THING!  
IT'S GETTING AWAY!



YOU WATCH AS IT SEEMS TO GO OVER THE RAIL AND INTO THE SEA...

I...MUST BE DREAMING! THAT CURSED MEAL TONIGHT...IT...IT WON'T AGREE WITH ME!



YOU CANNOT RETURN TO THAT HORRIBLE ROOM! SO YOU WALK THE DECK, FINALLY CURLING UP IN A DECK CHAIR UNDER A STEAMER BLANKET TO SLEEP! A DREAMLESS SLEEP! THE MORNING SUN BLINDS YOU AS YOU ARE SHAKEN AWAKE...

OK... IT IS YOU, CAPTAIN!

I WENT TO YOUR STATEROOM! YOU WEREN'T THERE! IS ANYTHING WRONG?

WELL, FRANKLY, CAPTAIN, THERE IS! SOMETHING VERY HORRIBLE HAPPENED IN MY STATEROOM LAST NIGHT! IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MY IMAGINATION BUT...

WHY DON'T YOU LET ME FIX YOU UP IN THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE TRIP?

LOOK HERE CAPTAIN! CAN'T WE GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS? THERE *MUST* BE A LOGICAL EXPLANATION!

YOU ARE RIGHT, SHIP ONLY, BUT CAN I DO? I'M INCLINED TO BOARD UP THE ROOM!

THAT WILL SOLVE NOTHING! PERHAPS IT WAS ONLY A STOWAWAY... TRYING TO BUSHEN PEOPLE OUT OF THAT STATEROOM SO THAT HE CAN SPEND THE REMAINDER OF THE TRIP IN COMFORT! A HAH! PERHAPS!

SHHHH! THAT THOUGHT HAS NEVER OCCURRED TO ME! YOU MAY BE RIGHT! I TELL YOU WHAT!

TONIGHT, I WILL STAND WATCH WITH YOU! IF HE SHOWS HIS FACE, I'LL BE ABLE TO OVERPOWER HIM... TOGETHER!

GOOD, CAPTAIN! I'M GLAD YOU ARE TAKING A MORE REALISTIC ATTITUDE THAN YOUR SUPERSTITIOUS CREW!

YOU ARE RELIEVED THAT YOU WILL NOT HAVE TO SPEND ANOTHER NIGHT *ALONE* IN THAT ACCURSED STATEROOM! TOGETHER WITH THE CAPTAIN, TONIGHT YOU MAY SOLVE THIS BAFFLING PROBLEM!

SEE YOU THEN, AT ABOUT TEN!

YES... STATEROOM 31!

YOUR DAY IS SPENT ANXIOUSLY... AND TOWARDS EVENING, YOU FIND YOURSELF BECOMING NERVOUS! FINALLY, IT IS TEN O'CLOCK... AND YOU MAKE YOUR WAY DOWN TO THE STATEROOM!

AH, CAPTAIN! RIGHT ON TIME I SEE!

LET'S GO IN!

YOU CHECK THE PORTHOLE... YOU AND THE CAPTAIN... AND MAKE SURE THAT IT IS THIGHTLY BOLTED.

I'LL SIT HERE ON THE BERTH! WHY DON'T YOU SIT THERE ON MY WALISE...

GOOD! NOW... SHALL WE TURN OUT THE LIGHT.



THE ROOM IS DARK! ONLY THE HUM OF THE ENGINE IS HEARD. FAR BELOW, AND THE MUFFLED ROAR OF THE SEA, OUTSIDE! SUDDENLY



YOU RUSH TO THE PORTHOLE AND SLAM IT SHUT. SOME STRANGE FORCE SEEMS TO RESIST YOU.

HERE WE GO, CAPTAIN! THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO POP!

I... I... AAAAAH!



YOU SPIN AROUND! THE *FRANK*, THE HORRIBLE CREATURE OF LAST NIGHT IS RISING OUT OF THE TOP BERTH! THE CAPTAIN IS SPRINGING BACK.

THAT'S... THAT'S IT! LET'S GET IT, CAPTAIN!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE YOU... YOU'RE DEAD! I MURDERED YOU!



I KILLED YOU... RIGHT THERE ...IN THAT BERTH! PUSHED YOU OUT THAT PORTHOLE INTO THE SEA! YOU CAN'T BE... YOU CAN'T...



HORRIFIED, YOU WATCH! THE CAPTAIN SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR... WHITE AS CHALK! THEN, SATISFIED, THE *FRANK* TURNS AND HURLS ITSELF OUT OF THE PORTHOLE...

GOOD LORD!



THE CAPTAIN IS DEAD... LITERALLY FRIGHTENED TO DEATH! AND AS YOU TURN TO LOOK AFTER THE THING, YOU ARE ASTOUNDED TO SEE THAT

THE PORTHOLE IS CLOSED AND... BOLTED!



WELL, HEN! AND THAT'S THE STORY, DEAR READER! THE CAPTAIN RECEIVED THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE, EN? WELL, HE SHOULD HAVE REALIZED YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER... NOT EVEN AT SEA... ON YOUR OWN SHIP! OH, BY THE WAY! IF YOU EVER *REALLY* SAIL, THE "OCEAN QUEEN," ASK FOR

STATE ROOM THIRTEEN! TELL 'EM I SENT YOU!



IF YOU LIKE MY TALES AND HAVE TIME TO ASSE... SEND ME A FEW LINES! WRITE TO: THE GIMP-KEEPER, RM. 70-1, DEPT. 80, 225 LAFAYETTE ST., NYC 10, N.Y.

# END OF THE SEARCH

The sun had already gone down behind the heavy jungle growth along both banks of the sluggish stream, when Canady beached his flimsy boat and staggered ashore. A hundred yards back from the swampy water's edge was a village he had never seen before... a primitive circle of weathered huts he hadn't known existed on this unmapped offshoot of the Amazon River. But there was good reason why it had escaped his notice during all the time he had been managing the Plantation. In his fifteen years in the tropics, he had never before ventured so far into Brazil's interior.

Canady was led to a man's hut by two belonging to the village chief, and sampled with the manners of the people. In the process he gave only passing notice to the grim-faced natives who had escorted him here from his boat... hardly noticed the cold and appraising eyes that watched him settle on the cane floor opposite the Chief.

"They don't like my being here," Canady thought to himself as he pretended to rearrange his belt, his fingers moving methodically to make certain that his revolver was in its holster, just in case. "They're an ugly-looking bunch... and they hate my hanging into their village as much as I hate being here! But there's no choice... I've got to find a clue to Drucker's whereabouts!"

Canady spoke... sometimes searching for words to express himself, sometimes in a surge of blind Drucker... his plantation foreman... had disappeared a week before on an inspection trip, but vanished from sight as if swallowed up by the earth. He had come to find him... would pay anyone who knew where Drucker was. Had they seen a tall man with red hair... a man who had a flame-colored mustache?

One of the guides rose from behind him, and in the evening silence Canady watched him cross the hut to the door. Watched the native's tall foot as it passed momentarily over a grass mat and moved a several inches from its former resting place.

There was an object hidden under the mat and Canady looked at himself wondering whether the chief and his grim-faced tribesmen realized he had seen it. Canady began to rise, groping for his gun... and his hand trembled as it touched the empty holster. They knew... they had watched his face when he had seen the object!

And even as they began to close in on him from all sides of the hut, Canady was conscious of the shrunken human head there on the floor, underneath the grass mat that had been moved... the head with the red hair looking so ludicrous over the shrivelled skin... the head with the bushy flame-colored mustache!

In the language of the jungle people Can-

THERE WERE FOUR OF THEM. RICH, SPOILED, BORED! THEY HAD ALL THE MONEY THEY WANTED, THEY HAD BEEN EVERYWHERE AND DONE EVERYTHING! AND SO, WHEN SOMEONE SUGGESTED THAT THEY TRY THE MAGIC OF THE ANCIENTS, THEY BREWED...

# a FATAL CAPER!



IT WAS DEER BOREDOM THAT MADE MARYLOU ANDERS BUY THE DUSTY OLD BOOK IN THE DUSTY OLD BOOKSTORE...

A BOOK ON MAGIC? HOW WONDERFUL!

PLEASE DO NOT TRY ANY OF THE SPELLS IN IT, MISS. I'VE HEARD THAT... THEY ACTUALLY... *WO-K!*



PETER, DO YOU SEE *THIS?* ISN'T IT JUST TOO DUCKY? CALL UP JIM AND WINNIE, THIS INSTANT! INVITE THEM OVER. ...

WHAT BORE! YOU DON'T TAKE ANY STOCK IN *THAT* JUNK, SO YOU? OH, WELL... MAYBE IT'LL BE BETTER THAN SITTING AROUND LISTENING TO SOMEBODY'S POEMS...



THAT NIGHT, IN JIM ROBERT'S ROOMS, THE FOUR GOT TOGETHER WITH SHOUTS OF LAUGHTER...

BABY, IT TOOK ME HOURS TO GET THESE THINGS!

WHERE'D YOU EVER DREAM UP ALL THIS, HARTLYN? TOADS' TONGUES? A LAMPING'S EAR? THE FOOT OF A OAT-OLD BAB!

IT GIVES ME THE GREENS BUT... I LOVE IT! HA! HA!

FIRST THE HAIR OF A BABY MOUSE...

THE NAILS OF A DOG BORN DEAD...

THEN THE WING OF A BABY BAT!



STIR, STIR! WHISPER WORDS TO TOUCH THE CAR...

RELTAK, BOO'S BANE!

DOGS' TONGUE, WITCH'S BUTT...



WE'RE ALL SICK OF EVERYTHING! I THOUGHT THAT WE COULD TRY SOME MAGIC SPELLS... OLD SPELLS WORKED IF GARLIGSTRO AND DEE! THEY WON'T WORK, OF COURSE... BUT IT WILL BE FUN TO TRY...



NOW TIP OF EAR AND SPIT OF TONGUE! NOSE FROM A DEAD MAN'S GRACE!

FINGER OF DUST FROM A MUMMY CASE!



AAAAA GUNNY! LOOK!

OH, MY...



WH... WHAT WAS IT? I... I DON'T SEE...

SOME MONSTER, WANT' AN ANFEL THING... HELP ME! MARTLYN... YOU ALL RIGHT? MARTLYN... ANSWER ME!



EEEEYAAAGHH/



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a green dress, is shown from the chest up. She has a surprised or concerned expression on her face, with wide eyes and an open mouth. The background is a solid yellow color.

A man with blonde hair, wearing a red jacket over a blue shirt, is looking down at a large, open document or map he is holding. The background is dark and textured.

IT'S MARILYN!  
SHE'S CALLING  
TO ME!

OH, MY  
HEAVEN!  
OHHHH







HIS NERVES EXACERBATED, JIM COLLAPSED IN A DEAD FANT! HE DOES NOT SEE THE MONSTROUS HORROR BEING OVER HIM.

DOES NOT FEEL HIMSELF BEING LIFTED AND CARRIED.

JIM OPENS HIS EYES, TO FIND HIMSELF RECLINING IN A COFFIN. JUST AS THE BLOATING MONSTER IS SHUTTING THE HEAVY LID DOWN ON HIM!

NO... NOT DON'T... DON'T...!

WITH A THUD, THE COFFIN CLOSES!

HE'S HAMMERING ME IN, CAN HEAR THE HAMMER, HITTING THE NAILS... SUFFOCATE... IN HERE... GETTING HARDER TO BREATHE...

ALL RIGHT, PETE? THE JOKE'S GONE FAR ENOUGH! HE LOOKED HALF DEAD WITH FEAR, IN THAT COFFIN. LET'S OPEN IT UP!

SURE, RIGHT AWAY? BOY, WAS HE EVER SCARED!

JIM CURE FELL FOR ALL THAT HUMBO- JUMBO! WHERE'S?

SPEAK! STUFF! I-I CAN'T GET IT UP! IT'S STUCK!

PETE? JIM WILL, BESIDES, WE SUFFOCATE TOOK A BODY IN THERE? OUT TO MAKE ROOM FOR HIM?

WE'VE GOT TO PUT IT BACK! COME ON BACK TO THE CAR, WE'LL GET SOME TOOLS!

YOU'RE NEXT, MISTER! AND YOU CAN REST ASSURED, I GOING TO BURY YOU... DEEP!

HIS NERVES EXACERBATED, JIM COLLAPSED IN A DEAD FAINT! HE DOES NOT SEE THE MONSTROUS HORROR BEAR OVER HIM...

DOES NOT FEEL HIMSELF BEING LIFTED AND CARRIED...

JIM OPENS HIS EYES... TO FIND HIMSELF RECLINING IN A COFFIN... JUST AS THE BLOATING MONSTER IS SHUTTING THE HEAVY LID DOWN ON HIM!

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SURE, RIGHT AWAY! BOY, WAS HE EVER SCARED!

JIM CURE FELL FOR ALL THAT HUMBO- JUMBO! WHERE'S?

SPEAK UP! PETE! I-I CAN'T GET IT UP! IT'S STUCK!

PETE! JIM WILL SUFFOCATE IN THERE!

BESIDES... WE TOOK A BODY OUT TO MAKE ROOM FOR HIM!

WE'VE GOT TO PUT IT BACK! COME ON BACK TO THE CAR, WE'LL GET SOME TOOLS!

YOU'RE NEXT, MISTER! AND YOU CAN REST ASSURED... I GOING TO BURY YOU... DEEP!

IT WORKED OUT PERFECTLY! ALL THOSE SCENIC EFFECTS... SMOKE AND THINGS... BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT COFFIN OPEN!

PETER, HURRY!

I AM, I AM! SOOO SORRY, I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO JIM EITHER, YOU KNOW!

WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST! SOMEBODY'S LIABLE TO FIND THE DEAD BODY WE TOOK OUT OF THAT COFFIN AND CARRIED AWAY...

USUALLY, DON'T REMIND ME! MY HANDS FEEL FUNNY JUST AT THE PROSPECT OF IT!

LOOK! THE COFFIN IS GONE!

YOU DON'T SUPPOSE ANYONE WAS SUPPOSED TO *BURY* THAT COFFIN.

THIS IS HORRIBLE! JIM WILL BE *BURIED* ALIVE!

NO, NO! WE CAN STOP THAT! HURRY! WE HAVE TO FIND IT...

NOT OVER HERE!

NOBODY HERE, EITHER! WINNIE, DO YOU SEE ANYONE DIGGING A GRAVE?

NO! NO, I DON'T! BUT WE MUST FIND JIM! WE HAVE TO.

Half an hour later...

CARETAKER... DID YOU JUST... BURY A COFFIN?

DID IT? YOU HAVE TO *DIG* IT UP! THE MAN IN IT *ISN'T* DEAD!

WHAT WINNIE MEANS IS... A JOKE! YOU KNOW... YOU'VE GOT TO OPEN THAT COFFIN!

I WOULDN'T OPEN THAT COFFIN FOR ALL THE GOLD IN FORT KNOX! I BURIED HIM PLENTY DEEP! THAT MAN DIED FROM... *LEPROSY*! ANYONE WHO TOUCHED THE CORPSE WILL GET IT!



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ANOTHER  
"NEW TREND"  
SURE-FIRE WINNER!



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## BACKFIRE

**E**ver since she insisted on buying the dog, he had hated the big golden animal his wife brought into the house! As far back as he could remember he had been afraid of dogs, even the tiny wriggling pups he saw in the Pet Shop windows... but this monster she had brought home was huge, even for a Great Dane!

The savage hate he felt toward the dog she called Hamlet grew with each passing day... and the hate was matched by his awful fear! Fear which multiplied until the mere sight of the animal was enough to start the cold chills running down his spine! And what was most frightening of all was his realization that his hatred was returned by Hamlet! If he wasn't careful... well, the dog was tremendously powerful...

. . . . .

It was all set... his wife would be away from the house for several hours! With meticulous care he examined the basement room he had hired up... the room with no means of escape! The metal tub in one corner was all set for the bath he was going to give the dog in a few minutes... Hamlet's last bath!

He examined the pipes leading to the tub. With the faucets removed like this, the water which was even at this moment splashing in

could be turned off only from the outside! And with the lock fixed this way, all he would have to do would be to slam the door and it would be impossible to get out! The plan couldn't fail!

He smiled to himself... he would unchain Hamlet from the post right outside and bring him into the room. With the door shut on his way out, and the water running, he would never have to worry about that animal again!

He whirled at the sound behind him, his eyes wide with terror! The door to the little room had slammed shut... and the water... there was no way to turn it off from in here!

\* \* \* \* \*

Even standing on tip-toes on the edge of the tub the water reached almost to his lips! There was scarcely six inches left between the ceiling and the surface of the water! By tilting his head far back he was able to keep the air trickling in through his nostrils... but the water was rising by the second! For the hundredth time he screamed, at the top of his lungs: "H-HELP! HAMLET! HELP!"

But the only sound he could hear in response was the arrush of water... the flood that was even now beginning to surge up to his ears... into his mouth... pounding against his tightly-shut eyes!

He opened his mouth for a last scream for help... and there was the bruising impact of his head striking the cement ceiling! There was no air left in the flooded room... even the surging sound of the water had stopped! All he could hear was a thin bubbling sound... which seemed to start deep in his strangling throat...



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# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Drag over that battered COFFIN, kiddies, and stretch your palpitating CORPSES on the warm-eaten lid. (Being very careful, of course, not to jar the warm-eaten contents!) ... as it's once again time for another of our GRAVE discussions! The first item on my musty old list of things to DIG UP with you is the NEW TITLE of my now familiar magazine! As you no doubt are aware, my magazine has always been tops in TERROR ... the first word in HORROR ... and unsurpassed in SUSPENSE! So when my frightened publisher first agreed to publish my tales ... which I keep here in the CRYPT ... we called the magazine THE CRYPT OF TERROR! Later, however, the old coo's ulcer has been eating up, and every time I've bandaged him, the latest issue, his seeing the word TERROR in the title has given him a bad case of hiccup! This, naturally, aggravated the old boy's tummy even more ... so for his sake, as well as for the sakes of all my readers with weak tummies, I reluctantly agreed to change the title of my TERROR-IPIC mag to TALES FROM THE CRYPT! But do not be alarmed, all you FIENDISH FANS! To paraphrase a phrase, a CORPSE by any other name is still a CORPSE! And let me assure you, THE CRYPT OF TERROR by any other name will still be ... ah ... TERROR-ABLE! Now let's dig into the MAIL MAUSOLEUM ... which is CHOKED full of your epistolary gems ... and peruse a few! (God, did I say THAT?)

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I hate to admit this, you old geezer, but your magazine is the very best HORROR-TERROR book I have ever read-burnt-nosed! I have an almost complete collection of THE CRYPT OF TERROR. However, I do not have issues No. 4, No. 9, and No. 16. I wrote to your publisher for them, and he informed me that these particular issues were sell-outs! So I am appealing to you. Please print this letter in your "corner." I will offer to pay as high as 75c apiece to anyone who can send me these issues in good condition!

Ed Beep  
10 Ocean Parkway  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

O.K. Ed, there's your letter ... good luck! For 75c apiece, I'd send you my own personal copies ... but I've never kept them! Can't stand to have them around ... they scare the daylight out of me!

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I want you to know that everytime a CRYPT OF TERROR is put on sale at my candy-store, I will buy it and will HAUNT you. You don't scare me!

A. (NMD) Ghost  
(No address given!)

So haunt me, Ghost! I dare you! Only you better not show up-around the CRYPT! I might scare the SHEET off you! Go dissolve your ectoplasm in a vat of sulphuric acid!

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Your magazine leaves me cold!

The Occupant of Slab 13  
City Morgue Refrigerator  
Dodge City, Kansas

Why don't you give yourself a hot-foot with an acetylene-torch!

## CRYPT-KEEPER'S LITERARY SELECTIONS

A further listing of my favorite fine mystery literature, which you can obtain at your local library!

H. P. Lovecraft. Lurker-at the Threshold  
Karlson, Boris. And the Darkness Falls  
Euan Stoker. The Mystery of the Sea

And so, dear readers, don't forget to tell all your friends about the new title of my magazine ... I wouldn't want anyone to miss this issue because he was still looking for the CRYPT OF TERROR! And keep your letters pouring in ... tell me what type of stories you like best! Just write to: THE CRYPT-KEEPER, Rm. 708, Dept. 20, 325 Lafayette Street, N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

# R... DEATH!



PERHAPS IT WAS THE FACT THAT OUR CHILDHOOD WAS MISERABLE...OUR PARENTS BEING POVERTY-STRIKEN! PERHAPS IT WAS THE FACT THAT I, JANET BENNETT, HAD REMAINED UNMARRIED, AND HAD CONTINUED TO LIVE WITH MY BROTHER GREGORY, THEREBY INCREASING HIS RESPONSIBILITIES! WHATEVER THE REASON,GREGG HAD SHUT HIMSELF OFF FROM THE WORLD TO STUDY... TO BETTER HIMSELF...HIS LIFE...AND MINE...

GREGG! YOU MUST GET SOME SLEEP!

LEAVE ME ALONE, SIS! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT...



HIS DAYS OCCUPIED IN HIS REGULAR JOB,GREGG SAT UP HALF THE NIGHT PORING OVER TEXT BOOKS! I KNEW THAT SUCH HARD WORK...CONSTANT STUDY...WOULD HAVE ITS EFFECT! HE GREW PALE...HIS EYES CLOSED...

GREGG! YOU MUST STOP DRIVING YOURSELF! YOU WILL BECOME ILL...

I AM TAKING CARE OF MYSELF, JANET! DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!





BUT IT COULD NOT *HELP* BUT WORRY? GREGG'S CONDITION GREW PROGRESSIVELY WORSE! AT LAST I COULD RESIST NO LONGER! I BEGGED GREGG TO LET ME CALL IN OUR FAMILY DOCTOR!

ALL RIGHT? ALL RIGHT? LET THE OLD DOOT COME OVER AND EXAMINE ME IF IT WILL MAKE YOU ANY HAPPIER?

OH, YES, GREGG? YOU *HAVE* BEEN LOOKING RATHER BAD LATELY!



DR. WENTWORTH EXAMINED GREGG THOROUGHLY...AND AFTER HE HAD FINISHED, HE TOOK ME ASIDE!

THERE IS NOTHING REALLY WRONG WITH HIM, MISS BENNETT! HE IS WORKING TOO HARD! HE EATS HASTILY, READS TOO LONG...AND *FORGIES*! I WILL GIVE YOU A PRESCRIPTION WHICH OUGHT TO *HELP*!

THANK YOU, DOCTOR! I FEEL RELIEVED!



DR. WENTWORTH GAVE ME THE PRESCRIPTION, AND LEFT! GREGG INSISTED THAT THE PRESCRIPTION BE FILLED BY A CHEMIST IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, AN OLD MAN WHOSE SHOP WAS OLD TOO... OLD-FASHIONED AND DEVOID OF THE GLITTER OF THE MODERN DRUG STORE! AS I ENTERED THE SHOP...

YES, MADAM? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I... I'D LIKE TO FILL THIS PRESCRIPTION!



THE OLD MAN TOOK THE SLIP OF PAPER IN HIS WITHERED, SONEY HANDS AND STUDIED IT FOR A MOMENT...

THIS PRESCRIPTION CONTAINS A RARE DRUG! I HOPE I HAVE SOME OF IT! IF NOT... I'LL HAVE TO ORDER IT!

WELL THEN, WILL YOU DELIVER IT WHEN YOU HAVE MADE IT UP?



THAT EVENING, THE MEDICINE ARRIVED, AND I SAW THAT GREGG TOOK IT BEFORE DINNER!

THERE? DOES IT TASTE BAD?

RATHER TASTELESS! NOT TOO BAD, SIS?



I WAS CAREFUL TO SEE THAT GREGG TOOK HIS MEDICINE BEFORE EVERY MEAL, AND THEN, ONE EVENING...

GREGG? YOU'RE NOT STUDYING

I... I DON'T FEEL LIKE IT, TONIGHT, JARET!



HE BEGAN TO PACE THE FLOOR AS IF UNDECIDED WHAT TO DO WITH HIMSELF...AND THEN...

I THINK I'LL GO OUT TONIGHT. JARET? TAKE IN A SNOW! DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME...

OH... ALL RIGHT, GREGG?



I REACHED AT LAST GREGG HAD BROKEN AWAY FOR AN EVENING OF RELAXATION? I WATCHED HIM AS HE SAUNTERED DOWN THE STREET? I DON'T KNOW WHAT TIME HE CAME IN... BUT THE NEXT MORNING, AT BREAKFAST, HIS EYES GLEAMED...

OH, GREGG? YOU LOOK SO WELL?

AND I FEEL IT, TOO! I HAD A GRAND TIME LAST NIGHT? MET SOME OLD COLLEGE CHUMS?



THAT NIGHT GREGG WENT OUT AGAIN, AND AGAIN THE NEXT NIGHT? HE WAS A CHANGED MAN... HE BECAME A LOVER OF PLEASURE... A HUNTER OF RESTAURANTS AND CRY PLACES? I WAS HAPPY AND YET... ALTHOUGH I KNEW NOT WHY... I WAS FRIGHTENED...

WHY DO YOU LOOK AT ME SO STRANGELY, SIS? WHAT DO YOU SEE?

I... I DON'T KNOW, GREGG?



THE DAYS WENT BY AND GREGG CONTINUED TO TAKE HIS MEDICINE... REVIEWING THE PRESCRIPTION FROM THE OLD CHEMIST WHEN IT RAN OUT? ONE MORNING...

GREGG? I... I... WHAT? YOU SAY GOOD-BYE?

WHAT? YOU SAY SOMETHING, SIS?



HIS EYES FOLLOWED MY STARE? A FINGER... THE LITTLE FINGER OF HIS RIGHT HAND... WAS ALL WRINKLED AND WITHERED? IT LOOKED... LIKE IT WAS PUTTING AWAY...



GREGG QUICKLY WRAPPED THE FORTNITE LOOKING DISK IN HIS HANDKERCHIEF AND STAMMERED...

I... I BURNED IT... LET ME BANDAGE LAST NIGHT... IT FOR YOU, GREGG?



HORROR FLOODED INTO GREGG'S EYES? HE JUMPED UP, DREW AWAY FROM MY OUTSTRETCHED HANDS...

NO? NO? I'LL DO IT UP MYSELF? LEAVE ME BE...

WHY... GREGG?



THAT NIGHT, AFTER GREGG WENT OUT, I CALLED ON WINTHURST... BUT HE HAD GONE OUT OF TOWN? HE WOULD NOT BE BACK TILL MORNING? I SAT STARRING OUT OF THE WINDOW... AND ABOUT MID-NIGHT I WAS AWAKENED BY THE KEY IN THE LOCK...

GREGG? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR HAND?

I... I CUT IT? WHY DO YOU SAY?



I CANNOT DESCRIBE THE FEAR THAT CLEFT INTO MY HEART AS GREGG SNAPPED AT ME! THERE WAS A STRANGE LOOK IN HIS EYES! A LOOK I HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

I AM GOING TO MY ROOM! BRING MY BREAKFAST TRAY UP IN THE MORNING AND LEAVE IT AT THE DOOR!



THE NEXT MORNING, I FOLLOWED GREGG'S INSTRUCTIONS, LEAVING HIS TRAY! THEN I RUSHED OVER TO SEE DR. WERTWORTH.

MY DEAR! YOU SAY HE *STILL* TAKES THE STUFF!

YES! REGULARLY!



WELL, WHERE DOES HE HAVE THE PRESCRIPTION FILE OF

AT THE OLD CHEMISTS' ON BROAD STREET.



DR. WERTWORTH BOY HIS COAT AND WE HURRIED TO THE OLD-FASHION CHEMIST SHOP! THE OLD MAN GREETED US AND THE DOCTOR PROCEEDED TO ASK SOME QUESTIONS.

OH, YES! MR. BENNETT HAS BEEN IN REGULARLY TO FILL THAT PRESCRIPTION! CONTAINS A RARE DRUG WHICH I'LL HAVE TO ORDER, NOW! I ONLY HAD A LITTLE, HAD IT A LONG TIME TOO.

HEHEH! LET ME SEE THE DRUG YOU USED, SIR!



THE OLD MAN WENT INTO THE BACK AND RETURNED WITH A MUSTY CARBIDE, WHICH HE PREED OVER FOR THE DOCTOR.

PHEN! WHAT IS THIS? THIS IS NOT WHAT I PRESCRIBED! ON YES, I SEE THE LABEL IS RIGHT, BUT I TELL YOU THIS IS *NOT THE DRUG!*

I... I... I'VE HAD IT FOR SOME TIME. MAYBE A FEW YEARS! I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!



THE DOCTOR TOOK THE CARBIDE, AND WE LEFT...

DOCTOR WERTWORTH! I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT MY BROTHER HAS BEEN TAKING FOR THE PAST MONTH OR SO.

FRANKLY, MISS BENNETT, I *DO NOT KNOW!* I SHALL HAVE IT ANALYZED BUT I HAVE A FEELING THAT THIS GOES BEYOND THE REALM OF CHEMISTRY AND MEDICAL SCIENCE!



THAT EVENING MY BROTHER GREGG DID NOT GO OUT AS USUAL! HE CAME DOWN FROM HIS ROOM AND ANNOUNCED...

I HAVE HAD MY LITTLE FLING, BUT NOW IT IS OVER! I AM GOING BACK TO MY BOOKS! I DO NOT WANT TO BE DISTURBED! I WILL REMAIN IN MY ROOM. MY MEALS WILL BE SENT UP AND LEFT OUTSIDE! IS THAT CLEAR?

YES, GREGG!



GREGG WENT BACK TO HIS ROOM, AND THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN I PLACED HIS BREAKFAST TRAY BEFORE THE DOOR...

GREGG? BREAKFAST?

LEAVE IT AND GO!



I STARTED DOWNSTAIRS, AND THEN REMEMBERED SOMETHING I WANTED FROM MY BEDROOM AS I STARTED BACK...

YOU'RE SPYING ON ME!  
I DON'T WANT YOU SPYING  
ON ME!

GREGG! YOUR ARMS!  
THEY'RE ALL BANDAIDED



I RUSHED TO HIM, BUT HE PICKED UP HIS TRAY AND SLAMMED HIS DOOR... LOOKING IT...

OH, GREGG?... DOB... GREGG!



I WENT DOWNSTAIRS, AND CALLED THE DOCTOR...

ANY NEWS, DOCTOR?  
I'VE SENT IT OFF, MISS BENNETT! IT WILL BE ABOUT A WEEK BEFORE WE KNOW!



WHEN I DID NOT SEE GREGG FOR SEVERAL DAYS, I CALLED DR. WESTWORTH AGAIN... AND TOLD HIM OF GREGG'S WRINKLED, ROTTED FINGER... HIS BANDAIDED HAND AND HIS BANDAIDED ARMS...

I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM THE LABORATORY YET, MISS BENNETT, BUT I THINK I'D BETTER COME OVER...

YES... DOCTOR?



DR. WESTWORTH ARRIVED AND WENT UPSTAIRS! I HEARD HIM NOISE AND SO ON! AFTER A WHILE HE CAME DOWNSTAIRS! THERE WAS UNUTTERABLE HORROR IN HIS EYES! HE GULPED... STEADYING HIMSELF BY GRASPING THE BANISTER...

I HAVE SEEN HIM! CHOKED! I HAVE EXAMINED HIM! AND I AM IN MY SENSES! I HAVE DEALT WITH DEATH ALL MY LIFE... BUT I... NEVER... NOTHING... LIKE THIS... NO, NO!



HE COVERED HIS FACE WITH HIS HANDS AS IF TO SHUT OUT A HORRID SIGHT... AND THEN HE TURNED!

DO NOT SEND FOR ME AGAIN, MISS BENNETT! I CAN DO NOTHING IN THIS HOUSE!

BUT... DOCTOR... DOCTOR!



THE NEXT DAY, AS I WAS CROSSING THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE, I HAPPENED TO GAZE UP AT GREEN'S WINDOW.

WHA... OH-GASP!



THE BLIND WAS BEING DRAWN BACK, NOT BY A HAND, BUT A ROTTED STUMP. A BEAST'S PAW SHAPELESS HORRIBLE! AND BEHIND IT, TWO EYES OF BURNING FLAME GLARED AT ME AMIDST SOMETHING AS FORMLESS AS GHOSTLY AS THE ROTTING FAN.



I CALLED DR. WENTWORTH AS SOON AS I GOT INTO THE HOUSE...AND, ALTHOUGH AT FIRST HE REFUSED, MY FRIGHTENED TEARS FINALLY PERSUADED HIM TO COME! WE SAT DOWN IN THE SITTING ROOM...

THE CHEMIST I SENT THE DRUG TO WAS *UNABLE TO ANALYSE IT!* ITS CHEMICAL COMPOSITION WAS UNKNOWN TO HIM ALTHOUGH THE RESULTS OF TESTS SHOWED THAT IT WAS SIMILAR IN ACTION TO THE *DIGESTIVE ENZYMES* IN THE HUMAN BODY! YOUR BROTHER IS *BEING DIGESTED ALIVE!*

EEEEK!

PLEASE, DOCTOR! YOU MUST TELL ME WHAT IS WRONG WITH GREGG!

I AM AFRAID, MISS BENNETT, THAT THIS WHOLE EPISODE IS MOST UNNATURAL! THERE ARE FORCES INVOLVED HERE - SUPERNATURAL FORCES - THAT WE TODAY KNOW LITTLE ABOUT!



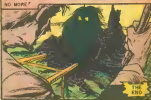
DR. WENTWORTH GRABBED HIS WALKING CANE AND HASTENED UP THE STAIRS! IMAGINE HIS ORDERS TO REMAIN IN THE SITTING ROOM. I FOLLOWED! AS HE PUNGE DOWN THE DOOR, THERE CAME FORTH A FEARFUL SCREAM... NOT A HUMAN VOICE, BUT MORE LIKE THAT OF AN ANIMAL...

THERE IT IS... IN THE CORNER...

OH, NO...



THERE UPON THE FLOOR WAS A DARK PATRID MASS... NEITHER, NEITHER LIQUID NOR SOLID. BUBBLING... AND OUT OF THE MIST OF IT SHOWN TWO BURNING POINTS, LIKE EYES! AS THE THING LURSED FOR US, DR. WENTWORTH TEARS IN HIS EYES... STRUCK AT IT WITH HIS CANE... AGAIN AND AGAIN...UNTIL IT LIVED NO MORE!



THE END

IN THE SPRING...



...A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY...



...ASHLY TURNING TO THOUGHTS OF...



# IMPENDING DOOM!



LOVVA MIKE? WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS? WHY IN THE WORLD DID I DRAW THIS FACE? I DIDN'T EVEN REALIZE I WAS DOING IT! FUNNY THE EXPRESSION IS ONE OF EXTREME... FEAR!



OH, WELL . NO USE WORRYING ABOUT IT! GOSH, IT'S A SWELL DAY! TOO NICE A DAY TO WORK! THINK I'LL TAKE A WALK!



SURE IS STRANGE! MUST HAVE BEEN DAYDREAMING! MY MIND WAS A MILLION MILES AWAY! BUT WHY, ON SUCH A LOVELY DAY, WOULD I DRAW SUCH A HORRIFIED FACE?



SOMETIME LATER...

... DOES A PERSON GOOD TO GET SOME CLEAN, FRESH AIR. . . SUNSHINE! I'VE WALKED A GOGO FIVE MILES AND I DON'T FEEL A BIT TIRED!



YES, SIR! NOTHING LIKE THE GREAT OUTDOORS! NATURE SURE IS WONDERFUL.. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AN ARTIST TO APPRECIATE IT! SAY... WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE BANGING... OR HAMMERING ON SOMETHING! OH OVER THERE. . . A HOUSE!



HMM... ALEX KORDOVA, GRAVE-  
STONES! NICE CHEERFUL  
OCCUPATION! SOUNDS LIKE  
THAT NOISE IS COMING FROM  
AROUND IN BACK!



YES, I WAS RIGHT! THERE HE IS  
WORKING ON A GRAVESTONE! THESE  
MUST BE SAMPLES OF HIS WORK!  
NICE DESIGN!



HE'S MAKING SO MUCH NOISE, HE DOESN'T  
KNOW I'M HERE! WELL, THE MAN KNOWS HIS  
STUFF. HE'S GOOD! WHAT'S HE WORKING  
ON NOW?



HMM LET'S SEE! HERE LIES  
THEODORE J. WARREN! ???  
WHY THAT'S MY NAME! "BORN  
APRIL 25, 1922." HOLY SMOKE!  
I WANT A CLOSER LOOK AT  
THAT GRAVESTONE!





GOOD LORD! THIS IS FANTASTIC! CALM DOWN, YOUR FACE! YOU ARE THE MAN I DREW! WHAT'S GOING ON? AM I DREAMING?



MAYBE SO, BUT YOU HAVE MY DATE OF DEATH AS JUNE 9, 1950! THAT'S THAT'S TODAY! AND THEN THERE'S THAT PICTURE I DREW.

THERE ISN'T ANYTHING TO GET EXCITED ABOUT! I JUST PUT TODAY'S DATE BECAUSE I'M GOING TO FINISH IT TODAY! LIKE AN ARTIST DATES HIS CANVAS WHEN HE FINISHES A PAINTING!... WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID ABOUT A PICTURE?



THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN JUST COINCIDENCE! I, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS, BUT IT'S... IT'S LIKE AN OMEN OR SOMETHING!

BSH! I'LL ADMIT IT'S ODD, ALL RIGHT! BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IN SUCH A THING AS FATE OR ANYTHING LIKE IT! SAY, COME ON IN THE HOUSE! MY WIFE WOULD LIKE TO SEE THIS PICTURE!



THAT HEADSTONE! THAT'S MY NAME AND MY DATE OF BIRTH! WHAT MADE YOU PUT MY NAME AND BIRTH-DATE ON THAT THING?



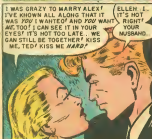
HERE! LOOK AT THIS! IS THIS A DRAWING OF YOU, OR ISN'T IT?



THE ODDEST THING JUST HAPPENED, DEAR! I WAS













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STRANGE

# TALES

## CRYPTO





# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S TALE

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A "LIVING CORPSE"?  
DEAR READER? DO YOU BELIEVE THAT THE  
DEAD CAN BE REVIVED? THAT THEY CAN BE  
MADE TO LIVE ONCE AGAIN? THEN READ THIS  
STORY. ONE OF THE BEST OF MY TERROR-  
TALES THAT I KEEP HERE IN THE CRYPT! IT  
IS THE STORY OF JAMES COOPER...AND HOW  
HE CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD! I CALL IT...

## A SHOCKING WAY TO DIE!

© 1954



MY STORY BEGINS IN A COURTROOM, CROWDED WITH THE CROWDS WHO HAVE COME TO WATCH A CONVICTED MURDERER BE SENTENCED TO DEATH...  
AND IT IS THE JUDGMENT OF THIS COURT, JAMES COOPER, THAT YOU BE SENT TO STATE PRISON, AND THERE BE ELECTROCUTED ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 7TH... AND MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL!

NO...  
NOT!



I'VE BEEN FRAMED! YOU'VE ALL AGAINST ME! BUT... I'LL GET EVEN! I'LL COME BACK... AND I'LL GET YOU! ALL OF YOU! I'LL HAVE REVENGE! YOU'LL SEE! I... LET'S GO, COOPER!



THE EVENING PAPERS CARRIED BLARING HEADLINES OF JAMES COOPER'S TRIAL...



BUT A FEW NIGHTS LATER, IN A RAMSHACKLED HOUSE, OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

FOR THE DEAD? WHAT? YOU CAN RAISE HIM FROM THE DEAD...REVIVE HIM AFTER HE HAS BEEN ELECTROCUTED?

WHAT? YOU CAN RAISE HIM FROM THE DEAD...REVIVE HIM AFTER HE HAS BEEN ELECTROCUTED?



THAT IS CORRECT! I HAVE BEEN EXPERIMENTING ON ELECTROCUTION DEATHS FOR MANY YEARS, AND HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL WITH ANIMALS! I HAVE LONGED TO EXPERIMENT ON A HUMAN... THAT IS WHY I'VE CONTACTED YOU!



AND SO... A FEW DAYS BEFORE JAMES COOPER WAS TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR... HE HAD A VISITOR IN THE DEATH HOUSE...



WHAT DO YOU THINK, JIMMY? WANT TO CHANGE IT?

OF COURSE, YOU FOOL! WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE? PAY HIM HIS MONEY!

THE DEAL WAS MADE, AND ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 7TH, AT THE APPOINTED HOUR...



ALL RIGHT, COOPER! LET'S GO!

SURE, GUARD? SURE!

DOWN THE LONG CORRIDOR TO THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR, THE CONVICTED MAN... PLANNED BY THE WARDEN AND A GUARD... SLOWLY MADE HIS WAY...DOWN THE "LAST MILE."



THE HEAVY DOOR SWUNG OPEN! INSIDE, SAT REPORTERS ARRANGED TO COVER THE EXECUTION...



OUTSIDE THE DARK GREY WALLS, IN THE PRISON YARD, STOOD A BLACK HEARSE! A FACE! PEERED OUT FROM BEHIND SHOWN CURTAINS...



WHILE WITHIN, THE PRISONER WAS BEING STRAPPED INTO THE LETHAL CHAIR...



ELECTRODES WERE FASTENED INTO PLACE...

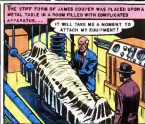


A SMALL MAN STEPPED TO A CONTROL PANEL AND PULLED A SWITCH...



THE STENCH OF BURNING FLESH AND BIRCHEN HAIR FILLED THE ROOM AS THE LIGHTS DIMMED! AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, A DOCTOR STEPPED FORWARD AND PLACED HIS STETHOSCOPE ON JAMES COOPER'S HEART...





SLOWLY THE DRAPED FIGURE STIRRED... THEN SAT UP! THE SHEET FELL, WHAT ARE...





IT WAS TRUE! JAMES COOPER'S BURNED AND SEARED BODY DID LOOK WORSE! IT SEEMED TO BE... ~~NOT TRUE!~~

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT, JIMMY! THEY'VE TURNED THE MEAT ON...

WHO CARES? I'LL DEF THEM EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM!



AGAIN THAT NIGHT, JAMES COOPER STALKED A VICTIM...

THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU, JUROR NUMBER TWO!



AND THE PAPERS PLAYED IT UP...

## TAR NEWS

SECOND JUROR FOUND MURDERED

POLICE SEARCHING FOR A NEW KNOWN MEMBER OF COOPER GANG

COURTROOM PROMISE TO RETURN IS FULFILLED!

THE POLICE HAD BEEN SEARCHING FOR A NEW KNOWN MEMBER OF COOPER GANG SINCE THE MURDER OF JUROR NUMBER TWO. THE SEARCH WAS FRUITLESS UNTIL THE POLICE FOUND THE BURNED AND SEARED BODY OF A MAN WHOSE NAME WAS JAMES COOPER. THE POLICE HAD BEEN SEARCHING FOR A NEW KNOWN MEMBER OF COOPER GANG SINCE THE MURDER OF JUROR NUMBER TWO. THE SEARCH WAS FRUITLESS UNTIL THE POLICE FOUND THE BURNED AND SEARED BODY OF A MAN WHOSE NAME WAS JAMES COOPER.

THE POLICE WILLED SUSPECT AFTER SUSPECT? MEANWHILE THE OTHER JURORS WERE GIVEN POLICE PROTECTION...

RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'LL TALK... I'LL TALK! IT'S COOPER! HE'S ALIVE!

YOU'RE LYING!



FEAR? THEN WHY DON'T YOU LOOK IN HIS GRAVE FOR HIS BODY?

HOSEN! GET THE NECESSARY PAPERS! WE'LL TAKE THIS STODOLIE'S SUGGESTION!



BY COURT ORDER, THE GRAVE OF JAMES COOPER WAS OPENED...



IT... IT'S EMPTY! HE IS ALIVE!



IT CAN'T BE! I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IF I HADN'T SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES!

THAT NIGHT, JAMES COOPER AGAIN FOMOED THE CITY, BEING CAREFUL TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT? HE WAS A CRAZY THING TO SEE! HIS FLESH HAD ALMOST COMPLETELY DECAYED FROM HIS BODY!

WHILE THE GOES ARE GUARDING THE JUDGE, I'LL GET THE JUDGE THAT SENTENCED ME...



HIS HORROROUS FACE PEERED INTO THE STUDY OF JUDGE WARREN HAWLEY...

GOOSE! HE'S ALONE!



SLOWLY HE OPENED THE FRENCH DOORS AND ENTERED...

COOPER? GOOD LORD? WHAT? WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE...

I... I'VE COME TO... TO KILL YOU, JUDGE!



THE JUDGE SNATCHED A FORK FROM THE NEARBY FIREPLACE... AND AS COOPER ADVANCED TOWARD HIM...

KEEP AWAY, COOPER... KEEP AWAY! ALL RIGHT! YOU FORCE ME TO...

YAAAAAH!



THE BLOW FROM THE HEAVY IRON FORK CAUGHT COOPER ACROSS THE FACE, AND THE REMAINING FLESH FELL AWAY... THEN...

HE... HE COLLAPSED INTO A HEAP OF BONES... AND DECAYED AWAY!



LATER, AFTER THE CORNER HAD EXAMINED COOPER'S REMAINS...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT, JUDGE! YOU SAY HE TALKED AND WALKED? ACCORDING TO MY TESTS, HE'S BEEN DEAD SINCE NOVEMBER 7TH!

DEAD? BUT, HE LIVED... I SAW HIM...



YES, JUDGE? COOPER LIVED? AT LEAST HE MOVED... AND TALKED! BUT HE WAS A LIVING CORPSE? AND HIS BODY CONTINUED TO DECAY, AS ALL DEAD BODIES DO? SOON, HE HAD DECAYED TO SUCH A POINT THAT EVEN THE 'LIFE' THAT THE POOR OLD PROFESSOR HAD GIVEN HIM SLIPPED AWAY? TOO BAD, THOUGH! HE WAS GOING TO LOOK REAL PRETTY! DIDN'T FEEL THAT SO? WELL... FOR SOME SPINE-TINGLING TALK, READ ON...





THIS IS THE TALE OF TWO PEOPLE WHO VISITED AN AMUSEMENT PARK...AND WERE *NOT* AMUSED! I CALL IT...

# TERROR RIDE!



GEORGE AND RUTH HAD BEEN DRIVING FOR HOURS WHEN THEY SAW THE SIGN...

LOOK, GEORGE!  
AN AMUSEMENT  
PARK! LET'S  
STOP FOR A WHILE!

OKAY, RUTH!  
WE CAN TAKE IN  
SOME *ROBERT*



THE COOL, SEPTEMBER AIR STIRRED LAZILY AS THEY ENTERED THE SHADY GATES AND WALKED DOWN THE MIDWAY...

OH, DEAR! THE  
ROLLER COASTER  
IS CLOSED UP!

LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE  
PLACE IS BOARDED  
UP WITH THE SEASONS  
ONCE, YOU KNOW!



GEORGE AND RUTH STOOD ALONE  
ON THE DELETED MIDWAY...



**SUDDENLY**

WHAT'S THAT,  
RUTH?

SOUNDS LIKE  
WATER  
SPLASHING!



THE BOAT WITH GEORGE AND RUTH MOVED SLOWLY TOWARD THE TANNING BLACK MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL...

THIS LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO BE FUN...

PLEASE, GEORGE? THE MAN WILL BEAR YOU...



AND THEN...

WOAH! IT'S DARK!

...THE DARKER THE BETTER!



YOU'RE FRESH, GEORGE. AMHOLO!

DID YOU FORGET WHO YOU JUST MARRIED TODAY, MRS. AMHOLO? NOW GIVE A...



SUDDENLY, A LIGHT FLASHED ON...

WHAT THE...?



OH, IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE WAX DISPLAYS THEY HAVE IN THESE RIDES!

BUT... IT LOOKS... SO REAL!



THE BOAT MOVED SLOWLY FORWARD, AND THE DISPLAY DARKENED AGAIN...

THOSE WAX FIGURES, WHEN THEY'RE DONE BY AN EXPERT, ALWAYS DO LOOK REAL! NOW WHERE WERE WE?

YOU WERE ABOUT TO GIVE ME A...



HOW HORRIBLE!

SAV! THIS ISN'T FUNNY ANY MORE! THESE DISPLAYS ARE... REPULSIVE!





AS THE FRIGHTENED COUPLE  
SPLASHED THROUGH THE BLACK  
TUNNEL...

GREAT SCOTT! I JUST  
THOUGHT OF SOME-  
THING, RUTH!

BRIEF!



THAT CORPSE WAS  
REAL! MAYBE THE  
DISPLAYS WERE  
REAL TOO!

OH, NO...  
AND...



ON THROUGH THE BURNY DARKNESS  
THEY WAGED...

WE'LL BE  
OUT SOON!

I SAID...I'M  
FISHED! I'VE GOT  
TO REST,  
GEORGE!



HERE! HERE'S A  
PLACE TO SIT  
DOWN!

THANK GOODNESS!  
I'M ABOUT READY  
TO...



SUDDENLY, THE PLACE WHERE THEY HAVE STOPPED IS  
FLOODED WITH LIGHT...

IT'S ANOTHER  
DISPLAY...

IT IS REAL...BEHOLD...  
IT IS REAL!



FEAR AND TERROR CLUTCHED AT THEIR HEARTS AS  
GEORGE AND RUTH RUSHED FROM THE HORRIBLE  
SCENE FURTHER INTO THE DRY BLOOM...

HERE! HERE'S AN  
EMPTY DISPLAY!  
YOU CAN REST  
HERE!

IT LOOKS...LIKE  
SOME KIND OF  
TORTURE CHAIR...



AS SOON AS YOU CATCH  
YOUR BREATH, WE'LL  
GET OUT OF HERE, RUTH!

THE OWNER...HE MUST  
BE A *BRILLIANT*! A  
HOMICIDAL MAMMOT...





YOU DIDN'T LAUGH AT MY EXHIBITS...DID YOU?

GEORGE! IT'S HIM!

LOOK AT HIS EYES... HE IS MAD!



ALL SUMMER THEY LAUGHED AT MY EXHIBITS, THE FOOLS! THEY SAID MY WAX DUMMIES DIDN'T LOOK REAL! NOW I CAN SHOW THEM! HEH-HEH...

RUTH, GET READY TO MAKE A BANG FOR IT!

NO MORE WILL THEY LAUGH! NOW MY EXHIBITS LOOK REAL! BECAUSE I USE REAL PEOPLE! AND THIS IS MY LAST DISPLAY, A MEDIEVAL FORTUNE CHAMBER! THANKS TO YOU FINE LADS LIKE THE OTHERS WHO WANDERED INTO THE DESERTED AMUSEMENT PARK AND FOUND THIS RIDE...

...I WILL BE ABLE TO FINISH IT! THERE'S NO USE RUNNING...YOU CAN'T GET OUT! THE EXIT IS CLOSED...AND LOCKED!

RUN, RUTH! RUN!

KAH-KAH! I'LL GET YOU... NEVER FEAR...



THERE! BEEP...BEEP...HE'S CARRYING BEEP! HE WANTS TO PUT US ON THAT JETTER BEEP-BEEP!

GEORGE...HE'S COMING AFTER US...



THERE! GEORGE...THE END OF THE TUNNEL...

AND THE EXIT...IT IS LOCKED!



WE'RE... WE'RE  
TRAPPED!

MAYBE... IF I SCREAM  
FOR HELP!



THERE'S NO USE CALLING!  
NO ONE WILL HEAR YOU!  
THE PARK IS DESTROYED...

KEEP AWAY  
YOU CRAZY  
IDOT!



CRAZY? YOU'LL SEE  
IF I'M CRAZY...



THE MANIACAL OWNER, HIS EYES  
BURNING, LOOMED AT THE COWER-  
ING PAIR...

I'M A BEAST... I  
CREATE REALISTIC...



YAWN!

GEORGE? HE  
CLIPPED ON  
THE WET  
BOARDS...



DON'T LOOK,  
NUTH! DON'T  
LOOK!

HH!



WHAT A HORRIBLE END!  
GASHT IN THE WATER-WHEEL?

HIS OWN DIABOLICAL  
TRICK FINALLY  
DESTROYED HIM!  
COME, NUTH! LET'S  
BLAST THAT PROLOGUE AND  
GET AWAY FROM HERE!  
REMEMBER? WE'VE GOT A  
HOMETOWN TO FINISH!

THE  
END

IT WAS THE MOST UNUSUAL FRATERNITY INITIATION EVER SEEN ON THE CAMPUS. . . OR ON ANY OTHER CAMPUS, FOR THAT MATTER! THE THREE FLEDGEEs WERE TAKEN OUT TO THE OLD PALMER HOME ON THAT INFAMOUS NIGHT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, AND INSTEAD OF THE PLACE BEING AMUSINGLY HAUNTED, IT TURNED INTO A—

# HOUSE OF HORROR



IT WAS ON A NIGHT IN 1884 THAT THIS STRANGE TALE HAD ITS BEGINNING! TODAY, FIFTEEN YEARS LATER, THERE IS STILL NO EXPLANATION FOR WHAT HAPPENED AT THE PALMER PLACE!



GET A LOAD OF LPS WILTON BACK THERE... SCARING THE WITS OUT OF THOSE POOR FRESHMEN!

HE'S GONE ABOUT PREPARING THIS HOUSE FOR THE INITIATION AS IF IT WERE THE CLOSING CEREMONY OF THE 19th CENTURY!

HE CLAIMS THAT EVEN IF IT WAS JUST AN OLD DUMP BEFORE... IT IS HAUNTED NOW!





...AND AS THE LAST STEP IN YOUR  
RADING, BOYS, YOU'LL HAVE TO  
PASS THE TEST OF COURAGE!  
A LONG, JOURNEY INTO THE  
OLD PALMER PLACE, WHICH  
LEGEND TELLS US IS  
HAUNTED!



EACH ONE OF YOU WILL FOLLOW  
THE INSTRUCTIONS I GAVE  
ON THE RIDE OUT HERE! IF  
ANYONE WANTS TO DROP  
OUT NOW, LET HIM SPEAK UP  
OR SHUT HIS MOUTH FOR-  
EVER! EVERYONE  
READY?



Y-YES, I-I GUESS  
SO.

HERE'S YOUR LIGHT, HENDERSON.  
YOU MIGHT AS WELL START THE  
GALL ROLLING! AND REST AS-  
SURED OF ONE THING, BOYS... THIS  
IS NO SCHOOLBOY PRANK, AS  
YOU'LL SOON LEARN!  
HEH, HEH!



WAVE THAT LANTERN AT US  
FROM THE FIRST AND SECOND  
LANDINGS, HENDERSON! AND  
JUST GOOE YOUR HEELS IN THE  
ATTIC TILL I COME UP FOR YOU!  
IF YOU'RE NOT ALREADY BATHED  
IN GOLD SWEAT, THAT IS!



YOU'RE DRIVING THESE FRESHMEN  
PRETTY HARD, LEE. YOU  
MUST HAVE GIVEN THIS  
PLACE QUITE A BUILD-  
UP, BECAUSE THEY  
LOOKED SCARED TO  
DEATH! FROM THE  
LOOK IN HENDERSON'S  
EYE, HE'D KILL YOU  
IN A MINUTE IF HE  
HAD THE CHANCE!



T-THERE HE  
IS NOW  
WAVING THAT  
LANTERN  
AT THE FIRST  
FLOOR WINDOW!

NOW THE FUN  
STARTS! I WENT  
THROUGH THAT  
PLACE LAST  
WEEK, RIGGED  
A FEW CON-  
TRAPTIONS FOR  
THE BOYS TO  
TRIP OVER!  
DOUGHT TO BE GOOD  
FOR SOME LAUGHS  
BEFORE THE EVE-  
NING'S OVER!



THERE HE IS AGAIN!  
POOR KID MUST  
HAVE RAN ALL THE  
WAY UP TO THE  
SECOND FLOOR! AS  
IF THERE WAS A  
GHOST BEHIND 'EM!





THERE MAY BE MORE THAN GHOSTS BEHIND 'EM BOYS. HEH, HEH!

ONE OF 'EM MAY HAVE GOTTEN HENDERSON THEN 'CAUSE IT'S BEEN SEVERAL MINUTES SINCE WE SAW HIM AT THE SECOND FLOOR... AND IT DOESN'T TAKE THAT LONG TO GET UP TO THE ATTIC!



JUST A BORN PRANK, THAT'S ALL! THINKS HE'LL TURN THE TABLES AND SCARE US A BIT! PROBABLY SITTING UP THERE IN THE ATTIC, WAITING TO JUMP OUT AND TELL BOB AT ME WHEN I COME UP TO RELIEVE HIM!

SO WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE CHANGE OF PLANS. TO MEET THE EMERGEN CYE INSTEAD OF LES WILTON GOING UP THERE. WE'LL PICK THE SECOND FLEDGEE! HEY, WATERS!



M-METTY-YEAH, BE RIGHT THERE!

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT, BUT WILTON'S GOT THESE FRESH MON SHAKING IN THEIR BOOTS! NO GUY WOULD NORMALLY TREM BLE AT THE THOUGHT OF ASSAULTED HOUSE... UNLESS HE THOUGHT THERE WAS DIRTY WORK AFOOT!



HMM, MORE THERE IS?

HEH HEH! LOOK AT HIS FACE, WILL YOU! IMAGINE THAT... A GROWN MAN, SHAKING LIKE A TEEN-AGE GAIL GOING PAST A GRAVEYARD!



I'M BE-GIMMING TO THINK THAT I WOULDN'T LIKE THIS SET-UP MYSELF!

WHAT IN THE WORLD DID YOU DO TO THAT HOUSE, WILTON? THESE BOYS HAVE A LOOK OF ABSOLUTE SPREAD ON THEIR FACES!



AH, IT'S NOTHING! JUST A COUPLE LOOSE STEPS, A FEW CORNERS, SOME SOLIDARY DOORS.

LET'S HAPPENED AGAIN. WATERS NEVER REACHED THAT ATTIC WINDOW! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS.



AH, THEY PROBABLY TURNED RIGHT AROUND FROM THE SECOND FLOOR... AN WE'LL FIND 'EM HIDING NEAR THE FRONT DOOR! IF THESE GUYS HAVEN'T THE GUTS TO GO UP THERE... THEN THEY'RE NOT FIT TO BE GAMMA DELTAS!



YOU ARLING? C'MON OVER HERE!  
YOU'RE NEXT, MAN... GO UP TO THAT  
ATTIC AND TELL THOSE PALS OF  
YOURS TO STOP THEIR MONKEY-  
SHINES! THIS IS A PRATERNITY  
IMITATION... NOT A SCHOLARLY  
PRANK!



I-I DON'T  
THINK I...  
I G... GAVE  
TO GO!

YOU'LL GO ALL RIGHT,  
OR THE Y'LL FIND YOU  
IN A DITCH! I DIDN'T  
RIS UP THIS PLACE  
JUST TO HAVE A  
COUPLA PUNKS SPOL  
OUR FUN! IF THE  
THRE (OF YOU ARE  
PLANNING TO GIVE  
ME A SCARE, YOU'LL  
REGRET IT!



W WE DIDN'T PLAN ANY JOKES  
LIKE T... THAT! AND I DON'T LIKE  
THE LOOKS OF THIS... IT'S IN  
NOT LIKE WATERS AND HENDER-  
SON TO FOOL AROUND! B... BUT  
I'LL GO!



SPOKE LIKE A  
REAL GAMMA  
DELTA TO BE!

HUH, HUH? LOOK AT 'EM SHAKING!  
BET THE OTHER TWO'LL HAVE  
A BIG SURPRISE FOR ARLING.  
THINKING IT'S THEIR BELOVED  
LES WILTON!

MAYBE THE  
KID'S RIGHT, LES.  
MAYBE SOME-  
THING WAS SO  
WRONG UP  
THERE!



BUTS! NOTHING'S WRONG UP  
THERE... ARLING'S AT THE FIRST  
FLOOR SAFE AND SOUND! FROM  
THE LOOK ON HIS FACE HE MUST  
HAVE STUMLED OVER THAT  
SKELETON I BORROWED FROM  
THE LAB, TOO!



HE'S AT THE  
SECOND  
FLOOR.

ON HIS WAY TO THE  
ATTIC! HOLD YOUR  
BREATH, BOYS...  
HERE'S WHERE THE  
REAL FUN BEGINS...  
IN THE NEXT SIXTY  
SECONDS.



FIVE MINUTES,  
WILTON... AND  
NO SIGN OF  
ARLING! ALL  
THREE OF 'EM  
GONE!

THE STUPID PUNKS... TOO YELLOW TO  
TAKE THAT LAST FLIGHT OF STEPS!  
I'LL SHOW 'EM REAL FEAR...



SIMPLE THAT LIGHT, JENKINS. I'LL GO UP THERE MYSELF FIRST TO PROVE TO ALL OF YOU THAT THERE'S NO DANGER UP THERE AND SECOND, TO KICK THOSE GUYS OUT OF THAT PLACE. AND OUT OF THE GAMMA DELTA!



MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET WILTON PLAN THIS WHOLE INITIATION BY HIMSELF? HE'S LIKELY TO GO OVERBOARD ON THIS HAZING BUSINESS. THE BOYS IN THAT HOUSE MAY HAVE HUNT THEMSELVES!

FOR ALL WE KNOW HE MIGHT HAVE STUCK SOME RATTLESNAKES IN THE OLD DUMPF



I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T LIKE THIS WHOLE SET-UP! THE WINDOW... IT'S BEEN SMASHED!

I... IT'S WILTON!

THOUGHT I'D INJECT A LITTLE EXCITEMENT INTO THIS INITIATION. DO I LOOK ANY THE WORSE FOR WEAR?



NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT HERE ON THE SECOND FLOOR EITHER



FIFTEEN MINUTES SINCE WE SAW WILTON!

IS THERE *ANY* SOMETHING WRONG UP THERE?

THE SECONDS TICKED BY IN THAT LONELY AREA KNOWN AS RALLIER'S PLACE. SECONDS BECAME MINUTES... AND THE MINUTES STRETCHED INTERMINABLY.



SOMETHING'S GOING ON IN THAT HOUSE THAT WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT! AND THE WAY THOSE THREE FRESHMAN HATED WILTON... THEY MAY HAVE GIVEN HIM A BAD BEATING!

I... I HOPE IT'S ONLY *TRAP*! LET'S HURRY!



WE'LL COMB THIS PLACE UNTIL WE FIND ALL FOUR OF 'EM! MINE. FIVE. SEARCH EACH ROOM WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB! WE'LL SET THIS THING STRAIGHTENED OUT IF IT TAKES THE REST OF THE NIGHT!

NOT A TRACE OF ANY-ONE IN THE FRONT ROOM

OR ANY OF THE OTHERS EITHER? THE QUIET WASN'T EVEN DISTURBED!

AND OUTSIDE, NO FOOT-PRINTS! WHICH MEANS THEY'RE ALL STILL IN THE HOUSE!

NO ONE ON THE SECOND FLOOR EITHER? AND SINCE NO ONE COULD HAVE LEFT THE HOUSE... THEY MUST ALL BE UP THERE!

T. THE ATTIC?

T. THIS IS PROBABLY WILTON'S IDEA OF A JOKE. HAZING THE WHOLE BUNCH OF US? W. WELL... HERE GOES!

T. THE DOOR, IT OPENS EASILY! AS IF SOME-ONE ELSE OPENED IT BEFORE WE'D... OH!

G-G-G-GO HEAVENS!

I... IT'S WILTON! H... HE'S AGED FIFTY YEARS IN THE LAST FEW MINUTES. H... HIS HAIR... IT'S TURNED WHITE!

H... HE LOOKS AS IF HE'S GONE INSANE! LISTEN TO HIS MOANING!

NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS... NEVER EVEN HEARD OF ITS EQUAL! THAT WILTON! NO! CAN'T GET A COHERENT WORD OUT OF HIM! HIS MIND... IT'S CRACKED... HE'S COMPLETELY INSANE! AND THE OTHERS... VANISHED!

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE POLICE SEARCHED THE BUILDING THE NEXT FEW DAYS BUT NO FURTHER INFORMATION WAS UNCOVERED...

...AND THEN ABOUT A WEEK AFTER THE NIGHT OF HORROR

THERE SHE GOES... CONSUMED TO FLAMES BY THE COUNTY COMMISSIONER! AND WITH IT... THE LAST TRACE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO ARLING, WATERS AND HENDERSON!

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO IT HAPPENED AND NO EXPLANATION HAS EVER BEEN FOUND AS TO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE THREE FRESHMEN. OR WHAT AWFUL HORRORS LET WILTON SAW IN THE MOMENTS BEFORE HIS MIND CRUMBLED!

WITHIN HALF-AN-HOUR THE POLICE HAD ARRIVED AT PALMER'S PLACE... AND A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE PREMISES REVEALED ONE STARTLING FACT

# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!



GREETINGS, DEAR READER! WE MEET AGAIN! REMEMBER ME? I AM THE OLD WITCH! IN EACH ISSUE OF THIS, THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S MAGAZINE, I BURN A FEARFUL TALE HERE IN MY CAULDRON! THIS TIME, I HAVE DOORED UP A GUILTY-DILETT! I BURN IT...

**DEATH  
SUITED  
HIM!**

MY STORY BEGINS ON A BLACK NIGHT IN A DESERTED GRAVEYARD! THE SOUND OF DIGGING SHATTERS THE DEAD SILENCE.

JUST THIS LAST TALK, JOHN BAXTER... AND THEN, TOMORROW MORNING, MY VICTORY WILL BE COMPLETE!

WELCH, THE DARK FIGURE BARGES THE SOFT EARTH, OPENING THE EVER-WIDENING BLACK HOLE...

A FEW MORE FEET AND I'LL REACH YOUR COFFIN, JOHN BAXTER... AND THAT CURSED FOXGLO? THEN... I'LL HAVE EVERYTHING!



WHO DOES THIS STRANGE FELLOW WHO DIES AT GRAVES IN THE BLADE OF NIGHT MEET WITH BARTER'S TUESDAY, YOU ASK? LET ME TELL YOU HIS STORY WHILE HE LIVES!



HIS NAME IS LAWRENCE CABOTT WE HAVE TO GO BACK INTO THE PAST... TO LAWRENCE CABOTT'S COLLEGE DAYS... TO PICK UP HIS STORY!

HEY, CABOTT? I HEAR YOU AND JOHN BARTER ARE BOTH NOT ORIGINALLY ANDERSON!

CUT IT OUT, WILL YOU, DAN?



YOU'RE GOING HAVE TO GO SOME TO GET ~~HER~~ LARRY! BARTER'S OLD MAN'S SON DOWN, YOU KNOW?

THAT'S JUST MY TROUBLE! I CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE HER OUT LIKE JOHN DOES!



THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS? JOHN BARTER AND LAWRENCE CABOTT WERE BOTH IN LOVE WITH THE SAME GIRL? JOHN WAS RICH... WHILE LARRY JUST MANAGED TO SCRAPE UP ENOUGH TO GET THROUGH COLLEGE...



ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR, LARRY, ISN'T IT?

SURE, JOHNNY BART?

AND THEN THAT FATEFUL DAY ARRIVED! THE FRATERNITY THAT JOHN AND LARRY BELONGED TO WAS INVITED TO A GRADUATION DANCE, GIVEN BY MARY ANDERSON'S SOCIETY...



...AND IT'S **STRICTLY FORMAL**, YOU GUYS! ROBERT DOES WITHOUT A FIGHT!

WHA...?

IT MATTER LARRY? CAN'T YOU AFFORD ONE?

IT WAS A BAD BREAK FOR LARRY! JOHN ~~HAD~~ TUESDAY, AND SO HE WENT TO THAT DANCE... WHILE LARRY STAYED BEHIND...



GARNETT! JUST MY LUCK! JOHNNY'LL PROBABLY MAKE TIME WITH NANCY TONIGHT!

BUT WHEN THE BOYS RETURNED LATE THAT NIGHT...



HEY, LARRY! CONGRATULATE ME! NANCY AND I ARE **ENGAGED**! WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED RIGHT AFTER GRADUATION!

I... I... I SEE!

IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT **DAMNED** **FIXED-UP** YOUNG,  
JOHN BAXTER, NANCY ANDERSON WOULD HAVE BEEN  
MY WIFE!



BUT...WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT, YOU ASK? LET ME  
CONTINUE! JOHN AND NANCY WERE MARRIED!



NANCY'S FATHER GAVE JOHN A GOOD  
POSITION IN HIS FIRM, AND JOHN WAS  
SET...



WHILE IN HIS SMALL OFFICE LARRY  
STRUGGLED TO MAKE ENDS MEET...



...AND BROODS...

FOR HE IS JOHN'S SHOES TODAY!  
FOR HE HAS **EVERYTHING** THAT  
HE HAD...



...AND THEN HE MADE HIS DECISION...



LARRY GREAT PLANNED IT VERY CAREFULLY...EVERY  
DETAIL! ONE NIGHT, ON A LONELY ROAD...



LARRY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE  
SUPPOSED TO BE AT THE  
HOUSE FOR DINNER! WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE?

MY CAR BROKE DOWN,  
JOHN! I'VE BEEN  
WAITING FOR YOU TO  
COME ALONG!



IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, LARRY! NANCY WILL BE THRILLED!

YES! SHE'LL PROBABLY GET THE BRIDE OF HER LIFE!



AS HE STRUCK JOHN, LARRY GRABBED THE WHEEL AND GUIDED THE CAR TO A STOP! THEN HE DROVE TO A POINT WHERE THE ROAD BENT A MOUNTAIN SIDE...

THIS IS PERFECT!



PROPPING THE UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE OF JOHN BEHIND THE WHEEL, LARRY RELEASED THE BRAKE ON THE CAR AND LET IT ROLL TOWARD THE CLIFF EDGE! THEN...



THEY CALLED IT AN ACCIDENT! LARRY'S PLAN HAD WORKED PERFECTLY! AT THE FUNERAL, HE COMFORTED THE GRIEF-STROKEN NANCY.

OH, MY NANCY! HE WOULD SOON HAVE WANTED THAT MAN. SOON...



THE MONTHS PASSED, AND LARRY-RENCE CANNOT CAME TO CALL MORE AND MORE OFTEN AT THE HOME OF THE YOUNG WIDOW, NANCY BASTON...

YOU'VE GOT YOUR WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF YOU, NANCY! YOU CAN'T THROW IT AWAY!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, LARRY!



AND THEN... ONE EVENING...

NANCY! YOU KNOW HOW I'VE FELT ABOUT YOU... EVER SINCE COLLEGE!

YOU'RE SWEET, LARRY!





HARRY ME, NANCY! LET  
ME TAKE JOHN'S PLACE!  
I LOVE YOU!

I'VE  
ALWAYS  
LIKED  
FOO  
LARRY...



THEN SAY "YES"...  
SAY "YES"!

ALL RIGHT,  
LARRY! I'LL  
MARRY FOO!



AND SO, LARRY HAD GOTTEN WHAT  
HE WANTED! NANCY WAS GOING TO  
BE HIS WIFE! IN HIS ROOM, THE  
NEXT BEFORE THE WEDDING...

HA-HA! I'VE WON AT LAST, JOHN  
BAXTER! I'VE WON AT LAST!



I'VE GOT IT ALL! EVERYTHING I WOULD HAVE  
GOTTEN IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT **TUXEDO** YOU HAD  
WHEN WE WERE IN COLLEGE! BUT NOW I... E...



**YOUR TUXEDO!** THAT WOULD CROWN MY VICTORY!  
TOMORROW WHEN I MARRY NANCY, I'LL WEAR **FOUR  
FOXES**... THE ONE **THEY** BURNED YOU IN!



THE GATES TO THE CEMETERY CREAKED OPEN, AND  
LARRY... HIS EYES WIDE AND STIRRING... ENTERED!  
HE CARRIED A SPADE...



SLOWLY HE MADE HIS WAY ACROSS THE GRASS...  
BETWEEN THE HEADSTONES... UNTIL HE CAME TO THE  
ONE MARKED "JOHN BAXTER"...

JUST THIS LAST YEAR, JOHN  
BAXTER... AND THEN, TOMORROW  
MORNING, MY VICTORY WILL BE  
COMPLETE!

AND THAT IS LAWRENCE  
CARBY'S STORY... SO PAUP  
BUT? HEAR THAT MELLOW  
BOOM? THE GORRAN! LET'S  
SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO...



AGH! NOW TO OPEN YOUR  
CASKET AND BRING YOU OF  
YOUR LAST POSSESSION.  
JOHN BAXTER!



H-H-H-H! FOUR MONTHS IN THE GROUND  
HASN'T HARMED IT ANY! IT'S STILL  
IN GOOD CONDITION!



LARRY CARBY REMOVED THE FLOTTED FROM THE  
CORPSE OF JOHN BAXTER AND RE-COVERED THE  
GRAVE! THEN...



...AND NOW FOR SOME SLEEP! TOMORROW  
IS A BIG DAY!

YOU THINK HE'S MAD, DON'T YOU WELL, YOU MAY BE RIGHT!  
IN ANY CASE, THE NEXT MORNING LARRY DRESSED IN JOHN'S  
TUXEDO...



YES, JOHN! IT FITS. FIN! I FIT INTO EVERYTHING  
OF YOURS. FIN! AG-RA!

THE CHURCH WAS HOT! AND AS LARRY STOOD IN THE  
VESTRY, WAITING FOR THE CEREMONY TO BEGIN...



WHERE! IT'S CERTAINLY HOT IN HERE THIS  
MORNING! I... I... FEEL... STRANGE...

SOON THE FAMILIAR STRAINS OF THE WEDDING MARCH  
EDGED THROUGH THE VAULTED ROOM...



IT... MUST BE MY... IMAGINATION... BUT I FEEL...  
AS THOUGH... THIS JOINT... WERE GROOMING ME!

NANCY MADE HER APPEARANCE AND STARTED DOWN THE LONG AISLE...



H. HURRY! I.I. CAN'T BREATHE!  
I.I. I DON'T...THINK I CAN...LAST  
THROUGH...THE...CEREMONY!

LARRY'S BRAIN WAS REELING! EVERYTHING SWAM BEFORE HIM! AS HE STEPPED FORWARD...



CRUSHING...THE LIFE OUT OF  
ME...NOT...CAN'T BREATHE?

WE ARE GATHERED  
TOGETHER TO  
WITNESS THE...

THEM WERE PLANNED, NOW... THEN A DECREE...



...LET HIM SPEAK NOW,  
OR FOREVER HOLD  
HIS PEACE...

JOHN... HE... HE'S  
CRUSHING ME... KILLING  
ME! I...!

IN A LAST MAD FIT, BEFORE THE BLACKNESS CLOSED IN, LARRY TOOK JOHN'S TUXEDO FROM HIMSELF...



YAAAAA AAAAH!

LARRY... I NOW  
PROCLAIM  
YOU... WHAT

THE GROUP THAT HAD COME TO WITNESS THE WEDDING WAS SHOCKED SOMEONE RUSHED FORWARD TO EXAMINE THE PROSTRATE LARRY...



HE... HE'S DEAD? DEAD?

YES! HE WAS DEAD! AFTER A MEDICAL EXAMINATION WAS MADE...

STRANGE! THIS REPORT SAYS THAT LARRY DIED OF POISONING FROM EMBALMING FLUID!

EMBALMING FLUID? BUT HOW DID LARRY EVEN COME IN CONTACT WITH THAT?



YES, BUT WE KNOW NOW, DON'T WE, DEAR READERS? WHEN LARRY GOT NOT UNDER THE COLLAR, HIS BODY ABSORBED THE EMBALMING FLUID WHICH HAD CONTAMINATED JOHN'S TUXEDO! AND NOW, LARRY REALLY HAS EVERYTHING THAT JOHN HAD! NO NANCY... NO JOB... NO PRESTIGE... NO NOTHING! JUST A BIG, COOL COFFIN IN A BIG, COOL GRAVE!



**TERROR**

  
NO. 22  
FEB.-MAR.  
 

# TALES

FROM THE

10¢

# CRYPT

RM

**FEATURING**



**THE KEEPER OF  
THE CRYPT OF  
TERROR!**



**THE KEEPER OF  
THE VAULT OF  
HORROR!**



**THE OLD WITCH  
FROM THE  
HAUNT OF  
FEAR!**



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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR



HEH, HEH! WELL! SO WE MEET AGAIN, DEAR FRIENDS! WELCOME! WELCOME! ONCE MORE TO THE *CRYPT OF TERROR*! THIS TIME I HAVE A REALLY CHILLING TALE FROM MY COLLECTION OF SPINE-TINGLERS TO RELATE TO YOU! NOW, LIE BACK IN YOUR CASKETS! TUCK YOURSELVES IN WITH YOUR SHROUDS! COMFY! GOOD! THEN I'LL BEGIN! I CALL THIS STORY...

## THE THING FROM THE GRAVE!



JAMES BARRY AND WILLIAM FENTY WERE BOTH IN LOVE WITH THE SAME GIRL, LAURA. HADN'T JIM HAD ENOUGH? CONSIDERATE!... A GENTLEMAN? BILL WAS BRAGGART... FOR-LOVING. AND AT TIMES, LAURA WAS ALMOST AFRAID OF HIM! AND SO WHEN JIM ASKED THE INEVITABLE QUESTION...



HARRY McLAUREN'D KNOWS I CAN MAKE YOU HAPPY!

BUT, JIM? WHAT ABOUT BILL? ...I'M AFRAID OF WHAT HE'LL DO WHEN HE FINDS OUT!



DON'T WORRY, LAURA! BILL WILL HAVE TO TAKE IT LIKE A MAN! ALL'S FISH IN LOVE AND WAR, Y'KNOW!

YES? BUT BILL ISN'T THE TYPE TO GIVE UP EASILY!

LAURA DIDN'T KNOW HOW RIGHT SHE WAS WHEN SHE SPOKE THOSE WORDS! YES! BILL WAS NOT THE TYPE TO GIVE UP SO EASILY! HE HUNTER LAURA!



...AND I'LL HAVE HER, FOOL! EVEN IF I HAVE TO KILL YOU, JAMES BARRY!

SOON, LAURA AND JIM WERE MARRIED! THEY WERE VERY HAPPY THOSE FIRST FEW WEEKS... BUT THEN, BUSINESS CALLED JIM OUT OF TOWN FOR A FEW DAYS...



I'LL BE BACK THURSDAY NIGHT, DEAREST!

OH, JIM! I'M AFRAID! I DON'T WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE! BILL NIGHT...



BILL WON'T DO ANYTHING TO YOU, LAURA! BUT, IF YOU EVER ARE IN DANGER, NO MATTER WHERE I AM, SOMEHOW, I'LL GET TO YOU... AND SAVE YOU!

YOU'RE JOKING WITH ME, JAMES BARRY!... BUT I'VE BEEN SERIOUS!



SO HAVE I, LAURA? SO HAVE I! BYE!

BYE, JIM! HURRY BACK!



JIM'S CAR SPED ALONG A DARK COUNTRY ROAD TOWARDS THE MAIN HIGHWAY! THE HEADLIGHTS, BURNING THROUGH THE VELVETY BLACKNESS, SUDDENLY FELL UPON...



A *MAN!* STANDING IN THE ROAD...



JIM PRESSED HARD ON HIS BRAKES AND THE CAR SCREECHED TO A STOP.



GAZTY FOOL? I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU! WHO ARE YOU... ANYWAY?

BILL!  
IT'S ME...  
BILL!

THE SHADY FIGURE MOVED TOWARDS THE CAR... AND AS HE PASSED THE HEADLIGHT, A GLINT OF SHINY STEEL CAUGHT JIM'S EYE...



HE... HE'S GOT A KNIFE!  
HE'S... GONNA TO KILL ME!

THE SOUND OF A SPADOLE SHATTERED THE SILENCE, RANGING OVER THE DESERTED ROAD AND THE HEAVY WOODS FLANKING IT! THEN THERE WAS A THUD AND A PLEASING SMILE...



...AND NOW, LADDA WILL BE  
MINE! ALL MINE!

BILL FORTH PICKED UP THE BODY OF THE MURDERED JAMES BARTY AND DROPPED IT INTO THE WOODS...



...GOT TO GET RID OF THE BODY SO NO ONE WILL EVER FIND IT! GOT TO BURY IT *DEEP* IN THESE WOODS!

AGAIN THE THICK SILENCE OF THE WOODS WAS BROKEN! THIS TIME BY THE SOUND OF A SPADE STRIKING THE SOFT EARTH BELOW TOWERING TREES...



SORRY TO GIVE YOU SUCH A CRUDE BURIAL, JIM OL' BOY, BUT IT'S THE BEST I CAN DO UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES!

SOON, A DEEPING HOLE WAS OPENED AND THE STIFF BODY OF JAMES BARRY WAS DROPPED INTO IT...

HOW TO COVER IT UP, CATCH THE CAR, AND GET BACK HOME? THEN ALL I DO IS WAIT! IF I PLAY MY CARDS RIGHT, SHE'LL BE *MINE*!



A LITTLE LATER, THE SLEEK FORM OF JAMES BARRY'S AUTOMOBILE MIGHT SCOUR A CLIFF INTO A DEEP LAKE...

THEY'LL NEVER FIND THE CAR! IT'LL SINK INTO THE MUD AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE!



AND SO THE JOB WAS DONE! BILL FERTH HAD PLANNED EVERYTHING CAREFULLY! THE WEEKS WENT BY, AND THEN THE TIME CAME FOR HIM TO GO AND SEE LAURA...



YES, LAURA! BUT IT'S OVER A MONTH NOW! HE'S LEFT YOU! HE'S PROBABLY FOUND ANOTHER WOMAN!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT, BILL! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM! I KNOW IT! I FEEL IT!



BILL COULDN'T WAIT! HE HAD PLENTY OF TIME! SHE'D COME AROUND! HE WAS SURE! AFTER ANOTHER MONTH...

IF ANYTHING HAD HAPPENED TO HIM, YOU WOULD HAVE KNOWN BY NOW, LAURA! CAN'T YOU SEE? HE'S LEFT YOU... DEBARTED YOU!

I'LL WAIT FOR HIM... TO COME BACK!



HE'LL NEVER COME BACK! NEVER!

THEN I'LL WAIT FOR HIM FOREVER! I'LL NEVER STOP LOVING HIM, BILL! I'M HIS LIFE! WITHOUT HIM...



THEN... IT'S ALL WASTED! THE PLANNING... THE WORK... THE WAITING... WASTED!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?



JUST I KILLED HIM! HE'S DEAD!  
I WANTED YOU, LAURA, AND HE  
STOOD IN MY WAY!

IF YOU KILLED  
JIM? I HATE  
YOU... YOU... YOU  
MURDER! HATE  
YOU... HATE...



NOW... I'VE GOT TO KILL YOU, LAURA! IF  
I CAN'T HAVE YOU, NO ONE ELSE WILL  
EITHER! I'LL HAVE SOME OF THAT!

YOU... YOU'RE  
MAD...  
A RAVING  
MADMAN!



BILL FORTH FORCED LAURA INTO HIS CAR  
AND DROVE HER TO A DESERTED GARIN...  
DEEP IN THE WOODS NEAR WHERE HE HAD  
KILLED JIM...

THIS ROOM HAS NO WINDOWS... SO  
WHEN I LOCK YOU IN, YOU WON'T BE  
ABLE TO ESCAPE!

W... WHAT ARE  
YOU GOING TO DO  
TO ME?



I'M GOING TO SET FIRE TO THE CASH! THEY'LL  
NEVER FIND WHAT'S LEFT OF YOU... NEVER!  
IT'LL BE ASHES... ALL ASHES!



FACED WITH THE HORROR OF BEING  
BURNED ALIVE BY THIS MADMAN,  
LAURA SCREAMED FOR HELP...



IT WAS AN EAR-SPLITTING SCREAM  
THAT SHOT THROUGH THE WOODS,  
REVERBERATING FROM TREE TO TREE  
... ROCK TO ROCK...



AND SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, UNDER  
THE SOFT EARTH THAT COVERED IT...  
SOMETHING STIRRED... THEN PUSHED  
ITS BEARDED AND FOTTED HAND UP...  
UP... THROUGH THE BLACK DIRT INTO  
THE BLACK NIGHT...



EEEEEEAAGGHH

SLOWLY, THE EARTH SANK WAS, AS THE THING...  
PUSHED UPWARD, CLAWING! THE OCEAN FRESH AIR  
SEEPED DOWN INTO ITS SHALLOW GRAVE...



BACK AT THE CABIN, BILL FOURED THE CAN OF  
KODOLINE AROUND THE OUTSIDE WALLS...



GO AHEAD... SCREAM, YOU  
FOOL! NO ONE WILL HEAR  
YOU!

THE CABIN WAS ON FIRE NOW! INSIDE, LAURA  
CHARGED AGAINST THE DOOR AS THE FLAMES  
LICKED AT HER... WHITE... HOT...



OH... SAVE ME, JIM!  
WHEREVER YOU ARE...  
YOU PROMISED...  
*obaby!*

IT SAW TOM'S FEET  
CLUMBSY... STOOD ERECT  
IN THE MOONLIGHT! IT  
LIFTED ITS HEAD...  
LISTENING! IT HAD HEARD  
A SCREAM... A SCREAM  
THAT HAD MADE IT BECK  
THE OPEN AIR...



IT MOVED FORWARD AT A SPIN-  
NING GATE! ITS HOTTER LEGS... ITS  
SIGHTLESS EYES... THE O CLOAKED  
FLESH THAT CLUNG HERE AND  
THERE TO WHITERED BONE... MOVED  
THROUGH THE UNDERBUSH...



OUT IN THE DEEP READER OF THE WOODS, THE THING...  
HEARD THE SCREAM... AND STUMBLED FORWARD... TOWARDS IT



OUTSIDE, BILL WATCHED AS THE FLAMES LEAPED HIGHER AND  
HIGHER! THEN, FROM THE FRINGE OF THE TREES, HE SAW THE  
THING COMING... STUMBLING... STAGGERING...



GOOD LORD!

THE THING DID NOT SEE BILL! IT WAS LOOKING AT THE BURNING CABIN! BILL PUT HIS HAND OVER HIS MOUTH! HE WAS SHOCK! HE WHIMPERED...



THE THING WENT INTO THE FLAME! IT DID NOT FEEL THE FLAMES LICKING AT ITS TATTERED CLOTHES... ITS ROTTER FLESH! IT WAS DEAD! IT COULD FEEL NOTHING...



AFTER A FEW MOMENTS IT CAME OUT! ITS HAIR WAS BROWN! ITS DECAYED FLESH WAS CHARRED! WHERE THE FIRE HAD TOUCHED THE SKIN, IT WAS BLACK AND SCORCHED! IT CARRIED THE GIRL...



BILL WAS SCREAMING NOW! HE BEGAN TO RUN WILDLY INTO THE WOODS... SCREAMING... SCREAMING...



THE THING PUT LAURA DOWN ON THE COOL GRASS FAR FROM THE BURNING CABIN! SHE WAS UNCONSCIOUS! SHE HAD FAINTED BEFORE THE THING HAD REACHED HERE! SHE HAD NOT SEEN IT...



THEN THE THING TURNED... TOWARDS THE HYSTERICAL SHRIEKING THAT CAME FROM THE NEARBY WOODS...



SLOWLY IT SHAMBLED TOWARDS THE SCREAMING BILL AS HE CRASHED MADLY THROUGH THE THICK UNDERGROWTH...



SUDDENLY BILL STUMBLED INTO A THINNING BLACK HOLE.



GOOD GOD! HIS GRAVE?  
JIM'S GRAVE... WHERE?  
SAVED HIM?

THE THING WAS COMING, NOW! BILL TRIED TO STAND BUT HE COULDN'T! THE FRANTIC HE HAD BROKEN HIS LEG! HE TRIED TO DRAG HIMSELF FROM THE SHALLOW PIT... BUT THEN...



NO... NO!

THE THING WAS ON TOP OF HIM, PINNING HIM DOWN! HE TRIED TO STRUGGLE, BUT THE THING WAS STRONG! IT HELD HIM EASILY...



LET ME GO! LET  
ME GO! YOU'RE  
DEAD! DEAD!

AND THEN THE THING BEGAN, WITH ONE DOTTED AND DECAYED HAND, TO FILL THE GRAVE AGAIN...



NO... NO! YOU CAN'T  
DIE! ME! I'M ALIVE...  
ALIVE!

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO FILL THE GRAVE! THE DIRT WAS GETTING TO BILL'S EYES... HIS MOUTH! HIS SCREAMING WAS WILDER NOW... HYSTERICAL, MAD, TERRIFIED SCREAMING...



AND THEN, AFTER A WHILE... THE SCREAMING STOPPED...



AND THAT'S MY STORY, DEAR PLEASER JIM CERTAINLY KEPT HIS PROMISE TO LAURA, DIDN'T HE? LOOK FOR HER THE PAINTED BEFORE HE GOT THERE, THOUGHT SHE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER HIM IN A NICE WAY, NOW, AND POOR BILL! NOW JIM'S GOT HIM FOR COMPANY... DOWN THERE WHERE IT'S COLD AND DARK! WELL, THEY CAN ALWAYS HOLD GRAVE CONVERSATIONS TOGETHER! HEH, HEH! NOW, IF YOU'RE NOT TOO BROKEN UP OVER THIS TALE... WHY NOT READ ON! MORE CHILLS AWAIT YOU!



SO YOU ALL LIKE VAMPIRE STORIES, EH? WELL, THIS ONE WILL CURDLE YOUR BLOOD! I CALL IT...

# BLOOD TYPE V!



AS MY STORY OPENS, A SLEEK BLACK CONVERTIBLE STRIDES ALONG A DESERTED HIGHWAY LATE ONE DARK MOONLIT NIGHT...

PLEASE, FREDDIE? DRIVE SLOWER! I'M NERVOUS!

DON'T WORRY, JEAN! SHE HANDLES LIKE A BABY CARRIAGE!



SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF THE BLOOD, A HIDE-PALEN THING LOOMS ACROSS THE PATH OF THE SPEEDING AUTO...

FREDDIE? LOOK OUT!

WHAT THE...?



THERE IS A CRASH OF METAL AND SHATTERING GLASS AS TWO TONS OF STEEL HURTLÉ CRAZILY INTO THE FALLEN BARRIER...



...THEN, SILENCE! A TWISTED MASS OF WRECKAGE LIES GROTESQUELY ON A LONELY COUNTRY HIGHWAY...



SLOWLY, ONE OF THE COPIRANTS OF THE SMASHED CAR STIRS... SHAKES HIS HEAD...



WHAT HAPPENED?  
I-I... HEART

FRANTICALLY, FREDRICK STRUGGLES TO FREE THE PRISONER FROM THE WRECKED AUTO... SHE'S...



SHOOTING HOT TO... GET HELP!

SHOCKED AND STUNNED, THE MAN STAGGERS WEARILY DOWN THE ROAD IN SEARCH OF AID... A LIGHT...



OVER THERE! MAYBE... HAVE A PHONE? CAN... CALL A DOCTOR?

FRED GUNGAN... ACC REPORTER FOR THE "EVENING SUN"... MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD THE DARK FORM OF THE RAMSHACKLE HOUSE AND KROGG'S THERE IS NO ANSWER...



NO ONE HOME? DOOR... OPEN!



HERE'S A PHONE! I'LL CALL GOD SEND!  
HE LIVES NEARBY!



IN A FEW MINUTES, ANOTHER CAR FLASHES ALONG THE HIGHWAY TOWARD THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT...

HERE HE COMES! *BOO...BOO!*  
IT'S ME...*FREDDIE!*



FRED DUNCAN GETS INTO THE DOCTOR'S CAR AND THEY RUSH TO THE SCENE OF THE MISDEED...

THERE SHE IS!

DID YOU CALL AN AMBULANCE?



THE CAR SCREECHES TO A STOP BEFORE THE WILDLY WAVING FIGURE OF FRED DUNCAN...

WHAT HAPPENED, FREDDIE?

ACCIDENT... I DROVE THE ROAD! JEAN'S UNCONSCIOUS! HURRY!



WTF, BOB? I...

INCREDIBLE! THIS GIRL'S ALMOST DEAD... FROM LOSS OF BLOOD!



WHAT'S BUT... BUT...

YES! IT'S VERY STRANGE! SHE ONLY HAS A FEW MINOR CUTS ABOUT THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS, AND YET...



SHE HAS LOST AN ALMOST FATAL AMOUNT OF BLOOD! SHE WILL NEED A TRANSFUSION IMMEDIATELY!

WILL I DO?



A HASTY BLOOD-TYPE TEST PROVIDES:

NO, FREDDIE! YOU'RE NOT HER BLOOD TYPE! NEITHER AM I!

WHAT CAN WE DO? IS THERE TIME TO GET HER TO TOWN?





DOC BENTON AND FRED BURGAN TAKE JEAN BACK INTO TOWN AND HAVE HER ADMITTED TO THE HOSPITAL, / BUT THE NEXT MORNING...

FREDGEE! I CAME OVER AS SOON AS I COULD! JEAN'S DISAPPEARED!

FROM THE HOSPITAL? WHERE DID SHE GO?



I... I DON'T KNOW!

O'MON, DOC! WE'VE GOT TO LOOK FOR HER! SHE'S IN NO CONDITION TO BE ROAMING AROUND!



THERE IS NO SIGN OF JEAN AT HER APARTMENT, AND NONE OF HER FRIENDS OR RELATIVES HAVE SEEN HER! SHE HAS GONE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR...

AMBERIA, PERHAPS?

I... I WONDER!



THAT NIGHT, AS A BLESSED HOOD THAMPS A LONELY HIGHWAY OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

STRANGER! I SEEM TO HEAR A FLAPPING NOISE... LIKE A BAT'S WINGS...



NO! NO!



AND... IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT, A TWISTED FIGURE, HIS FACE DISTORTED IN PAIN, LIES ON A LONELY ROAD. DEAD... THE BLOOD DRAINED FROM HIS CONTORTED BODY...





THE NEXT DAY THE TOWN IS SHOCKED BY THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY.  
IT'S THE WORK OF A VAMPIRE!  
NONSENSE! THERE IS NO SUCH THING!  
DON'T BE TOO SURE, I'VE JUST REMEMBERED OLD RUFUS...HOW HE DIED?



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, FRED OSCHER SEARCHED EVERYWHERE FOR JEAN... TO NO AVAIL! MEANWHILE...  
FOUR DEATHS IN FOUR MONTHS! A PERSON CAN'T SAFF AT NIGHT ANYMORE!  
KUMPFEST! IT'S MADNESS!



AND THEN... ONE NIGHT... BOB OSCHER CAME TO FREDDIE.  
I... I'M BEEN THINKING ABOUT JEAN, FREDDIE! SHE'S IN GREAT DANGER, WHEREVER SHE IS!  
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BOB?



I REMEMBERED THAT WHEN I EXAMINED HER, AMONG THE SMALL LACERATIONS AND ABRASIONS ON HER NECK WERE TWO SMALL HOLES THAT MIGHT ACCOUNT FOR HER TERRIBLE LOSS OF BLOOD!  
THEN YOU THINK SHE WAS ATTACKED BY THE VAMPIRE WHILE I WAS CALLING YOU...



PRECISELY! BUT THE EMERGENCY TRANSFUSION ROBBED THE VAMPIRE OF A VICTIM! NOW, HOWEVER, IT WILL TRY AGAIN!  
BUT WHAT CAN I DO?



YOU'VE GOT TO GET THAT VAMPIRE BEFORE IT FINDS HER!  
WAIT, WAIT! A MINUTE!



THAT LONELY STREET OF ROAD WHERE JEAN AND I HAD THE ACCIDENT! ALL OF THE VAMPIRE'S VICTIMS WERE ATTACKED IN THAT SAME LOCALITY! IF WE WERE TO GO THERE ARMED...



# SUSPENSE STORY FANS!

HERE'S ANOTHER MAGAZINE SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO *TERRORIZE* YOU... TO MAKE THE BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR VEINS! FOR *SPINE-TINGLING* TALES AT THEIR ILLUSTRATED BEST... *READ:*



ANOTHER  
"NEW TREND"  
SURE-FIRE WINNER!  
**ON SALE NOW**  
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!



They had seen him here aboard-ship; unless he could escape now, the life to which he clung so precariously was doomed within the next few hours! They would hunt him down relentlessly . . . regardless of how crowded the ship was they would dispose of him so that no trace was left. After all, death was their business! And they were skilled practitioners

No matter where he hid they would hunt him down without remorse. To go to the ship's officers would be merely to expose his identity, and choosing between the methods of his pursuers and the authorities was something a fugitive could not do! There was only one way out: if he was to make good his escape he must leave the boat. Even out here in mid-ocean his chances for survival were better in the tossing seas than on the same deck which harbored certain death! After all, the ship was on one of the busiest trade routes . . . other craft were bound to pass by! And, overboard, they would probably consider him drowned . . . write him off their books as dead. It was his only chance!

Somehow he evaded them until after darkness had fallen around the churning ship. Silently he crept towards the stern rail, and reasonably sure that he had not been seen, he dove far over the ship's side. The impact of the water against his face and

chest stunned him . . . It was like feeling the blow of a sledge-hammer! Down down down he plunged, into the jet black turbulence of the water at the ship's rear. A great weight pressed in around him, as if the water itself was an enemy, in league with those who were intent on destroying him! He tried to move his arms, to thrash his legs, to fight his way back to the surface. In another thirty seconds he knew his breath would give out! He had to get back to the surface had to . . .

And then, somehow, he felt himself rising swiftly . . . being propelled upwards by a force he could not explain. In less time than it took him to plunge into the depths he shot clear of the water . . . and gulping free air once more, he discovered the source of his salvation. The water far yards around him boiled white and angry. He looked up in fear and saw the ship's stern hovering high and ominous above him. His plans had gone awry. Instead of being left far behind in its wake, he was being drawn ever closer to the ship!

Even as he fought desperately to keep his head above water he saw the ship veering closer. In the tempestuous milky-white of the ship's wake he saw the momentary glint of the propellers. Like immense razors they were cutting through the sea nothing could withstand their murderous sharpness! He was doomed . . . he had escaped the enemy on board ship only to fall prey to the slashing propellers even now sucking him forward! They were coming closer . . . those blades! He could hear their furious whirr . . . could even scent the smell of his own horrible death . . .



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## THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

**D**rag over that bed of nails, kiddies, and drag your quivering bodies upon it like worms for another our POINTED discussion! First, let's **MURDER** the music of the evening on last issue's poster! My small staff of **VAMPIRES**, after several long nights of debauching and drinking... I keep them well supplied with **BLOOD**, you know! ... has just handed me the dripping, molten, **Edgewise**, **ELECTRIFYING** tale, **A SHOCKING WAY TO DIE**, garnished first place in this taste-the difference to you a ghastly little postcard **THE THING FROM THE GRAVE**! Second place was taken by Graham Angeli's delirious, **DEATH JITTER HIM!** Naturally, **GHOSTLY GRAHASE** is well represented this time with his **BLOOD TYPE "V"**... a real confection! **THE HOUSE OF HORROR**, masterminded by Karcusian, revealed third place honors. Fourth place was snagged by Wood with his **TERROR RIDE BURIAL**, the best, was in last place (Hmmm... **BURIAL** his home! What a **GRAVE** result!)

By this time, dearish fans, I trust you have realized that this issue of TALES FROM THE CRYPT marks a milestone in publishing history! You've heard of the THREE MUSKETEERS - one for all and all for one? Well, in this issue - for the very first time - you have the THREE GHOUUNATICS - each for himself and all for none! And, how we HATE each other! However, the VALU-KEEPER and I have gained something by this unholy alliance. Yes, THE OLD WITCH tricked both of us into allowing her to appear in each of our magazines. This, plus the fact that she has her own magazine, THE HALIT OF FEAR, meant that she accepted three

comes on our scene! So there was only one thing to do: **UNITE** ... against the **madness**! So ... three  
 nine on, the **Vault-Keeper**! It appears as my **imagery**  
 and I in my mad way, **THE VAULT OF HORROR**!  
 We are now working on a plan to trick the **OLD**  
**WITCH**! by signing a contract with us so that we  
 can both appear in her way and even things up! So  
 look for the **THREE GHOKULUNATICS** in three  
 magnificent **TALES FROM THE CRYPT (OF**  
**TERROR), THE VAULT OF HORROR,** and  
**THE HAUNT OF FEAR!**

Oh, dear more sorry before we requested this revolt my thoughts been-a-boo! I have received requests for information on how to subscribe to my magazine. Smarter? Doncha like to arrange through inferior content looking for mine? Doncha like to arrange 'lead arrange' and not find a bequest all the copies have been sold out? Doncha like to be deprived of sleepless night? Well, I don't blame you! So here's the wrap straight from the MURPHY'S mouth! Send \$5 and your name and address written clearly in blood for ink, if you simply cannot obtain that tasty bequest to me.

The Crypt Keeper  
Room 704, Dept. 12  
225 Lafayette Street  
N.Y.C. 10014

For this paltry sum, you will receive a full year's supply — in dispatching means of that, my term-of-magazine. And remember, keep those letters of approval and disapproval pouring in! Vote for your favorite story — and watch for the winning results! Mail your letters to me at the above address!

STATEMENT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE, ALABAMA, FOR THE YEAR 1900.

[illegible]

10. The Board of Directors hereby certifies that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original minutes of the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Company, held on the 10th day of May, 1910, at the City of New York, New York.

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# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!



HEE, HEE! WELCOME, DEAR READERS! COME IN! COME IN! I AM THE OLD WITCH! IN EACH ISSUE OF THIS, THE *CRYPT-KEEPERS* MAGAZINE, I BREW A SPINE-TINGLING TERROR-TALE HERE IN MY CAULDRON! AS THE CONTENTS STEAM AND BUBBLE, GAZE INTO THE VAPORS... AND SOON YOU'LL SEE THE FIRST SCENE OF A TALE I CALL...

## DEATH'S TURN!

A LONE FIGURE CARRYING A LEATHER BRIEF CASE STANDS IN THE DESERTED MIDWAY OF A RUN-DOWN AMUSEMENT PARK.

"HMMMM? THIS PLACE CERTAINLY IS A FLUMP! NOT A GUESTER AROUND!"



DOWN AT THE OTHER END OF THE EMPTY MIDWAY, IN A SHACK MARKED "OFFICE," TWO MEN ARE TALKING.

"WE WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP SUCH ANOTHER WEEK, HARE! BUSINESS IS HOTTER!"

"THERE, *MOOF*? BE A WIT TO GET FOLKS OUT HERE, CHOBSEN! WE'RE NOT LUCKY YET!"





WE NEED SOMETHING *NEW!* SOMETHING *DIFFERENT!* SOMETHING THAT NO OTHER AMUSEMENT PARK AROUND HERE HAS!

A *SUPER* *TRADITION*, EH, KARE?



SUDDENLY, THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR, AND THE MAN CARRYING THE BRIEF CASE ENTERS THE SHACK.

YEAH, BUD? WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?

ARE YOU THE OWNERS OF THIS AMUSEMENT PARK?



YES! WE'RE THE UNFORTUNATE OWNERS!

GENTLEMEN! YOUR PROBLEMS ARE SOLVED!



ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! I AM ROBERT BIXBY, CONSTRUCTION ENGINEER! I HAVE, HERE IN THIS BRIEF CASE, PLANS FOR A *NEW* TYPE HIGH-SPEED ROLLER-COASTER!

BUT WE HAVE A ROLLER-COASTER!



THAT OLD THING! IT'S *OUTDATED!* I HAVE DESIGNED A ROLLER-COASTER FAR *SUPERIOR* TO ONE'S FOUND IN ANY AMUSEMENT PARK IN THE WORLD! IT IS *FASTER*... HAS *SHARPER* DROPS! ONE, FOR EXAMPLE, IS ALMOST *STRAIGHT DOWN* FOR TWO HUNDRED FEET...

KARE! IS IT? AND WHAT WE NEED!



YES, OBVIOUS! I CAN SEE IT NOW! "THE FASTEST ROLLER-COASTER IN THE WORLD!"... "WE SURE YOU TO RIDE IT..."

WELL, WE'LL BUY IT! LET'S SEE THE PLANS!

AGENTLY-MENTHED! JUST ONE STIPULATION!



STRINGS ATTACHED!

CRAFT WHAT'S YOUR PROPORTION?

FOR THESE PROPORTIONS, I WANT TO BE TAKEN IN AS A *TRADITION* IN THE ENTIRE AMUSEMENT PARK!

A THIRD PARTNER? WHY  
THIS IS HIGHWAY ROBBERY!

TAKE IT...OR LEAVE IT!  
THERE ARE OTHER  
MEN WHO'D BE  
WILLING TO...

DRAY'DRAY! IT'S A  
DEAL! WE'LL DRAW  
UP THE NECESSARY  
PAPERS!

GOOD! AS SOON AS WE'RE ALL  
SIGNED UP, I'LL SHOW YOU THE  
PLANS...AND A WORKING MODEL  
THAT I'VE CONSTRUCTED!

THE NEXT NIGHT, AT ROBERT BIRBY'S HOME...

NOW THAT THE PAPERS ARE ALL  
SIGNED AND IN ORDER BIRBY,  
HOW ABOUT SHOWING US THIS  
SUPER COLLIDER-COASTER?

ALL RIGHT, GENTLE-  
MEN! THIS WAY!

BIRBY LEDES THEM AND CROSSES INTO A LARGE  
ROOM...

THERE IT IS,  
GENTLEMEN! A SCALE-  
MODEL!

LOOKS KINDA queer  
TO ME!

IS BUILT ON THE PRINCIPLE OF A  
"WHEELED" RO RAILS! THIS CURVED  
RAILWAY IS SCIENTIFICALLY BARRICAD  
AT EACH TURN AND DROPT! THIS  
REDUCES FRICTION AND ALLOWS  
GREATER SPEED!

THE FIRST DROPT IS PRACTICALLY  
*STRAIGHT DOWN!* A SLIGHT  
TWIST IN THE CURVED TRACK  
KEEPS THE CAR FROM ACTUALLY  
BECOMING A FREE-FALLING BODY!  
THE SPEED GATHERED HERE WILL  
BE BETWEEN 100 AND 105  
*MILES PER HOUR!*

THERE THEN FOLLOWS A SERIES OF  
TURNS, BANKS, RISES, AND MORE  
DROPS, CALCULATED TO MAINTAIN  
THIS SPEED THROUGHOUT THE RIDE!  
THE CAR IS STOPPED BY A  
TWO HUNDRED FOOT  
INCLINE...WHICH IT  
CLIMBS UNDER ITS  
OWN POWER! IT IS  
THEN *READY TO  
BEGIN AGAIN!*

AMAZING!  
ABSOLUTELY  
AMAZING!





HOW SOON CAN CONSTRUCTION ON THIS... THIS "EIGHTH WONDER" BEGIN?

IMMEDIATELY!

"EIGHTH WONDER" SAY, THAT'S GREAT! THAT'S WHAT WE'LL CALL IT! THE "EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD!"



AND SO, WORK ON THE "NEW SUPER ROLLER-COASTER" IS BEGAIN! SOON-GIANT RINDERS OF STEEL POINT SKYWARD.

BOOY! YOUR "BRAIN-CHILD" BETTER BE ALL YOU SAY IT IS... OR ELSE!

WE'VE SPENT EVERY LAST CENT WE'VE GOT IN THIS!

DON'T WORRY, GENTLE- MEN! MATHEMATICAL PRINCIPLES CANOE LE! IT WILL WORK!



LITTLE BY LITTLE, AS THE DAYS AND WEEKS GO BY, THE HUGE COLOSSUS TAKES SHAPE...

WELL, GENTLEMEN! IT IS ALMOST COMPLETE!



AND THEN, THE LONG AWAITED DAY ARRIVES WHEN THE LAST NIVET IS DRIVEN HOME... AND THE "EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD" IS COMPLETED...

FINISHED... AT LAST!

HOW SOON TILL WE OPEN FOR BUSINESS?

PATIENCE, GENTLE- MEN! FIRST THERE ARE SOME TESTS TO BE MADE!



TESTS? BUT YOU SAID...

MATHEMATICAL! IT SHOULD WORK PERFECTLY! BUT IF THERE WAS ANY ERROR IN THE CONSTRUCTION... WELL... WE MUST TEST IT TO FIND OUT!



AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, THE SANDRAG TEST IS MADE...

WHAT'S THE SANDRAG TEST FOR, BOOY?

THE SANDRAGS REPRESENT OUR FUTURE RIGORS! THIS TEST WILL SHOW US IF A HUMAN BEING WILL REMAIN IN THE CAR... AS IT TAKES THE TURNS AND BANKS... OR WILL BE THROWN FROM IT.



THE CAR IS RELEASED... AND IT ROLLS DOWN AN INCLINE, GATHERING SPEED! THEN IT REACHES THE FIRST DROP! AT 104 MILES PER HOUR, IT PLUNGES EARTHWARD! THEN...

EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE GOING ACCORDING TO CALCULATIONS...

WHERE LOOK AT THAT CAR GO!

PEOPLE WILL COME FROM ALL OVER TO WITNESS



THE TEST IS A SUCCESS! THE SAND-  
BAGS REMAIN IN THE CAR... WHICH  
RETURNED FROM THE FIRST RIDE  
UNSCATCHED! THAT RIGHT...

GENTLEMEN! I DRINK SUCCESS!  
TO THE SUCCESS OF  
OUR AMUSEMENT  
PARK!

SUCCESS!



AFTER BIKY LEAVES, GROSSER  
TURNS TO KANE...

DID YOU HEAR HIM?  
OUR AMUSEMENT  
PARK! HE'S A PARTNER!  
BUT IT WAS OUR  
MONEY, KANE! YOURS  
AND MINE!

YEAH!  
WE WERE  
FOOLS  
TO GIVE  
HIM A  
THIRD  
PARTNER-  
SHIP.



BUT THERE'S A WAY,  
KANE! A WAY OF  
GETTING IT BACK!  
A WAY OF GETTING  
RID OF HIM!

YOU MEAN,  
KILL HIM?



WHY NOT? WE CAN MAKE  
IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

WHAT'S YOUR  
PLAN, GROSSER?



THE NEXT MORNING, KANE AND GROSSER MEET BIKY AT  
THE PARK.

WHAT'S UP,  
KANE?

GROSSER, HAVE YOU NOTICED  
SOMETHING FUNNY AS  
THE CAR MADE THE 90  
DEG. TURN?

YES! COME OVER  
THERE! I'LL SHOW  
YOU AS THE CAR  
PASSES USE KANE.  
HERE, CAN START THE  
CAR AFTER WE GET  
THREE!



WE TWO MEN MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE BOTTOM OF THE  
90-DEGREE FOOT DROP! THEN GROSSER SIGNALS TO  
BIKY TO RELEASE THE CAR...

NOW LEAN OVER AND WATCH  
THE CAR! WHAT THERE? HERE,  
ONE COMES?

AFTER THIS, THERE'S  
ONE MORE TEST TO  
MAKE, GROSSER? I...



AS THE CAR, LOADED WITH SANDBAGS, HURTTLES DOWN  
THE ALMOST PERPENDICULAR INCLINE, GROSSER  
PUSHES BIKY... RIGHT INTO ITS PATH.

HE IS KILLED INSTANTLY! A TON OF STEEL, FLYING AT 100 MILES PER HOUR PAGES A MIGHTY WALL OF! THEY CALL IT AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT! KANE AND CROSBY HAVE IT RUSHED UP! THE PUBLICITY MIGHT HARM BUSINESS...



WELL? TODAY'S THE BIG DAY, KANE?

YEAST AND LOOK AT THE CROWDS FLOCKING IN ALREADY!

YESTER THE CROWDS CAME FROM ALL OVER AS KANE HAD PREDICTED! THEY FILL THE NEWLY RENOVATED AMUSEMENT PARK... EACH PERSON GLAMORING TO BE THE FIRST TO RIDE THE "DISH OF THE WORLD".

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! I THINK IT IS ONLY FITTING AND PROPER THAT BEFORE WE OPEN THIS WONDERFUL ROLLER-COASTER TO YOU, THE PUBLIC, MY PARTNER AND I, WHO BUILT AND PLANNED IT, BE THE FIRST TO RIDE IT!



THE TWO LADIES WERE SET INTO THE CAR... AND SIT DOWN.

IMAGINE, CROSSBY! YOUR STORY NEVER EVEN GOT TO RIDE! HELLO, CROSSBY!



TOM, TOM! A SHAME, KANE! A SHAME!

THE CAR IS RELEASED AND IT BEGINS TO MOVE DOWN THE INCLINE, GATHERING SPEED.

HERE COMES THE FIRST DROP, KANE!



I'M GOING TO CLOSE MY EYES! I'M AFRAID!

THE CROWD IS STILL! A HUSH HAS FALLEN OVER IT! THE ONLY SOUND HEARD IS THE WHIRL OF THE ROLLER-COASTER CAR OVER ITS CURVED TRACK! THEN...



HERE THEY COME!

THEY'RE COMING BACK!

THE CAR MOVED UP THE TWO-HUNDRED FOOT INCLINE AND CAME TO A STOP! THE TWO MEN IN THE CAR DIDN'T MOVE! THEY JUST SAT THERE, LEERING THEIR HEADS AT A GROTESQUE ANGLE, THEIR EYES BULGING.



WHAT THE...?

THEY'RE DEAD! BOTH OF THEM!

THEIR NECKS BROKEN.

HEE, HEE! THAT'S RIGHT! THEY WERE DEAD! THEIR NECKS SNAPPED LIKE DRIED TWIGS! HEE, HEE! YES, IT WAS THE FASTEST, THE GREATEST ROLLER COASTER IN THE WORLD! HEE, HEE! SO FAST... SO CONSTRUCTED...

THAT NO HUMAN BEING COULD SURVIVE THE STRAIN OF A RIDE ON IT! KANE HAD THOUGHT ABOUT THAT! IT WAS THE ONE TEST HE STILL HAD TO MAKE! TOO BAD HE DIDN'T GET THE CHANCE FOR HIS NEXT ISSUE!



'BYE, NOW!

# THE VAULT OF HORROR!



HEH! HEH! DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED! YES, I AM THE *MAST-KEEPER*! I'VE BEEN INVITED BY THE *CHIFF-KEEPER* TO TELL ONE OF MY BETTER STORIES TO YOU! AND IN RETURN I'VE ASKED *YOU* TO RELATE ONE OF *YOUR* CHILLERS IN *MY* MAGAZINE, *THE VAULT OF HORROR*! SO COME IN AND RELAX! WE CAN *HOLD HANDS*! HEH! HEH! I HAVE A WHOLE *CASSETT* OF THEM! HEH! HEH! HEH! SETTLE BACK NOW, AND LET ME SPIN THE YARN I CALL...

The Curse of the Arnold Clan!

IT IS THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 31, 1850... NEW-YEAR'S EVE... AT THE HOME OF ROBERT AND BESS ARNOLD WE FIND THEM ENGROSSSED IN HECTIC PREPARATIONS FOR A PARTY...

OH, ROBERT, HOW COULD YOU BE SO THOUGHTLESS AS TO FORGET TO PICK UP YOUR COSTUME FROM THE STORE?

WELL, THERE'S NO USE CRYING OVER SPILT MILK! STORE'S CLOSED NOW. I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO WITHOUT. WAIT A MINUTE!

JOHN CROMB



UP IN THE ATTIC!  
THERE'S LOTS OF  
OLD CLOTHES UP  
THERE! CLOTHES  
WORN BY MY  
ANCESTORS  
GENERATIONS  
AGO! I'LL RUN  
UP AND HAVE  
A LOOK!

WELL, I HOPE  
YOU FIND  
SOMETHING!  
AND HURRY,  
DEAR... IT'S  
GETTING LATE!



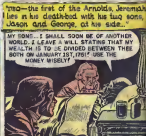
HAVEN'T BEEN UP HERE  
SINCE I WAS A KID! COMPOUND  
IT! I'M CERTAIN THOSE OLD  
CLOTHES WERE IN ONE OF  
THESE TRUNKS! MAYBE  
THAT ONE OVER THERE  
IN THE CORNER!



AND HERE'S WHAT I WAS  
LOOKING FOR! HOPE THEY  
FIT! DON'T WANT TO... SAY,  
WHAT'S THIS? AN OLD  
BOOK?



'THE CURSE OF THE ANNOLD CLAN'  
HMP! NEVER SAW THIS BEFORE! A  
BOOK TELLING ALL ABOUT MY  
ANCESTORS! WRITTEN IN 1903...  
ALMOST FIFTY YEARS AGO! WONDER  
WHAT IT SAYS...



two—the first of the Annolds, Jeremiah,  
lies in his death-bed with his two sons,  
Jason and George, at his side...

MY HOME... I SHALL SOON BE OF ANOTHER  
WORLD... I LEAVE A WILL STATING THAT MY  
WEALTH IS TO BE DIVIDED BETWEEN THEE  
BOTH ON JANUARY 1ST, 1761! USE THE  
MONEY MYSELF!

"But one son, Jason Annold, brooded and  
sulked as New Year's Day moved closer...  
ever closer..."



I SHALL NOT SHARE FATHER'S  
WEALTH WITH GEORGE! I AM  
OLDER THAN HE... I SHOULD  
HAVE IT ALL! I WILL NOT  
BE DONE OUT OF IT!

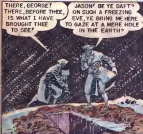
"And by New Year's Eve, Jason had decided..."



JASON? 'TIS NEW YEAR'S  
EVE! WHY DO YE BRING  
ME OUT HERE IN THIS  
WILDEST HOUR?

PATIENCE, GEORGE!  
I HAVE SOMETHING  
TO SHOW THEE!





THERE, GEORGE! THERE, BEFORE THEE, IS WHAT I HAVE BROUGHT THEE TO SEE!

JASON! BE YE DAFT? ON SUCH A FREEZING EVE, YE BRING ME HERE TO GAZE AT A MERE HOLE IN THE EARTH?

"Jason tossed his brother's limp form into the gaping hole and heaped the cold, moist dirt upon him. Suddenly..."



JASON...

WHY? 'TIS GEORGE! CALLING TO ME FROM HIS GRAVE?



'TIS NO MERE HOLE IN THE EARTH, GEORGE! 'TIS THY GRAVE IT BE!!

JASON! 'TIS GEORGE! I CURSE THEE AND THY DESCENDANTS! EVERY FIFTY YEARS, ON NEW YEAR'S EVE; THE ELDEST OF THY DESCENDANTS SHALL BE BOTTED ALIVE!! THIS BE MY CURSE, BROTHER JASON!



In a fearful state, Jason finished his work and returned home. He received the entire inheritance...but he lived in fear...



GOING CRAZY? CAN'T FORGET GEORGE'S CURSE! IF I BE ALIVE IN FIFTY YEARS, I WILL BE THE ELDEST ARNOLD! MIGHTY IF I GIVE HIM A DECENT BURIAL, THE CURSE WILL NOT OCCUR!

"And so it was that with the Spring thaw, George's body was 'found' and later laid to rest in a mausoleum..."



HERE, MY BROTHER! I BURY THEE WITH THY TRUSTY MUSKET AND POWDER-HORN IN THE HOPE THAT NOW AT LAST YOU WILL SET MY MIND AT REST!

"But Jason found no peace. He squandered all his wealth trying to find happiness, and on New Year's Eve, fifty years later, while cowering in his cellar, his house collapsed...and Jason was buried alive!"



"The first curse of the Arnold clan had come to pass."

"Jason Arnold had died in 1800, and for the next fifty years all was well...until New Year's Eve, 1850..."

THE ARNOLD CURSE SHAN'T WORK ON ME! I'VE LIVED IN THIS WILDERNESS FOR YEARS... ALL ALONE! I'LL NOT BE BURIED UNDER A FALLING HOUSE OR ANY SUCH THING!



"And for the second time the curse of the Arnold clan had taken its toll!"



"It was the same in 1800. On New Year's Eve, William Arnold, while working the night shift in a coal mine, was trapped in a shaft cave-in."



HEH, HEH, HEH! QUITE A TREASURY OF INFORMATION, EH? WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE READING THAT BOOK, AND IT WAS ABOUT YOUR FAMILY'S HEFT OF COURSE... YOU'D READ ON! AND THAT'S JUST WHAT ROBERT ARNOLD DID!



"No, there were no buildings or people by which Albert Arnold could be harmed. Nothing, except..."



WHA! "QUICKSAND!" I'M TRAPPED IN A BOD-OF QUICKSAND! AHEM! AHEM! I'LL BE BURIED ALIVE!

WHEP! THAT'S ALL THERE IS! LET'S SEE...LAST TIME WAS IN 1800, THEN THE NEXT TIME WILL BE NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1800... AND AGAIN! THAT'S TOGETHER! AND I'M THE OLDEST LIVING ARNOLD!



HA! WHY IT'S *AMAZING*! THOSE DEATHS WERE ONLY A LOT OF FREAK *ACCIDENTS*! HA! WHAT NONSENSE! NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME!



I FOUND A HONEY OF A GOLD-  
NILL COSTUME, DEAR!  
I'LL BE READY. PLEASE HURRY,  
IN A FEW MINUTES! ROBERT, WE'RE  
LATE NOW!



HEH! WELL, ROBERT AND BESS  
WENT TO THE PARTY. THEY HAD  
A GREAT TIME LAUGHING, DRINKING,  
DANCING! AND THEN THE HOST  
MADE AN ANNOUNCEMENT...



HA! HA! THAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS, A  
SCAVENGER HUNT! EVERYONE  
WILL DRAW A TICKET, AND THE  
FIRST PERSON TO BRING BACK  
WHATEVER'S WRITTEN ON THEIR  
TICKET GETS A PRIZE! G'WON!



OH, GOODNESS! I  
HAVE TO BRING  
BACK A  
MOOSE-HEAD!



GOSH! I HAVE TO FIND AN  
OLD MUSKET AND A  
POWDER-HORN! WHERE  
THE DEVIL WILL I ...  
HEY-HY...

MY ANCESTOR, GEORGE ARNOLD, WAS BURIED  
WITH A MUSKET AND POWDER-HORN! HM-HM  
AND THE CEMETERY ISN'T  
FAR FROM HERE, EITHER.





... CEMETERY IS JUST AHEAD! I'LL HAVE THAT MUSKET AND POWDER-HORN BEFORE THE OTHERS EVEN START!



I'LL HAVE TO SNEAK IN. THE CARETAKER WOULD NEVER LET ME IN *THIS* TIME OF NIGHT! ESPECIALLY IN *THIS* SET-UP!



THERE'S THE MAUSOLEUM OVER THERE! GO!! THIS PLACE IS *WIERD*! HOPE THIS DOESN'T TAKE LONG!



I'M IN LUCK! THIS DOOR IS SO OLD, THE LOCK HAS JUST ABOUT RUSTED AWAY! I COULD HAVE OPENED IT WITH A *SHOEFIN*!



AH! HERE IT IS! THE LAST RESTING PLACE OF GEORGE ARNOLD!



... MUSKET AND POWDER-HORN SHOULD BE INSIDE! *ONLY* THIS... THIS SLAB IS... SURE HEAVY!



WHOW! BOY! THAT WAS A *JOB*! UHH! WHAT A SMELL! HERE'S THE MUSKET AND... WHAT'S THAT?



*BLAZES!* THE CARETAKER'S COMING TO MAKE HIS ROUNDS! I CAN'T LET HIM FIND ME HERE! WHAT'LL I DO?

HE'S COMING CLOSER! IF HE SEES THIS OPEN DOOR, HE'LL INVESTIGATE! I'LL HIDE IN ONE OF THE COFFINS! AFTER HE PASSES, I'LL LEAVE!



OLD GEORGE WON'T MIND IF I USE HIS RESTING PLACE FOR A WHILE! NOW TO... CLOSE THIS... TOP!



**CLANK!**

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED? THE LID! GREAT BOOTS! IT LOCKED WHEN I SHUT IT! I'M LOCKED IN! I CAN'T GET OUT! HELP!



CARETAKER! CARETAKER! I SOO! PLEASE! HELP ME! GET ME OUT! I'LL BE BURIED ALIVE! PLEASE!

PLEASE!



BUT THE CARETAKER, HIS EARS MUFFLED AGAINST THE COLD, DOESN'T HEAR THE CRIES FOR HELP THAT ARE BEING DROWNED OUT BY THE WINTRY GALE, AND HE FLOODS TIREDOLY ON...



ROBERT'S SCREAMS LASTED FOR A LONG TIME, BUT FINALLY (INEVITABLY) THEY CEASED! AND THEN ACROSS THE CEMETERY CAME THE CHIMES OF A CHURCH BELL... TOLLING THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT! IT WAS NEW YEAR'S EVE... AND THE CURSE OF THE IRONOLD DEAN ONCE AGAIN HAD COME TRUE!



HAFHAFHAF! WELL, ROBERT REALLY GOT HIMSELF INTO A GRAVE SITUATION, DIDN'T HE? POOR ROBERT... TOO BAD HE HAD TO GO OUT WITH THE OLD YEAR! AT LEAST HE WON'T HAVE A NEW YEAR'S HANDOVER NO.

ROBERT WASN'T DEAD YET! HE WAS JUST DEAD! HEY! WELL, VISIT WITH ME! MY M-SAYING, THE KIDLET OF MOURN! DROP IN... HEY! ANY OLD CHIME!



THE END

**SPECIAL ...**

# INTRODUCTORY OFFER

*to Readers of this magazine ...*



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**Think Of  
The Fun  
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I REMEMBER HOW ASHLEY LEARNED TO  
PLAY THE GUITAR SO WELL. A COUPLE  
OF YEARS AGO SHE COULDN'T PLAY  
A NOTE. I THINK  
SHE'S GOOD NOW.



THESE RESULTS SHOWED THAT  
THEY WERE NOT THE SAME  
STANDARDIZED SCORING SYSTEM AND  
WAS NOT THE SAME.



## A FEW DAYS LATER

100% PEOPLE AGREE THAT THERE IS NO  
BETTER WAY TO LIVE THAN WITH  
IN THE PRESENCE  
OF THE PRESENCE



JUST THREE FEET  
AND A POLE A TALL. CHARTER MEMBER JOHN  
AT HOME REPAIRS HIS SINK & LEAKS  
IN HIS FRONT YARD



YES, AND EVEN A TEN YEAR  
OLD CHILD CAN FOLLOW THIS  
SIMPLE "PICTURE METHOD".

**BOB WEST, Dept. 370,  
1115 MILWAUKEE AVE., CHICAGO 47, ILL.**

**Dear Fish:** Please call me if you're ever at a seafood "Fishing Market" (Guitar Center and 101 Bayside, I will pay you \$100 for the place). O. O. O. and garage. I understand that if I am not playing beautiful music on a radio after I receive your Fish Wind Guitar Course, you will refund my \$100.

1000

ADDENDUM \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_







THE CRYPT

# TALES FROM THE CRYPT



TERROR



NO. 23  
APR.-MAY



# TALES FROM THE CRYPT

COMICS



10¢

FEATURING



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



ELOSTEIN

the **EC CLASSICS** series



#1



#2



#3



#4



#5



#6



#7



#8



#9



#10



#11



#12

Pictured above are the covers of the first twelve issues of the new series of full color **EC CLASSICS**. Like this issue you are reading, each issue of the **EC CLASSICS** contains two covers and eight complete EC stories chosen from a particular EC title.

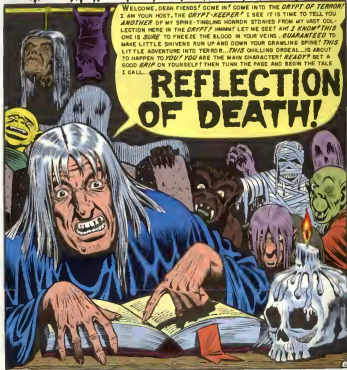
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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELCOME, DEAR FRIENDS! COME IN! COME INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! I AM YOUR HOST, THE CRYPT-KEEPER! I SEE IT IS TIME TO TELL YOU ANOTHER OF MY SPINE-TINGLING HORROR STORIES FROM MY VAST COLLECTION HERE IN THE CRYPT! HMM! LET ME SEE! AH! I KNOW! THIS ONE IS SURE TO FREEZE THE BLOOD IN YOUR VEINS. GUARANTEED TO MAKE LITTLE SHIVENS RUN UP AND DOWN YOUR CRAWLING SPINE! THIS LITTLE ADVENTURE INTO TERROR... THIS CHILLING DREAM... IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO YOU! YOU ARE THE MAIN CHARACTER! READY? GET A GOOD GRIP ON YOURSELF! THEN TURN THE PAGE AND BEGIN THE TALE I TELL...

## REFLECTION OF DEATH!



AHEAD OF YOU, THE WHITE LINE THAT DIVIDES THE ROAD STRETCHES INTO THE DARKNESS BEYOND YOUR HEADLIGHT BEAM! BESIDE YOU, CARL SITS PUFFING ON A CIGARETTE...

GETTING PRETTY COLD, ISN'T IT, CARL?



YEAH! AND THE HEATER'S ON THE FRITZ, TOO! IT'S GOOD WE WORE WARM CLOTHES!

YOU'RE AT THE WHEEL! YOU AND CARL HAVE BEEN DRIVING SINCE DAYBREAK! IN TWO MORE HOURS, YOU'LL BE HOME! YOU'RE TIRED, NOW! THE STRAIN OF DRIVING THROUGHOUT THE DAY AND INTO THE NIGHT IS BEGINNING TO HAVE ITS EFFECT! YOUR EYELIDS ARE HEAVY, THEY KEEP CLOSING...

YOU'D BETTER TAKE OVER, CARL! I'M GETTING TIRED! I'D HATE TO FALL ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL!

DRAY, AL! PULL OVER AND WE'LL SWITCH!



YOU STOP THE CAR AND CARL GETS OUT! YOU SLIDE ACROSS THE SEAT AND CARL SLIPS BEHIND THE WHEEL...

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A SMOOZE, AL? I'LL WAKE YOU UP WHEN WE GET TO TOWN!



MAYBE... MAYBE... I WILL, CARL!

YOU DRAW YOUR COAT UP TIGHT AROUND YOU...PULL YOUR HAT DOWN...REACH INTO YOUR POCKET FOR YOUR GLOVES...



YOU STARE OUT THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD! THE ROAD COMES OUT OF THE DARKNESS AT YOU AND SLIDES BENEATH THE CAR...UNENDING...FASTER...FASTER! CARL BEGINS TO WHISTLE AN OFF-KEY TUNE! THE MOTOR PURRS...THE ROAD COMES ON, ON...



YOUR HEAD BEGINS TO NOD! CARL'S WHISTLING CONTINUES...FLAT...UNMELODIC! SUDDENLY HE GASPS! YOU LOOK UP! A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS...BRIGHT...BLINDING...HURTLES AT YOU FROM THE DARKNESS! CARL SHOUTS! YOU TRY TO SCREAM BUT IT CHOKES UP IN YOUR THROAT...A RATTLING COUGH...

LOOK OUT...AL...WE'RE GOING TO HIT...



THERE IS A SPLINTERING SHEDDING CRASH OF METAL AND GLASS AND SQUEALING BRAKES...



YOU FEEL YOURSELF FLYING FORWARD, A BLASTING LIGHT...THE PAIN...THE COLD...AND THEN THE VELVET NIGHT CLOSES IN! ALL IS QUIET, EXCEPT FOR A DISTANT...FAR AWAY WHIMPERING...

THE BLACKNESS IS EMPTY. ETERNAL! YOU FLOAT IN IT... TURNING... TWISTING... FALLING... THEN RISING AGAIN! THE PAIN IS GONE... EVERYTHING IS GONE... ONLY THE DARKNESS... ON... ON... DARK... BLACK... EMPTY.



YOU OPEN YOUR EYES! TINY PIN-POINTS OF LIGHT BLINK BRIGHT AND DIM BEFORE YOU! A LEAF FLUTTERS. THEN GLIDES AT YOU! YOU ARE ON YOUR BACK... GAZING UP AT THE NIGHT SKY.



YOU RAISE YOUR HEAD AND LOOK ABOUT! YOU ARE LYING AT THE EDGE OF A ROAD! YOU REMEMBER NOW! THE HEADLIGHTS... THE CRASH... THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A COLLISION! BUT THE WRECK... THERE'S NO SIGN OF IT.



YOU GET TO YOUR FEET! YOUR CLOTHES ARE TORN AND DIRTY! THERE IS A SMELL... A SICKENING SMELL! YOU LOOK UP AND DOWN THE ROAD! NO SMASHED GLASS! NO TWISTED METAL! NOTHING! JUST A ROAD... CLEAN... WHITE... REACHING INTO THE NIGHT.



A CAR IS COMING! YOU STUMBLE OUT ONTO THE CONCRETE! YOU RAISE YOUR GLOVED HAND AS THE CAR BEARS DOWN UPON YOU! ITS WAILING BRAKES BRING IT TO A STOP.

CRAZY FOOL! DO YOU WANT TO GET YOURSELF KILLED? I... I...



YOU STEP CLOSE TO HIM! YOU BEGIN TO ASK HIM IF HE'LL DRIVE YOU INTO TOWN... THAT THERE'S BEEN A WRECK! SUDDENLY YOU SEE THE WILDOOD IN HIS EYES! A LOOK OF STARK TERROR! HE STARES AT YOU AND SHRIEKS...



THE CAR MESHES GEARS AND ROARS AWAY! YOU CAN HEAR HIM SCREAMING! YOU CANNOT UNDERSTAND! THEN YOU LAUGH TO YOURSELF! OF COURSE! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN CUT IN THE ACCIDENT! MAYBE THE SIGHT OF BLOOD SCARED HIM! YOU START DOWN THE ROAD... TOWARD TOWN... TOWARD HOME.



THEN YOU SEE IT! THE FIRE! SOME-  
ONE UNDER THE ROAD-BRIDGE...  
COOKING! YOU MOVE TOWARD HIM!  
PERHAPS HE HEARD THE CRASH...  
SAW THE ACCIDENT...



IT IS A HORROR... A TRAMP Huddled  
NEAR THE FIRE! HE STIRS SOME-  
THING IN A CAN HUNG OVER THE  
FLAMES! HE LOOKS UP AS YOU  
APPROACH...



WELCOME, PARTNER! IF YOU'RE  
HUNGRY, SET YOURSELF DOWN!  
THE STEW'S JUST ABOUT DONE!

YOU MOVE INTO THE FIRELIGHT! HE  
LOOKS INTO THE CAR... STIRS IT A  
BIT... THEN TURNS TOWARD YOU!  
SUDDENLY THE BLOOD DRAINS FROM  
HIS UNSHAVEN FACE! HE GRINDS...



E...E...KEEP AWAY...I...AAAAAGH!

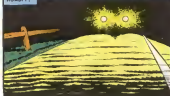
THE TRAMP CLAWS HIS WAY UP TO THE EMBANKMENT  
AND RUNS, ~~SAVING HIMSELF~~ DOWN THE ROAD! YOU WATCH  
HIM AS HE VANISHES INTO THE NIGHT...



YOU CONTINUE ON TOWARD TOWN! YOU'VE GOT TO GET  
HELP! THEN YOU STOP! YOU LOOK DOWN! A PIECE OF A  
NEWSPAPER IS UNDER YOUR FOOT! YOU READ THE DATE...



IT CAN'T BE! FEBRUARY 28TH! IMPOSSIBLE! THAT'S  
ALMOST TWO MONTHS FROM NOW! TODAY...TODAY IS  
JANUARY 1ST! YOU AND CARL HAD BEEN RETURNING  
FROM A NEW YEARS EVE PARTY! YOU HAD BEEN DRIVING  
ALL DAY...NEW YEARS DAY! NOW IT'S NEW YEARS  
NIGHT! OR IS IT? ANOTHER CAR IS COMING! YOU PUT  
THE PAPER IN YOUR POCKET AND STEP OUT ONTO THE  
ROAD...



SHE'S FRIGHTENED! WHAT WOMAN WOULDN'T BE? A  
LONELY ROAD AT NIGHT! YOU... A STRANGE MAN...  
STEPPING OUT IN FRONT OF HER CAR... FORGING HER TO  
STOP OR HIT YOU! OF COURSE SHE'S FRIGHTENED...



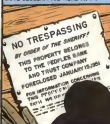
YOU ARE ABOUT TO TELL HER NOT TO BE AFRAID... THAT YOU MEAN NO HARM! BUT THERE IS NO TIME! SHE LOOKS AT YOU... HER EYES ROLL... SHE GULGES A FAINT GROAN AND FAINTS...



YOU GET INTO HER CAR? YOU DRIVE IT INTO THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN AND LEAVE IT... THE WOMAN UNCONSCIOUS BEHIND THE WHEEL? YOU MAKE YOUR WAY HOME... HOME! BUT WHEN YOU REACH IT...



THE WINDOWS ARE BOARDED UP! YOU CANNOT UNDERSTAND! THERE IS A SIGN TACKLED TO THE HOUSE! YOU MOVE CLOSER... TO READ IT...



FORECLOSED! ON JANUARY 15, 1986 BUT TODAY IS... OR IS IT? THE NEWSPAPER YOU FOUND! REMEMBER HAVE YOU BEEN UNCONSCIOUS FOR ALMOST *TWO MONTHS*? YOU TURN AWAY FROM THE HOUSE! A LOW-FEATURE APPROACHES ON THE DESERTED DARK STREET...



YOU WALK TOWARD HIM! YOU WANT TO ASK HIM THE DATE! HE COMES CLOSER! THEN HE SEES YOU...



HE BEGINS TO RUN FROM YOU! YOU RUN AFTER HIM! YOU ONLY WANT TO ASK HIM A *QUESTION*! WHY DOES EVERYONE *STARE* AT YOU *WIDE-EYES*... *PAINT*... *SCREAM*... *RUN* FROM YOU? *WHY*? CARL'S HOUSE! YOU'RE IN FRONT OF CARL'S HOUSE NOW! CARL... WHO WAS WITH YOU... WHEN THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED! YOU GO UP THE STEPS... STAND BEFORE THE DOOR... RING THE BELL...



HEAVY FOOTSTEPS APPROACH! THE DOOR OPENS! CARL STARES OUT AT YOU! YOU WAIT FOR HIM TO SCREAM... TO RUN... WAIT FOR THAT LOOK OF HORROR... BUT NOTHING HAPPENS...





YOU RUSH INTO HIS APARTMENT? IT IS DARK? CARL OBJECTS? YOU TELL HIM THE STORY? YOU BLURT IT OUT... EVERYTHING! THE CRASH. HOW YOU WOKE UP. THE PEOPLE THAT SCREAMED WHEN THEY SAW YOU? EXCEPT CARL... CARL DID NOT SCREAM? CARL... YOUR FRIEND...

YOU JOKE WITH ME... WHOEVER YOU ARE...



HE STARES AT YOU, BLANKLY? THERE IS NO RECOGNITION? DON'T YOU KNOW ME, CARL? DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR OLD FRIEND AL? YOU SAY? HE SHAKES HIS HEAD AND TURNS AWAY.

YOU'RE FOOLING? THIS IS SOME SORT OF A GAG? SURELY YOU KNOW THAT AL AND I WERE IN AN ACCIDENT ALMOST TWO MONTHS AGO... THAT AL WAS KILLED... HORRIBLY Mangled.



.. AND I LOST MY SIGHT? THAT I AM TOTALLY BLIND?



YOU DEAD? YOU GASP? YOU LOOK AROUND? A MIRROR? YOU GET UP, STAGGER TOWARDS IT.



... AND LOOK IN?



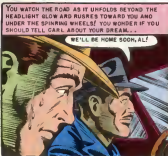
YOU SCREAM? YOU OPEN YOUR ROTTED, TORN, DECOMPOSED MOUTH AND SCREAM?



CARL IS AT YOUR SIDE SHAKING YOU... SHAKING YOU...

AL... AL...?





YOU FEEL YOURSELF THROWN FORWARD...A BLINDING LIGHT...A SHOOTING PAIN! THEN THE DARKNESS CLOSES IN...AND YOU'RE FLOATING IN A SEA OF VELVET BLACK...



YOU OPEN YOUR EYES! YOU CAN SEE THE STARS...ABOVE YOU...TWINKLING! A LEAF FLOATS FROM THE TREE OVERHEAD TO EARTH! YOU ARE LYING AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD...



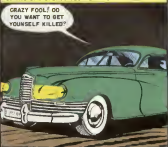
YOU LIFT YOUR HEAD AND GAZE DOWN TOWARD YOUR FEET! THE DREAM...SO MUCH LIKE THE DREAM...



YOU STRUGGLE TO YOUR FEET! THE ROAD IS BARE! THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE WRECK! FROM FAR OFF...THE SOUND OF A MOTOR TELLS YOU OF AN APPROACHING CAR! YOU STEP OUT INTO THE ROAD...



THE SMELL...THE SICKENING SMELL OF ROTTED FLESH BURNS YOUR NOSTRILS! SO MUCH LIKE THE DREAM...ONLY NOW YOU *KNOW* WHAT THE STENCH IS! THE CAR STOPS! YOU MOVE TOWARD IT...



THE DREAM IS *REAL*! YOU *KNOW* WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN! HE SEES YOUR FACE! YOU STEEL YOURSELF FOR HIS REACTION! IT COMES! A HAUNTING TERRIFIED SCREAM



YOU'RE DEAD! YOU *KNOW* IT...NOW! DEAD! AND THIS TIME, IT ISN'T A DREAM.

THE END

HEH, HEH! WELL, KIDDIES! THAT'S IT! LIKE IT? LIKE BEING A CORPSE? WELL, YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO IT! IT'S BOUND TO HAPPEN...EVENTUALLY! OH, COME, COME! WHY THE GRAVE LOOK? YOU'VE GOT TIME! HEH, HEH! MAYBE YOU'LL KNOW IT'S COMING BY HAVING A DREAM LIKE POOL AL IN THIS STORY! IF YOU DO, YOU'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO! IN THE MEANTIME, YOU CAN LOOK FORWARD TO SOME MORE CHILLING TALES IN THIS BOOK! COMPOSE YOURSELF! READY? O.K. THEN, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE OLD WITCH!



# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! YES! IT'S *ME* AGAIN! THE OLD WITCH... MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! SEE? THE FIRE UNDER MY CAULDRON IS LEAPING HIGHER AND HIGHER! MY EVIL BREW IS STEAMING AND BUBBLING! SO COME IN... COME IN AND GAZE INTO THE SWIRLING, BOILING CORTERTS OF MY CAULDRON! GAZE DEEP... AND SOON YOU'LL SEE A GRIPPING TERRIFYING TALE UNFOLD! A TALE I CALL...

## LAST RESPECTS!



THE RUSTY HINGES SQUEALED A HORRIFIED PROTEST AS HE PUSHED THE CEMETERY GATE OPEN! OVERHEAD, A COLD MOON CAST GREEN SHADOWS ON THE MOUNDS BEFORE THE GREY HEADSTONES...

I... I'M COMING, ANNA... I'M COMING!



HE STOOD FOR A MOMENT, HESITATING BEFORE THE TAMING SPHERES IN THE IRON PERCE. THEY MOVED THROUGH...

WHERE ARE YOU, ANNA? WHICH WAY?



UP THE GRASS CARPETED PATH, PAST THE SNAKES OF THOSE LONG DEAD, THE MR. ARTHURY COLTDN... STUMBLD IN HIS HANDS HE CLUTCHED A PAPER SAS' EVERY SO OFTER, HE STOPPED AND LOOKED ABOUT... SEARCHING... SEARCHING...

HELP ME, ANNA! I DON'T KNOW MY WAY! SUIDE ME, ANNA! SUIDE ME TO YOUR GRAVE!



SUDDENLY HE SAW IT STANDING COLD AND STILL IN THE WHITE MOORLIGHT... THE MAUSOLEUM! IT ROSE ABOVE THE GRAVE STONES LIKE A SKYSCRAPER RISES ABOVE THE SPRAWLING TERNEMENTS OF A GREAT CITY. MAJESTIC, IMPOSING... CONTEMPTUOUS...

THAT MAUSOLEUM... PERHAPS...



ANNA HAD COME FROM A HIGH FAMILY! ARTHURY EDGED CLOSER! THEN HE SAW IT! THE LETTERS CUT DEEP AND DARK IN THE GLEAMING MARBLE OVER THE DOORWAY...

'GDDFN! THIS MUST BE IT! THIS MUST BE IT!'



ANTHONY BREATHED A SILENT PRAYER AS HE APPROACHED THE NUDE METAL DOOR! SUPPOSE IT SHOULD BE LOCKED! HE CLOSED HIS EYES AND LEANED AGAINST IT...

'OPEN! OH, THANK GOD IT'S OPEN!'



THE DOOR SWUNG SILENTLY! THE HIRSES HAD BEEN WELL DILED TO PREVENT SQUEEKS FROM INTRUDING UPON THE SOLEMNITY OF THE REGENT FUNERAL! ARTHURY STEPPED...



THE CASKET STOOD IN THE CENTER OF THE FLOOR... SILENT... STILL! ARTHURY GASPED, THEN THREW HIMSELF PROSTRATE UPON IT AND WEPT... QUIETLY, PITIFULLY...



AFTER A WHILE, THE NOISE SOBBING STOPPED! HE STOOD UP AND OPENED THE PAPER BAG! THE SHARP CRACKLE OF THE PAPER ECHOED FROM THE WINDOWLESS WALLS IN AN ABNORMAL VOLUME...

I... I BROUGHT IT, ANNA! I BROUGHT IT FOR YOU TO... TO SLEEP WITH... FOREVER.



IT WAS ONE OF THOSE FUNNY LITTLE ANIMALS THAT THEY GIVE AWAY AT AMUSEMENT PARKS WHEN YOU KNOCK OVER THE STACK OF BRUISED WOODEN BOTTLES! ANTHONY SNUBBED IT AGAINST HIS FACE FOR A MOMENT, THEN LAID IT NEVER-ENTLY UPON THE GOFFIN LID...

HERE IT IS... ANNA... HERE...



ANTHONY SHOOK HIS HEAD! THEN HE TRIED THE LID! IT WAS SEALED CLOSED! HE SIGHED.

...IT'S NO GOOD THIS WAS ANNA! YOU CAN'T FEEL IT... OUT HERE...



ANTHONY GAZED DOWN AT THE CASKET WITH THE FURRY MOUND LYING ON THE LID! HE STARED INTO THE BLACK WOOD OF THE STUDDED BOX! FROM FAR AWAY THE MUSIC DRIFTED TO HIM... HAPPY MUSIC... LAUGHTER! A MENNY-BO-ROUND... GOING ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND...

TONY! LET'S RIDE IT.

SURE, ANNA! SURE! O'MOM!



THOSE STOLEN HOURS OF HAPPINESS! THAT DAY AT THE AMUSEMENT PARK WHEN HE WON ANNA THAT FUNNY LITTLE THING...

OH, TONY, TONY! YOU DID IT! YOU DID IT!

FOR YOU ANNA! JUST FOR YOU!

HERE YOU ARE, DEAD-EYE! HERE'S YOUR PRIZE!



THEN THE MUSIC FADED AWAY AND THE SOUND OF THE CAR MOTON REPLACED IT... THE HUM OF THE TWELVE CYLINDERS...

DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER GET IN BACK, ANNA? WE'RE GETTING CLOSE TO THE HOUSE!

OH, TONY DARLING! WHY DOES IT HAVE TO END? WHY?



AND THEN THE MOTON STOPPED! ANNA GOT OUT OF THE FRONT SEAT OF THE IMPRESSIVE LIMOUSINE, AND TONY OPENED THE REAR DOOR FOR HER! THEN HE PUT ON THE BRASS-BUTTONED CHAUFFEUR'S COAT, AND THE PATENT-LEATHER PEAKED CAP...

WHEN CAN WE DO THIS AGAIN, TONY? WHEN?

THE CAR IS ALWAYS AT YOUR DISPOSAL, MESS ANNA!



OH, TONY! DON'T JOKE WITH ME!  
KISS ME, MY DARLING! TELL  
YOUR WIFE YOU LOVE HER!

I LOVE YOU,  
ANNA!



HE STOOD THERE, STARING AT THE GASKETT OUTSIDE.  
A CLAP OF THUNDER EXPLODED! THE MAUSOLEUM DOOR  
SLAMMED WITH THE SUGGESTION OF HOT WIND! THE  
RAIN BEGAN FALLING...

IT'S RAINING, ANNA! RAINING LIKE  
THAT NIGHT... THAT NIGHT YOU CAME  
TO MY ROOM ABOVE THE GARAGE...



ANNA! WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING HERE?

I CAN'T STAND  
IT ANY LONGER,  
TONY! WE'VE  
GOT TO TELL  
MY UNCLE!



DON'T BE FOOLISH,  
ANNA! YOU KNOW  
WHAT WOULD  
HAPPEN! HE'D  
CHOWN YOU...  
CUT YOU OFF  
WITHOUT A  
CENT!

I DON'T  
CARE!  
I DON'T  
CARE!



YOU'VE FORGOTTEN  
ONE THING, ANNA!  
YOU'VE UNDERAGE!  
HE CAN ANNUSE THE  
MARRIAGE!

HE WOULDN'T!  
HE WOULDN'T!



YES! IT RAINED THAT NIGHT! BUT ANNA  
AND TONY DIDN'T CARE! THEY WERE  
TOGETHER! STOLEN MOMENTS OF  
HAPPINESS...

JUST ONE MORE  
KISS, MY DAR-  
LING!

YOU'VE GOT TO GO,  
ANNA! YOUR UNCLE  
WILL BE LOOKING  
FOR YOU!



ONE MORE KISS AND THEN SHE LEFT! SHE HURRIED ACROSS THE  
SOFT SANDS... HER FLIMSY DRESS CLINGING TO HER SKIN, RAIN-  
SOAKED! AND WHEN SHE OPENED THE DOOR...

WHERE WERE YOU? WHERE  
WERE YOU?

I... I TOOK A WALK, UNCLE!  
I GOT CAUGHT IN THE RAIN!



HE STOOD BEFORE ANNA...THERE IN THAT DRAFTY MANSION HE ACCUSED HER...INSULTED HER...

DON'T LIE TO ME! IT'S BEEN RAINING FOR HOURS! I SAW YOU COME ACROSS THE LAWN! YOU'VE BEEN TO THE GARAGE! TO HIM! I KNOW! I'VE SEEN THE WAY HE LOOKS AT YOU! DON'T THINK I'M BLIND! DON'T THINK I DON'T KNOW YOU'VE BEEN CARRYING ON...

UNCLE! STOP IT! STOP IT! I CAN'T STAND YOUR EVIL INSINUATIONS!

IF YOU MUST KNOW, WE'RE MARRIED!

WHAT? MARRIED TO THAT...THAT...

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY! I LOVE HIM! THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!

SILLY FOOL! I'LL HAVE THE MARRIAGE ANNULLED! I WON'T LET YOU THROW YOUR LIFE AWAY...

SHE WAS IN BED THE NEXT DAY! PNEUMONIA! ANTHONY CAME TO SEE HER...

GO AWAY! YOU'RE NOT WANTED HERE!

BUT I'M HER HUSBAND, MR. COOPER!

YOU WON'T BE FOR LONG! I'VE STARTED ANNULMENT PROCEEDINGS! SHE'S UNDERAGE...

PLEASE! LET ME SEE HER! I LOVE HER! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

HE TURNED TONY AWAY! THE DOCTOR CAME... AND TONY STOPPED HIM AS HE WAS LEAVING...

HOW IS SHE, DOCTOR?

SHE'S FAILING, TONY! DOESN'T SEEM TO WANT TO LIVE!

WHILE INSIDE...

TONY...SABR, I WANT TONY!

NO, NO! YOU'VE FINISHED WITH HIM! FINISHED!



AND SO SHE DIED! UP TO THE END, HER UNCLE HAD REFUSED TO LET TONY SEE HER! THE FUNERAL HAD BEEN HELD THAT AFTERNOON! TONY HAD NOT BEEN ALLOWED TO ATTEND! BUT, NOW HE WAS HERE...



YES, ANNA! I'M HERE! AND EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT NOW! I'VE JUST KILLED HIM! I'VE JUST KILLED YOUR UNCLE!

FROM SOMEWHERE A STREAM OF WATER RAN DOWN THE STONE WALL OF THE MAUSOLEUM... DOWN THE WALL ONTO THE COLD FLOOR AND UNDER THE GASKET...



THE RAIN... COMING IN...

TONY TURNED TO GO! IT WAS OVER... FINISHED! NOW, HE WAS GOING AWAY! THE OLD MAN... WAS DEAD! ANNA'S DEATH HAD BEEN REVENGED!

GOOD-BYE, ANNA! SOMEDAY... I'LL COME BACK! SOMEDAY...



HE TUGGED AT THE HUGE MAUSOLEUM DOOR! IT DID NOT MOVE! IT WAS...



LOCKED! GOOD LORD! HOW'LL I GET OUT OF HERE?

TONY PULLED AND WRENCHED AT THE DOOR! IT WAS NO USE! SOMEONE WOULD HAVE TO COME AND OPEN IT FROM THE OTHER SIDE...



HELP ME! HELP ME, SOMEBODY! PLEASE... LET ME OUT!

A CLAP OF THUNDER WAS THE ONLY REPLY! TONY HAMMERED AT THE METAL DOOR UNTIL HIS FISTS WERE RAW AND BLOOD DROPPED FROM THEM...



I... I'LL STARVE TO DEATH... PLEASE... GOD... SOMEDAY... SOB... SOB...

THE RAIN FELLincessantly! IT FORMED LITTLE RIVERS THAT RAN OFF BETWEEN THE HEADSTONES! INSIDE THE MAUSOLEUM, A STEADY SOBBING ECHOED THE FALLING OF THE RAINDROPS...



THE NIGHT PASSED AND THE DAY DAWNED! AND THE DAY PASSED...AND NO ONE CAME TO THAT PART OF THE GEMETERY! SO NO ONE HEARD THE KNOCKING...THE CALLING FROM THE MAUSOLEUM...



A WEEK WENT BY...AND EVERY DAY THE KNOCKING...THE HAMMERING CONTINUED! BUT NO ONE HEARD...EXCEPT A FRIGHTENED TRAMP ONE EVENING AT TWILIGHT WHO RAN OFF, TERRIFIED! THE WEEK STRETCHED TO TWO WEEKS...THE POUNDING WAS BECOMING FAINTER NOW! BUT TONY WAS STILL ALIVE! THEN, ALMOST A MONTH LATER...THE BEATING AND THE CALLING STOPPED...



THE DAY FOLLOWING TONY'S DEATH, AFTER HAVING BEEN LOCKED IN THE MAUSOLEUM FOR ALMOST A MONTH, THEY FOUND HIM! THE ENGRAVER WAS DELIVERING THE PLACQUE FOR ANNA'S COFFIN...AND WHEN THEY SWUNG OPEN THE MASSIVE METAL DOOR...



GOOD LORD! LOOK! A DEAD MAN!

IT'S THAT CHAUFFEUR OF THEIRS! THE ONE THEY'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

HE'S ONLY BEEN DEAD A DAY OR SO...

WHAT'S THIS... AROUND HIM?

BONES!

HEY...THIS COFFIN'S BEEN PRIED OPEN...



THE GUY MUST HAVE BEEN TRAPPED IN HERE! HE STAYED ALIVE BY CATCHING WATER IN THIS URN...

AND EATING... ON GOD, NO!



THEY TOOK TONY AWAY! THEY PUT THE WHITE PICKED-CLEAN BONES BACK INTO THE COFFIN AND SEALED IT UP AGAIN! THEN THEY CLOSED THE MAUSOLEUM...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IF HE HAD WATER AND...UM...FOOD, HOW COME HE DIED?

THE FORM ALREADY! EMBALMING FLUID! IT POISONED HIM!



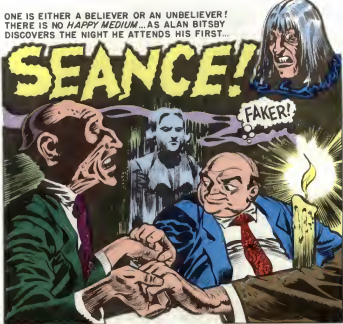
HEE, HEE! AND THAT'S MY STORY, DEAR READERS! TONY, ANNA, THE CRUEL OLD UNCLE...THEY'RE ALL DEAD NOW! EACH ONE KILLED THE OTHER...YOU MIGHT SAY! ANYWAY, IT WAS A MEATY LITTLE TALE, WASN'T IT? I HOPE YOU DIDN'T...ER...

GNORE UP...AT THE BAD ENDING! WELL, IF YOUR STOMACH'S STOPPED DOING FLIP-FLOPS, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE GRYPT-KEEPER! HE HAS ANOTHER TALE FOR YOU TO GHEW ON! BYE, NOW! SEE YOU LATER ON WITH ANOTHER POT OF PUTRESCENCE!



ONE IS EITHER A BELIEVER OR AN UNBELIEVER!  
THERE IS NO *HAPPY MEDIUM*...AS ALAN BITSBY  
DISCOVERS THE NIGHT HE ATTENDS HIS FIRST...

# SEANCE!



MY STORY BEGINS AT THE HOME OF WALTON FARNUM, ACCOUNTANT FOR THE FIRM OF BITSBY & COMPANY. AT THIS PARTICULAR MOMENT, WALTON IS HARD AT WORK 'ENTERTAINING' MR. AND MRS. ALAN BITSBY - THE BOSS AND HIS WIFE! LET'S SEE WHAT'S GOING ON---



I...I HAVE TO **APOLOGIZE** FOR MY WIFE, A.S.! SHE'S NEVER THIS LATE!

QUITE ALL RIGHT, WALTON! QUITE ALL RIGHT!

MR. BITSBY? I...I FIND THAT I AM...**FORCED** TO ASK YOU FOR A **RAISE...IN SALARY!** THERE HAVE BEEN **EXTRA EXPENSES** LATELY...AND...

LET'S NOT TALK **BUSINESS** TONIGHT, WALTON! SEE ME IN THE **MORNING!** I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU!





SUDDENLY HE WAS IN THE ROOM! NO ONE SAW HIM COME IN! HIS DEEP, DARK, PIERCING EYES LOOKED FROM ONE OF US TO THE OTHER...

AM I SO GLAD YOU'VE COME AGAIN, MRS. FARNUM? PERHAPS TODAY, YOUR BROTHER MAXIM WILL SPEAK TO US!

I HOPE SO, DOCTOR!



"WE SAT AROUND THE TABLE! DOCTOR POGOS TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS! THEN..."

HOW! ALL 401M HANDS! THE SEANCE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!



"MR. HATCH WAS ON MY LEFT! MRS. DOBER ON MY RIGHT! THE DOCTOR WAS DIRECTLY ACROSS FROM ME AND I COULD SEE HIS FACE IN THE GLOW OF THE CANDLE..."

EVERYONE... QUIET! CONCENTRATE! I AM ABOUT TO GO INTO MY TRANCE!



I WATCHED HIS FACE! HE STARED INTO THE CANDLE, MUTTERING UNINTELLIGIBLE WORDS! PERSPIRATION BROKE OUT ON HIS FOREHEAD! HE WRITHED AS IF HE WERE IN PAIN! THEN...

HARVEY!

SARAH!  
IS THAT YOU?



IT WAS MR. HATCH'S WIFE! HER VOICE WAS SO... ALMOST A WHISPER...

YES, HARVEY! IT IS I!  
WHY DO YOU KEEP SENDING FOR ME, HARVEY?

I... I NEED YOU.  
SARAH! NEED YOU SO!



THE MEDIUM TWISTED IN WHAT SEEMED LIKE AGONY! WE WATCHED MR. HATCH'S FACE! HE STARED WIDE-EYED INTO THE DARKNESS...

YOU MUST FORGET ME, HARVEY! MY LIFE IS FINISHED! YOURS IS NOT! YOU MUST ACCEPT LIFE WITH-OUT ME! I... I'M GOING, NOW!

NO, SARAH!  
NO! COME BACK!



"SHE WAS GONE! THE DOCTOR WAS STILL IN HIS STUPOR, THEN IT CAME! THAT SHARP CLEAR RAPPING..."

IT IS YOUR BROTHER, MRS. FARNUM!

MAXIM? IS THAT YOU?  
SPEAK TO ME, MAXIM!  
PLEASE!



I LISTENED! I STRAINED MY EARS,  
BUT I HEARD NOTHING! THEN...A  
VOICE...FAR AWAY...



I CAN'T STAY  
LONG, AGNES!  
IT...IT'S SO  
HARD! MAYBE...  
MAYBE...NEXT...  
TIME...



HE'S GONE,  
MRS. FARRUM!  
DOCTOR FOGG  
COULDN'T  
HOLD HIM!



MRS. GOREN'S FACE LIT UP! IT WAS HER SON, PAUL!  
THE ONE THAT DIED IN THE WAR...



I WANT TO SEE YOU, PAUL!  
THE DOCTOR SAID HE'D TRY!  
PLEASE, DOCTOR! LET ME  
SEE HIM!



SLOWLY A MIST ROSE IN THE DARKNESS! IT BEGAN  
TO TAKE SHAPE! IT WAS A WAR...IN UNIFORM! A  
SOLDIER...



I SCREAMED! I COULDN'T HELP IT! I SAW HIM  
CLEARLY! HIS FACE WAS HALF-SHOT AWAY! IT WAS  
AWFUL...AWFUL...





THEN HE WAS GONE, AND THE SEANCE WAS OVER!

DUSH! IT GIVES ME THE *CHILLS*! DOESN'T IT *POW*, ALAN?

*FAKE!* NOTHING BUT A *FAKE*, THAT'S WHAT *HE* IS!



YOU'LL BET NO RAISE FROM *ME*, FARNUM, IF YOU HESIT UPON LETTING YOUR WIFE SPEND *GOOD MONEY* ON THAT *TRASH*!

BUT SHE HEARD HIS *VOICE*, MR. *SITSBY*! *MARUM'S* *VOICE*...



IF I *PROVE* HE'S A *FAKE*, FARNUM, WILL YOU *FORBID* YOUR WIFE'S SEEING HIM AGAIN?

HOW...HOW CAN YOU *EXPOSE* HIM, MR. *SITSBY*?



SIMPLE! MARTHA, MY WIFE, WILL STAY *HERE*! WE THREE WILL GO TO YOUR 'MEDIUM'! I'LL ASK TO SPEAK TO MY 'DEAR DEPARTED WIFE, MARTHA'! WHEN HE PRODUCES HER *SPIRIT*, YOU'LL *KNOW* HE'S A *FAKE*!

THAT SOUNDS FAIN ENOUGH TO *ME*!

HEH, HEH! A CLEVER PLOT, EH, DEAR READER? MRS. FARNUM CALLS DOCTOR PODOS AND MAKES THE APPOINTMENT! THE THREE OF THEM, *SITSBY* AND THE FARNUMS, LEAVE FOR THE MEDIUM'S HOUSE, WHILE MRS. *SITSBY* STAYS BEHIND!



THEY ARRIVE AND ARE USHERED INTO THE SEANCE ROOM! THEN THE MEDIUM ENTERS...



AH! SO THESE ARE THE PEOPLE YOU BROUGHT, MRS. FARNUM?

YES! MY HUSBAND...



...AND MR. *SITSBY*, OUR FRIEND! HE'S A... *WIDOWER*! HE'D LIKE TO COMMUNICATE WITH HIS DEAR DEPARTED WIFE, MARTHA!

WOULDN'T YOU ALL SIT DOWN?

THE LIGHTS ARE LOWERED, AND THE SEANCE BEGINS! THEY ALL JOIN HANDS! THE DOCTOR GOES INTO HIS HYPNOTIC TRANCE! HE TWISTS AND SWAYS...



THE MEDIUM WHITCHES NOW! HE SEEMS TO BE IN TERRIFIC PAIN! HIS FACE IS BATHED IN SWEAT! THE VEINS ON HIS FOREHEAD STAND OUT...



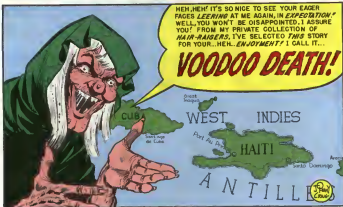
THEY LEAVE! THEY GO HOME TO WALTON FARMHJW'S HOUSE, CONVINCED! BITSBY IS TRIUMPHANT! AS WALTON OPENS THE DOOR, BITSBY CHIDES HIM...



THE END



# THE VAULT OF HORROR!



HEH! EVER READ TRAVEL FOLDERS? YOU KNOW... THOSE PAMPHLETS THAT TELL ABOUT ALL THE GLORIOUS WONDERS AND BEAUTIES OF THE WEST INDIES? PALM TREES... MOONLIGHT ON THE OCEAN... ETC... ETC.? HEH! HEH! HEH! ...STRANGE, ISN'T IT, THAT THEY NEVER MENTION *OTHER* INTERESTING SIGHTS, SIGHTS THAT TOURISTS ARE *NOT* TO SEE? SIGHTS LIKE... A *VOODOO RITUAL*?



BILL, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! IF THOSE NATIVES CATCH US WATCHING THEIR RITUAL, THEY'LL...

*I KNOW! I KNOW! KEEP QUIET, WILL YOU?*



WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

A NATIVE WAS SHOT TO DEATH IN TOWN TODAY! THEY'RE WORKING OVER HIM NOW!



AS THEY WATCH THE DANCERS' FRENZY, THE HIGH PRIESTESS PLACES A DOLL BESIDE THE STILL FORM OF THE CORPSE...



THE **POOOOO** DRUMS BEAT LOUDER AND THE HIGH PRIESTESS BENDS OVER THE BODY! THE NATIVES CLOSE IN AROUND HER, BLOCKING HER FROM VIEW...

WHAT'S SHE DOING?

*I DON'T KNOW! I CAN'T SEE HER!*



MINUTES LATER, THE CHANTING, SCREAMING NATIVES WITHDRAW... LEAVING THE PRIESTESS STANDING OVER THE BODY AND THE DOLL! NOW THERE IS AN EXPECTANT SILENCE...



...AND THEN, THE DEAD NATIVE **STIRS!** HIS EYES OPEN, GLASSY AND EMPTY... AND HE **RISES!** THE DOLL STANDS UPRIGHT... AND THEN DARTS AWAY INTO THE JUNGLE!



BILL! THE DOLL! THE... THE DEAD MAN! HE'S ALIVE! HE... THE...

SHUT UP, YOU PFFFT! FOOL! THEY'LL HEAR YOU!







...STRANGE... NO RETURN  
ADDRESS... NO POSTAGE...  
WONDER WHAT'S IN IT...



CURIOUS, BILL HASTILY RIPS THE PACKAGE OPEN!  
AND THEN HIS HANDS TREMBLE... HIS MOUTH DROPS  
WIDE AS HE STARES AT THE CONTENTS...



FRIGHTENED TERRIBLY BILL  
DASHES FROM THE ROOM! THEN  
HE STOPS...



I THREW IT IN  
THE FIRE! THE  
FLAMES WILL  
DESTROY IT!  
BUT...MAYBE...



...IT CAME BACK WHEN I THREW  
IT OUT THE PORTHOLE! IT CAN  
MOVE! IT MIGHT GET AWAY! I...  
I'D BETTER GO BACK...  
BETTER MAKE SURE!



...THERE'S THE BOX...  
THE PACKAGE... BUT  
WHERE'S THE DOLL?

IT'S  
GONE!



BONE? SOMEWHERE IN THIS ROOM! HIDING...  
WAITING TO POUNCE ON ME! WAITING TO  
STAB ME WITH THAT... THAT NEEDLE!  
HELP! HELP!





MY...MY  
HEART!  
GETTING  
NUMB...  
HURTS!

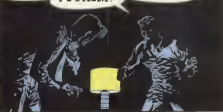
YES! THE NEEDLE  
WAS POISONED!  
SOON YOUR WHOLE  
BODY WILL HURT!  
THEN YOU'LL BE  
DEAD...AS I AM  
DEAD!



YOU'RE DEAD! AND I'LL BE  
DEAD *CRASP* IN A MOMENT!  
*CRASP* THIS DOLL! IT...IT  
KILLED ME! THIS WICKED,  
VIGOROUS *VOOOOO* DOLL!



YES, I'M DEAD! THE NATIVES *KILLED* ME THAT NIGHT! THEY  
KILLED ME AND BROUGHT ME BACK TO *LIFE*...LIKE THEY DID  
TO THAT DEAD NATIVE! THEY *SENT* ME TO YOU WITH THAT  
*VOOOOO* DOLL TO PUNISH YOU! THE DOLL HAS DONE ITS  
JOB!.. AND WHEN YOU DIE I WILL CEASE TO *EXIST* ALSO!  
*I'M A ZOMBIE!*



I'LL DESTROY IT!.. RIP IT  
TO SHREDS! RIP IT!*CRASP*!  
TEAR IT!..?



WHA...  
WHAT'S  
THIS?

BILL'S RAGE SUDDENLY CEASED!  
A SCREAM STRANGLES IN HIS  
THROAT AS HE STARES DOWN AT  
WHAT HIS HAND HOLDS. . .

*GOOD LORD!* IT'S A...  
*HEART!* A HUMAN HEART!



YES, BILL! THAT'S  
HOW THEY GAVE  
IT LIFE! THEY  
GAVE THE DOLL  
A HEART!

**MY  
HEART!**



—THE  
END—

HEH! HEH! HEH! SUCH JOY! NOW WASN'T THAT  
HEART-RENDING? OF COURSE, JAY COULD  
HAVE TOLD BILL WHAT HAD HAPPENED, BUT  
I GUESS HE JUST *DON'T* HAVE THE HEART!  
WELL, BILL GOT THE POINT, HEH! HEH...IN THE  
GUTTING CLIMAX TO THIS *THRILLING* TALE!  
I HOPE I'LL BE SEEING YOU IN MY OWN  
MAGAZINE, *THE VAULT OF HORROR!* UNTIL  
THEN, FRIENDS... BE OF *STOUT* HEART...  
HEH, HEH, HEH!



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THE VAULT-KEEPER



ELBSTER

# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! I SEE YOU GOT UP ENOUGH NERVE TO BUY *TALKS FROM THE CRYPT* AGAIN! WELL, I WON'T SHAMPOON YOU! YOU'LL GET YOUR FAIR SHARE OF SHAKES AND SHIVERS, BELIEVE ME! PEACH TO BEGIN! GOOD! NOW LIE BACK ON THE MARBLE SLAB, PULL THE SHEET UP OVER YOUR HEAD, AND I'LL TELL YOU THE FIRST STORY! IT'S HARRY GORDON'S STORY, TOLD IN *MY OWN WORDS*! HE CALLS IT...

## BATS IN MY BELFRY!



I FIRST FOUND OUT THAT I WAS GOING DEAF WHEN I VISITED OUR FAMILY DOCTOR! I HAD GONE TO HIM BECAUSE OF A PAINFUL EARRACHE.

I'M SORRY, HENRY! I KNOW WHAT THIS WILL DO TO YOUR CAREER! "THE SYMPTOMS ARE UNMISTAKABLE!" IN A MONTH OR SO YOU WILL BE STONE DEAF!

ARE YOU SURE, DOCTOR? CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING? OPERATE?



NOT ANYTHING  
CAN BE DONE  
FOR YOU! THERE'S  
NO OPERATION!

I SEE! WELL  
... THANK YOU  
FOR EVERYTHING!  
DOCTOR!



I WENT HOME TO MY WIFE JOAN! I  
TOLD HER WHAT THE DOCTOR HAD  
SAID...

YOU... YOU MEAN  
YOU WON'T BE  
ABLE TO ACT  
ANYMORE?

HOW COULD  
IT TO MISS MY  
VOICE?  
EXPRESSION  
WOULD BE LOST!



THERE MUST BE  
SOME FOLKS THEY  
CAN DO! SO I SEE  
SPECIALISTS?  
WAKE UP!

I WILL, DEAR!  
I WILL...



BUT EVERY DOCTOR I WENT TO TOLD ME THE SAME  
STORY! IT WAS USELESS! WHEN I STARTED TO MISS  
OUR DARTING...

SORRY, HARRY! WE'LL  
HAVE TO GET ANOTHER  
STAIR!

HUNT! WHAT DID YOU  
SAY?



AND THEN IT CAME! THE THICK, HEAVY SILENCE! I  
WAS STONE DEAF! I WALKED IN A WORLD OF STILL-  
NESS! THE TRAFFIC, THE CROWDS, THE ORCHESTRA  
IN MY SLIPS... ALL SILENT! I HAD TO LEARN TO  
LIP-READ TO UNDERSTAND WHAT JOAN SAID TO ME...

I SAID OUR HOME'S PRACTICALLY  
BONE! UNDERSTAND? WE'RE  
ALMOST DONE... BONE...  
CLEANED OUT!

YES, JOAN...



THINGS GOT WORSE! I TRIED TO FIND WORK, BUT I COULDN'T  
DO ANYTHING! ACTING WAS ALL I KNEW! THEN I THOUGHT  
OF AN OLD FRIEND, JOHN BAYNE! JOHN AND I HAD PLAYED  
SUMMER STOCK TOGETHER! THEN JOHN HAD SOME BLIND!  
I WENT TO SEE HIM...

WELL, WELL, HARRY GORDON!  
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!

DID... DID YOU SAY MY  
NAME, JOHN? I... I'M  
DEAF! I CAN'T HEAR  
YOU! DID YOU SAY MY  
NAME?



OF COURSE! I RECOGNIZED  
YOU IMMEDIATELY!

YOU CAN SEE?  
THEN WHY DO YOU  
WEAR DARK  
GLASSES?



WILLIAM M. WAX

TO HIDE MY EYES? THESE EYES?

GOOD LORD?



JOHN'S EYES GLARED YELLOW IN THE DIM LIGHT OF HIS ROOM. THEY WERE THE EYES OF A CAT.

WHAT...WHAT DID YOU DO TO YOURSELF? YOUR EYES...



YES? THEY'RE CAT'S EYES! BUT HOW DARK, HAIRY? I CAN SEE!



I HAD DIFFICULTY READING JOHN'S LIPS, BUT I MANAGED TO UNDERSTAND ENOUGH OF WHAT HE SAID TO GET THE WHOLE STORY...

I FOUND OUT ABOUT HIM THROUGH ANOTHER EX-BLIND MAN. HE'S A DEAFMUT. HE OPERATED ON ME! I GRAFTED THESE CAT'S EYES! AND NOW, I CAN SEE...



DO YOU THINK HE CAN HELP ME, JOHN. RESTORE MY HEARING THE SAME WAY?



WHY DON'T YOU GO SEE HIM? I'LL GIVE YOU HIS ADDRESS...



THE SHOP WAS IN A DARK AND WINDING BACK STREET IN THE SHABBIEST PART OF THE CITY. THERE WERE MORE STUPID ANIMALS IN THE DIRT WINDOWS.



JOHN SAID HE WASN'T A DOCTOR... BUT... THIS? THIS LOOKS LIKE A DEAFMUT'S SHOP!

I WENT IN. A LITTLE BELL TINKLED BEHIND A CLUTTERED DOOR AT THE REAR OF THE SHOP. THE DOOR OF STALeness AND DIRT HUNG HEAVILY ON THE AIR. HE CAME FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN. HE WAS TALL AND DARK, SLIMMER LOOKING...

YOU... YOU WERE RECOMMENDED... BY A FRIEND? YOU... HELPED HIM TO SEE AGAIN? I WONDERED IF...



I SEE BY THE WAY YOU WATCH MY LIPS THAT YOU ARE DEAF! COME INTO THE BACK. I WILL EXAMINE YOU!



THE REAR OF THE SHOP LOOKED LIKE AN ALCHEMIST'S NIGHTMARE. THERE WERE BOTTLES AND JARS OF VARIOUS COLORED LIQUIDS AND POWDERS! OUT IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM WAS A MODERN-LOOKING OPERATING TABLE WITH UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT! HE EXAMINED ME BRIEFLY...



YOUR AUDITORY NERVES ARE PARALYZED! I WILL HAVE TO REPLACE YOUR WHOLE HEARING SYSTEM WITH SOMETHING DIFFERENT...

WHAT DO YOU HAVE  
IN MIND?

I PROPOSE TRANSFER-  
RING THE AUDITORY  
SYSTEM OF A RAT INTO  
YOUR BODY...



A RAT?

TEST THE RAT'S AUDITORY SYSTEM IS **IMPOSED?**  
IT IS **EXTRA-SENSITIVE!** IF THE OPERATION IS A  
SUCCESS, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO **HEAR BETTER**  
THAN YOU DID **BEFORE** YOU LOST YOUR HEARING.



I AGREE TO THE OPERATION! AFTER  
ALL... WHAT DID I HAVE TO LOSE?

BREATHE DEEP, MR. GORDON!



WHEN I CAME OUT OF THE ANES-  
THETIC, I LOOKED ABOUT! HE WAS  
STANDING OVER ME! HE STARTED  
TO SPEAK...

MY HEAD!  
HOW DO YOU FEEL? DON'T TALK!



HIS VOICE SLAMMED INTO MY SPIRIT!  
IT WAS HARSH AND LOUD...

YOU'LL GET USED  
TO IT, MR. GORDON!

I... I  
CERTAINLY  
HOPE SO!



CAN YOU IMAGINE THE SENSATION? HAVE YOU EVER  
TURNED A RADIO UP **FOUL BLAST?** THAT'S WHAT  
EVERYTHING SOUNDED LIKE TO ME AS I MADE MY  
WAY HOME! WHEN I OPENED THE DOOR I HEARD JOAN'S  
VOICE! SHE WAS UPSTAIRS ON THE PHONE...

IS THERE HE JUST CAME IN? I'LL  
HAVE TO RUN UP NOW, CARLINE!  
SCOOBY, DEAREST? YES... OF  
COURSE I LOVE YOU!



I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! JOAN... AND ANOTHER  
JOAN? I DECIDED NOT TO TELL JOAN ABOUT MY GOOD  
FORTUNE... ABOUT MY HEARING BEING RESTORED! I  
WANTED TO WAIT... TO FIND OUT MORE! THAT NIGHT,  
I COULDN'T SLEEP! I GOT DRESSED AND WENT FOR  
A WALK...



FUNNY! I HAVE THE  
STRANGEST FEELING...  
LIKE I WANT TO  
SCREAM.

I GUESS I WALKED ALL NIGHT! WHEN I RETURNED, JOAN WRO-GONE! SHE HAD GOTTEN A JOB SINCE I LOST MY HEARING AND MUST HAVE LEFT EARLY THAT MORNING...



A HEAVY DROWSINESS CAME OVER ME? I DON'T REMEMBER FALLING ASLEEP... BUT WHEN I WOKED



I SLEPT TO THE FLOOR! I WAS IN A CLOSET! I HAD FALLEN ASLEEP HANGING UPSIDE DOWN FROM THE CLOTHES POLE



I STUMBLED INTO THE BATHROOM AND LOOKED AT MYSELF IN THE MIRROR? I NEEDED A SHAVE EARLY, BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE



I WAS FRIGHTENED? I STARTED CAREFULLY CLEAVING MY FACE OF THE GROWTH? THEN I STEPPED INTO THE SHOWER? AS I WASHED MY FACE, I REALIZED IT...



I DRESSED QUICKLY AND RUSHED TO MY FRIEND JOHN'S HOUSE... JOHN WHO HAD FIRST RECOGNIZED THE STRANGE SHOP WITH ITS STILL STRANGER PROPRIETARY. IT WAS GETTING DARK OUTSIDE. I SLUNG IN HIS DOOR WITHOUT KNOWING...



HIS ROOM WAS DARK LIT? HIS FELINE EYES GLOWED WITH AN EERIE YELLOW LIGHT? HE LAY IN A CORNER, WHITE, PICKED-CLEAN. BOMBS ABOUT WHAT HIS FACE WAS COVERED WITH A SILK-BLACK FUR.



IT'S THAT HORRIBLE POND! HE... HE'S DONE SOMETHING TO ME! THESE AREN'T CAT'S EYES HE'S GIVEN ME! THEY'RE THE EYES OF A PANTHER! AND... I CAN'T HELP MYSELF! I... I HAVE AN URGENT LINE TO... *CALL!*

LOVE  
HELP  
US!

JOHN CLAPPED ON A LIGHT...

LOOK AT ME! LOOK! I'M EVEN BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE A PANTHER! DON'T GO TO HIM, HARRY! DON'T!

IT'S TOO  
LATE, JOHN!  
IT'S TOO  
LATE!

JOHN SMILED! HIS EYES SHINED! I GOT OUT! I HAD TO WALK...

THAT EXPLAINS MY FALLING ASLEEP HANGING UPSIDE DOWN IN THE CLOSET... THE SEET HAIR ON MY FACE... THE MEMORANE GROWING ACROSS MY ARMPITS! I... I'M TURNING INTO A BAT!

AND THAT NIGHT, AS I WALKED THROUGH THE BLACKNESS, I BEGAN TO UTTER SHORT SHRIIL SHRIERS! AND I LISTENED FOR THE SHRIERS TO ECHO BACK! I WAS USING THE BAT'S RADAR-LIKE DEVICE FOR TRAVELING THROUGH THE DARKNESS! WHEN DAWN CAME, I MADE MY WAY HOME...

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL NIGHT? CAN YOU UNDERSTAND MET WHY DID YOU STAY OUT ALL NIGHT?

I... I GOT A JOB, JOAN! NIGHT WORK!

GOOD! THEN I'LL GIVE MYNE... TODAY!

IF YOU LIKE, JOAN! I... I'M TIRED! I'M GOING TO BED!

SHE WENT OUT AND I LAY EXHAUSTED ON THE BED! AGAIN, I DON'T REMEMBER FALLING ASLEEP, BUT WHEN I AWOKED WAS HANGING UPSIDE DOWN IN THE CLOSET! I HEARD VOICES... JOAN'S VOICE... AND A MAN'S...

HE CARRIED A LARGE INSURANCE POLICY, \$-BLOOD! HE TOOK IT OUT WHILE HE WAS AGING AND MAKING GOOD MONEY!

IS IT STILL IN EFFECT?

I LISTENED FROM MY LAIR IN THE CLOSET, I LISTENED...

YES! THE PREMIUM IS DUE NEXT MONTH!

WE'LL BE RIGHT AFTER WE KILL HIM.



I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EARS! THEY WERE PLANNING TO **KIDNAP** ME? I GOT DOWN FROM THE SLOTTED POLE AND SLOWLY OPENED THE DOOR...



I RUSHED DOWN THE STAIRS AND **BOOM!** THE DOOR BEFORE THEY COULD STOP ME.

IT WAS **HARRY!** HE MUST HAVE **HEARD** US! HE'LL GO TO THE POLICE!

I'LL **STOP** HIM... IF I HAVE TO...



JOAN'S LOVER CAME AFTER ME! THE SIDEWALKS WERE DARK AND DESERTED! I... **RAN...** OTHERS LITTLE SHRIEL HIGH-PITCHED SHRIERS! THEY NAMED ME OF FENCE, DEAD-END ALLEYS, AND BLIND STREETS...



HURRY! IT'S NO USE! I'LL GET YOU...

AS I RAN, I LOOKED DOWN! CLAMS SPRANG FROM MY FINGERS WHERE NAILS HAD STOPPED...

AND WHEN I DO... **HARRY!**



I PULSED MY CLAMMED HAND OVER MY NOSE! IT WAS **HARRY!**... AND OVER MY LOWER LIP HISS...



FANST! I'VE SHOWN FANST!

WHEN I GET YOU, HARRY, I'LL KILL YOU!

I STOPPED RUNNING! THERE WAS NO NEED TO RUN ANY LONGER! I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO! JOAN'S LOVER CAME UP TO ME, LEECHING! THEN, HIS EYES WIDENED IN HORROR! I SPRANG AT HIM...



NO... **NO!** KEEP AWAY!



HE LAY SPRAWLED BRUTALLY ON THE COBBLESTONES... WHITE AS CHALK! TWO PUNCTURES THICKLED CLARKE ON HIS NECK! HE WAS DEAD! I HAD DRAINED HIS BLOOD...



I... I'M NOT...  
JUST AN  
ORDINARY  
BAT...



I'M A VAMPIRE BAT!

I RAPIDLY FLEW BACK THROUGH THE STREETS TO MY HOUSE... BACK TO JOHN...

DO YOU GET HIM,  
CARL... **HARRY!**  
WHAT... WHAT'S  
HAPPENED  
TO YOU?

I KILLED  
HIM, JOHN!



I KILLED HIM, AS YOU HAD PLANNED TO **KILL ME!** AND NOW I MUST KILL YOU... FOR...



NO, HARRY!  
NO!

HER THINGY WAS WHITE AND SOFT... NOT LIKE HIS! WHEN I HAD FINISHED...



NOW, I'VE GOT TO GO AWAY...  
AND **HIDE!**

I FOUND A PLACE... A Nice QUIET PLACE TO HIDE! IT'S IN THIS COFFIN, IN THIS MAUSOLEUM! WHAT DID I DO WITH THE BODY THAT OCCUPIED IT BEFORE I CAME? OH, I BROUGHT IT TO JOHN... MY FRIEND! HE MADE SHORT WORK OF IT!



HER, HEN? WELL, THAT'S HARRY'S STORY, SIDDIE! PERSONALLY, I THINK HE WAS A LITTLE **BATFE**. DON'T YOU? OH, BY THE WAY! IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY RECEIVED MY 5 BY 7 PICTURE...



...NOT A CRATING BUT AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHED REPRODUCTION AS I APPEAR IN THE FLESH... READ MY COLUMN, THE GRAY-HEADED 'S JOBBING' IN THIS ISSUE! AND NOW I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THAT BAW, THE OLD WITCH!

# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!



HMPH! NOW THAT YOU HAVE BEEN DULY BORED BY THE GHOST-KEEPER'S FAIRY TALE, I'LL TELL YOU A HORROR STORY! COME CLOSER AND GAZE INTO THE GABBLING CONTENTS OF MY CAULDRON! GAZE DEEP AND SOON YOU'LL SEE THE FIRST SCENE OF A CHILLING TALE I CALL...

## THE LIVING DEATH!

LESTER JEROME AND ARNOLD WANNING HAD BEEN CLOSE FRIENDS ALL THROUGH THE YEARS AT MEDICAL SCHOOL. THEY HAD STUDIED TOGETHER AND GRADUATED TOGETHER! THEY HAD EVEN INTERVIEWED TOGETHER AT THE SAME HOSPITAL! THEY HAD DONE EVERYTHING TOGETHER! AND, TOGETHER, THEY HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH THE SAME GIRL.



WHY LAUREN? WAKE UP YOUR WHIM! LESTER OR ME?

WHY NOT - BOTH OF YOU?

SAY, THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA! WE'LL BOTH TAKE HER TO THE MOVIES, ARNOLD!

YES! LESTER AND ARNOLD HAD BEGUN THEIR MEDICAL CAREERS TOGETHER! BUT SOON, THEY BEGAN TO DRIFT APART! THEY BEGAN TO DIFFER ON THEORIES OF MEDICINE.



I SAY THAT THE MAJORITY OF ILL-NEEDED ARE NOTHING BUT PRODUCTS OF THE MIND! THEY ARE PSYCHOLOGICALLY INCURABLE!

SAH! LESTER, YOU'RE MAD! AN ILLNESS IS AN ILLNESS AND SHOULD BE TREATED AS SUCH!

AND SO LESTER JEROME AND ARNOLD MANNING CAME TO A CROSSROADS AND EACH WENT IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION! LESTER TOOK THE PATH OF PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE... THE TREATMENT OF ILLNESSES THROUGH THE MIND, WHILE ARNOLD TOOK THE PATH OF SURGERY... THE TREATMENT OF ILLNESSES BY SCALPEL, NEEDLE, AND PILL!... THE GIRL THEY BOTH LOVED... STOOD BETWEEN THEM, TRYING TO MAKE UP HER MIND!



LAURIE AND LESTER BECAME ENGAGED THE MONTHS WENT BY AND THE WEDDING DAY DREW NEAR! ABOUT A WEEK BEFORE THE EVENTUAL DAY LAURIE BECAME VERY SICK! SHE WAS RUINED TO THE HOSPITAL...

HERE, LESTER! HERE ARE THE X-RAYS! LOOK FOR YOURSELF! SHE HAS A TUMOROUS GROWTH ON HER HEART! AN OPERATION MIGHT SAVE HER LIFE!

NIGHT, YOU SAY? WHAT ARE HER CHANCES, ARNOLD?



THEN, ONE DAY, ARNOLD MANNING, THE SURGEON, RECEIVED A PHONE CALL FROM LAURIE! HE WENT TO HER ROOM...

I... I DON'T KNOW TO SAY THAT, ARNOLD. BUT, WELL... LESTER HAS ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM, AND I'VE ACCEPTED! I'M... GLAD!

OH! I FEEL WELL. I HOPE YOU'LL BOTH BE VERY HAPPY TOGETHER!



I... I CAN'T TELL, LESTER! MAYBE ONE CHANCE IN TEN! IT'S A VERY DELICATE OPERATION!

THEN I WON'T ALLOW YOU TO PERFORM IT! I'LL SAVE HER THROUGH PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE BY MYSELF! I'M SURE I CAN!



DON'T BE A FOOL, LESTER! SURGERY IS THE ONLY WAY! YOU CAN'T STOP A TUMOR THROUGH PSYCHOLOGY!

YES! IT'S POSSIBLE! BY HYPNOTISM I'LL REMOVE IT! AFTER ALL... GROWTH IS CONTROLLED BY THE BRAIN!



I'M IN CHARGE HERE, DOCTOR JEROME! THERE'S NO TIME FOR YOUR PSYCHOSOMATIC HOOD-WADD! LAURIE'S LIFE IS AT STAKE.

BUT YOU ADMITTED THAT SHE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH OF A CHANCE!



YES! BUT THERE'S STILL THAT CHANCE! I'M ORDERING THE OPERATION! I SHALL PERFORM IT MYSELF!

NO! GIVE ME A TRY! PLEASE!



BUT LESTER DIDN'T GET HIS CHANCE! THE HOSPITAL BOARD VOTED HIM DOWN, AND DOCTOR ARNOLD MANNING PERFORMED THE OPERATION! HE DID HIS BEST, BUT

SHE DIED, LESTER!



OH I KNOW! NO!

I COULD HAVE SAVED HER! I COULD HAVE SAVED HER IF YOU HAD GIVEN ME THE CHANCE! YOU KILLED HER, MANNING! YOU AND YOUR SURGERY!



...I DO ALL I COULD, LESTER!

AND? YOU COULDN'T HAVE LISTENED TO ME! BUT NO! YOU'RE A SHAMELESS FORTY-ATE FORTY! THAT'S ALL YOU KNOW!



WELL, I'LL ZAP YOU, DOCTOR MANNING! SOMEDAY, I'LL CONVINCE YOU THAT I WAS RIGHT!

MOMMY, DOCTOR JEROME! PERHAPS, BUT I DOUBT IT!



AND SO THE YEARS PASSED! DOCTOR ARNOLD MANNING BECAME A WORLD FAMOUS SURGEON, WHILE DOCTOR LESTER JEROME REMAINED AN OSCURE PSYCHOLOGICAL THEORIST.

DOO JEROME! I WOULDN'T GO TO HIM ON A JIFF! HE DON'T GIVE YOU PILLS OR NOTHING! JUST HYPNOTIZES YOU. PSYCHOANALYZES YOU.

THE BOY DUGHT TO BE PSYCHO-ANALYZED HIMSELF! HE'S NOTS!



ONE DAY, WHILE DOCTOR ARNOLD MANNING WAS PERFORMING A ROUTINE OPERATION...

...EASPY JEAN'T SEE? EVERYTHING... IS BLURRED! TAKE OVER... DOCTOR...



DOCTOR MANNING SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR, UNCONSCIOUS! HIS ASSISTANT TOOK OVER WHILE THEY CARRIED DOCTOR MANNING OUT OF THE OPERATING ROOM TO A HOSPITAL BED.

NO PAIN DRAGGON! GET HIM TO X-RAY... AT ONCE!

DOCTOR! YOU MEAN...





YES? IT LOOKS LIKE  
A UFAIN TUMOR?

GIVE ME  
X-RAY!  
IMMEDIATELY!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, DR. MARNING  
SEEMED CONSCIOUSNESS? WHICH HE  
LOOKED AROUND.

YOU COLLAPSED  
WHILE OPERATING.  
DOCTOR? HOW DO  
YOU FEEL?

I HAVE A  
SEVERE HEAD-  
ACHE? WHAT  
WHAT'S AROUND?  
WITH ME?



HERE, DOCTOR MARNING  
DON'T LOOK AT THESE  
X-RAYS!

DEFERRED  
FUNDAY?  
TUMOR, UFAIN  
PRESSURE THIS  
MAN IS... IS...  
NO!



YES, DOCTOR MARNING! THESE  
ARE PRAISE X-RAYS!

BUT... WITH A TUMOR  
LIKE THAT, AN  
IMMEDIATE OPERATION  
IS IMPERATIVE ON  
BLUE...



DEATH IN TWO MONTHS AT  
THE MOST, DOCTOR MARNING!

AND... ONE DRAINAGE IS  
IFN THAT THE OPER-  
ATION WILL SAVE MY  
LIFE? AND... I'M THE  
ONLY MAN THAT CAN  
SUCCESSFULLY PER-  
FORM IT?



HIE, HIE! THAT'D BE SOME FRACK-ER-DEAR READING!  
HEP' ARNOLD CERTAINLY WAS IN A HORRIBLE PREDIC-  
AMENT.

DOCTOR MARNING!  
WHAT ABOUT... DOCTOR  
JEROME? BE GLASS  
THAT A TUMOR GROWTH  
CAN BE CONTROLLED BY...

NO? HE'S A MAD DOCTOR!  
I... I'D RATHER... GULP...



HIE, HIE! I'M GET HIM, DEAR READING? HE'S RATHER  
DUE. PRETTY STUBBORN WASN'T HE? WELL, HE  
CHANGED HIS MIND. DOCTOR MARNING THOUGHT IT  
OVER REAL HARD...

WELL, WELL! THE FAMOUS SUR-  
GEON, DOCTOR ARNOLD MARNING,  
AND TO WHAT DO I OWE THE  
EXTREME PLEASURE...

I... I'M HERE  
PROFESSIONALLY,  
DOCTOR JEROME!

DOCTOR LESTER JEROME STOPPED ASIDE AND DOCTOR ARNOLD MANNING ENTERED THE NEAT WHITE OFFICE! ONCE THERE, HE EXPLAINED TO DOCTOR JEROME THE REASON FOR HIS VISIT! DOCTOR LESTER JEROME LISTENED QUIETLY, AND THEN... WHEN DOCTOR MANNING HAD FINISHED... BOSTER CUT LAUGHING!

SO! THE REPELICAL DOCTOR MANNING TURNS TO **PERFIDIOUS MACHINES** AS A LAST RESORT, EN? NOW, YOU RELUCTANTLY AGREE TO GIVE ME A CHANCE, LESTER, EN?

DO NOT LAUGH, LESTER!

WHY SHOULDN'T I LAUGH, ARNOLD? WHEN **LAUREL** STOOD BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, I WAS A **DUCK**... A **CHARLATAN!** BUT NOW WHEN YOUR LIFE IS AT STAKE... YOU COME RUNNING? WELL... I CANNOT REFUSE YOU! IN FACT, IT WILL GIVE ME GREAT PLEASURE TO **PROVE** THAT I AM CORRECT...



LESTER AND ARNOLD MANNING INTO A DIMLY LIT ROOM! HE DEATED HIM IN A COMFORTABLE CHAIR AND TRAINED A SPOTLIGHT ON HIS EYES...

WHAT... WHAT IF I SHOULD **DIE** WHILE UNDER YOUR HYPNOTIC TRANCE, LESTER?

YOU WILL NOT DIE, ARNOLD! I'LL SEE TO THAT!



SOON DOCTOR ARNOLD MANNING'S EYES GREW HEAVY! UNDER THE SPELL OF DOCTOR LESTER'S SOFT BOOMING TONES, ARNOLD FELL INTO A DEEP HYPNOTIC SLEEP...

YOU WILL REMAIN IN THIS STATE UNTIL I UTTER THE WORD 'LAUREL' UNDER... THEN YOU WILL AWAKE! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

I STAND.



AND WHILE YOU ARE IN THIS HYPNOTIC TRANCE, ARNOLD... YOU WILL NOT DIE! REMEMBER! YOU WILL NOT DIE...

I WILL... NOT... DIE...



NOW OPEN YOUR EYES! YOU WILL SPEAK AND ACT NORMALLY WHILE YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND REMAINS HYPNOTIZED! YOU ARE FREE TO GO! COME BACK IN TWO DAYS!

THANK YOU, DOCTOR JEROME!



DOCTOR ARNOLD MARRING LEFT DOCTOR JEROME'S OFFICE AND WALKED THOUGHTFULLY TOWARDS HIS HOME AS HE CROSSED A BUSY INTERSECTION...



THEY PULLED ARNOLD FROM BENEATH THE CAR! THE FRONT WHEELS HAD ROLLED OVER HIM! HE WAS IN A COMA...



THE SAIL OF THE AMBULANCE SWIRL SCREAMED THROUGH THE CITY AS ARNOLD MARRING WAS CARRIED TO THE HOSPITAL...



A HASTY EXAMINATION FOLLOWED...



WHEN DOCTOR MANNING DID NOT RETURN TO DOCTOR JEROME'S OFFICE IN TWO DAYS, LESTER INQUIRED AT THE HOSPITAL AND LEARNED ABOUT THE ACCIDENT...

AND ALTHOUGH HE IS DEAD, HE MOVES... AROUND? HE DOES NOT DEAD?

GENTLEMEN! I CAN EXPLAIN...

DOCTOR MANNING CAME TO MEY HE ASKED ME TO CARRY A TUNOR BY HYPNOTISM! I PUT HIM IN A TRANCE AND ASSURED HIM THAT HE WOULD NOT DIE WHILE IN THIS HYPNOTIC STATE! SO... HE CANNOT DIE UNTIL I RELEASE HIM! NOW WILL HE DELAY ON TAKE ON ANY OF DEATH'S CHARACTERISTICS?

POOPY-DOCK! POOLISH-NESS!

RECALCULAT!

OH! YOU DOUBT ME? THEN FOD! FIGURE IT OUT! GENTLEMEN! GOOD DAY!

A MONTH WENT BY! THEN TWO MONTHS! DOCTOR ARNOLD MANNING REMAINED IN THE SAME CONDITION! THEN ONE DAY, THE HOSPITAL SUMMONED DOCTOR LESTER JEROME...

YESTERDAY, DOCTOR MANNING REMAINED COMEOLU-NESS! HE M-HAYED AND FOUND THAT HIS CEREBRAL TUNOR HAS ALMOST ENTIRELY DISAPPEARED! HIS HEART STILL DOES NOT BEAT! HE ASKED FOR YOU! HE IS IN TERRIFIED PAN!

GOOD! TAKE ME TO HIM!

DOCTOR LESTER JEROME SMILED AT THE WITHING! ARNOLD MANNING...

HELP... ME... LESTER? THE... PAN... MY... HEART... DO... SOMETHING! THEY... TELL ME... THAT... BY ALL... MEDICAL STAND-ARDS... I AM... DEAD!

YES, ARNOLD! YOU'VE BEEN DEAD FOR ALMOST THREE MONTHS! I'VE KEPT YOU FROM DECAYING THROUGH HYPNOTISM! YOUR TUNOR IS GONE, TOO! YOU SEE... I COULD HAVE SAVED LADYME... I... WHAT... THE...

DOCTOR LESTER JEROME HAD UTTERED THE WORD 'LADYME', THE WORD THAT WOULD RELEASE ARNOLD MANNING FROM HIS HYPNOTIC TRANCE! AS THE GATHERED DOCTORS WATCHED, HORRIFIED, ARNOLD FELL BACK LIMPLY ON THE BED! HIS SKIN SHIVERED, AND TURNED FROM PINK TO BLUE TO A SICKENING BROWN! HIS EYES SUNK DEEP INTO HIS HEAD! THEN THEY BECAME HOLLOW BLACK SOCKETS! THE FLESH... ROTTED AND SPRINKLE, FELL FROM HIS BONES! SOON, THE BED WAS COVERED WITH NOTHING BUT A BERTHING, GLOOMING MASS OF PUTRID AND DECAYED FLESH...

MEH... HERE! TO ARNOLD FINALLY GASTRAT BY WITH HIMSELF! WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIMSELF, ANYWAY! WELL... HOW LONG CAN A DEAD MAN FIGHT OFF DECAY, OH! IT'S SOUND TO MEAN FOR SOME SOONER OR LATER! OF COURSE WITH ARNOLD IT HAD TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME! TOO! HAD ARNOLD DIDN'T LISTEN TO LESTER, ANYWAY! MAYBE HE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD SUCH A MASS OF HIMSELF TOY, NOW! I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THAT PURVEYER OF FARTY TALK... THE HAULT-KEEPER!

OH, IS THE WAY! IF YOU WANT A PHOTO OF ME IN THE FLESH, READ THE CRIFT-KEEPER'S COMMENT!





# CURSE!

He patted the gun-holster at his side; it reassured him and he pressed on through the matted undergrowth of the jungle. It couldn't be much farther, he reflected . . . according to the map the site was a mile east of the River of Doom.

Imagine those idiots, back in Port Au Prince, he chuckled, as he hacked his way forward. Isn't it just like these Haitians . . . falling for every VooDoo story they hear! They're positive that a fortune in jewels is hidden in this crumbling dump, yet no one has the guts to trek through the jungle after it, just because there's supposed to be a deadly curse on the house where the stuff is hidden! He patted the heavy revolver at his side once again. His gun would take care of any curse careless enough to try to keep him from getting his hands on that treasure! Let the Haitians beware of the curse they dreaded . . . the gun at his hip made him safe from this outlandish VooDoo superstition!

The clearing opened with unexpected suddenness in front of him, and under the dripping centuries-old trees he saw the dilapidated house they had described to him. It was ghostly, with that vapor seeming to rise from its sides; he thought, moving cautiously toward the sagging front door and into the dank building. He froze in his tracks immediately. Someone was seated in a chair in the center of the floor, staring off into the murkiness of the room. Quietly, taking great pains not to make a sound,

he drew the revolver from its holster, took aim and fired, at point-blank range.

Three shots rang out, and he smiled grimly as he moved toward the crumbling cabinets along one of the walls. He wasn't considered a dead-shot for nothing! He hadn't expected to find anybody sitting here and guarding that fortune in jewels . . . but he had taken care of whoever it was, anyway! The curse be damned!

The cabinets were full of sparkling jewels . . . there was a king's ransom tucked away in this hovel, his lot the taking! Suddenly the floor creaked behind him and he whirled, his hand gripping the revolver. The chair in which he had left his victim . . . it was empty! And by the glittering light of the gems he could see that there was no pool of blood where there should have been one! His head moved slightly as he slipped the safety catch on his revolver and he saw approaching . . . slowly, ominously, as if there was all eternity to accomplish its task . . . a being with the bloodless look of something long dead! Twice he fired the gun, almost convulsively . . . and still the creature kept advancing, never wavering, never altering its funereal pace!

In the next instant the truth burst in upon him in a wave of panic. This curse he had heard whispered about at Port Au Prince . . . it was one of the *Walking Dead*! THAT was why no one would accompany him on his trek . . . they knew that bullets were pathetically useless against one of the dreaded creatures!

And now the curse was reaching out and touching him, and a chill such as he had never before felt was moving down his body. It was all over, he knew, in his last moment of consciousness! He had been claimed, body and soul, by a *ZOMBIE*!

# THE VAULT OF HORROR!



HELLO, AGAIN, YOU LITTLE MONSTERS! I GUESS YOU'VE BEEN EXPECTANTLY WAITING FOR THIS LATEST TALE FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION OF HORROR STORIES! WELL, HEH, HEH... I WON'T DISAPPOINT YOU! THIS TIME I'LL TELL YOU A TRULY ~~REPOLYFIFY~~ YARN, SO SET A STRONG HOLD ON YOUR STOMACH! HEH! I CALL IT

## MIDNIGHT SNACK!



SCENE: THE HOME OF DUNCAN REYNOLDS! TIME: MIDNIGHT!







YES, SIR? WHAT'LL IT BE?

...LET'S SEE! I'LL HAVE ER... I'LL...

**SMPP!** **SMPP!**  
"HEN!" WHAT A SICKENING GOON!



...SIZZLING HAMBURGERS! THAT, THAT BACON FRYING! I'M... I'M SO HUNGRY! SO HUNGRY, AND YET... THE SMELL OF FOOD COOKING MAKES ME **ILL!**



WELL, MISTER, WHAT'LL IT BE?

...CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT? THAT COOKED MEAT IS... MAKING ME HAMBURG?



HEH? HEH! POOR DUNCAN! HE WANTS SO MUCH TO EAT SOMETHING... ONLY HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IT IS THAT HE **WANTS!** ANYWAY, HE STUMBLES OUT INTO THE STREET AND SPENDS SEVERAL MINUTES THERE, REGAINING HIS COMPOURE...



...EVERYTHING SEEMS SO **DOODERED** TONIGHT? I... I **DOUNT** TO GO HOME, BUT SOMETHING... SOMETHING WON'T LET ME! I... CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF.



(DIA-AGH!) JUST THE THOUGHT OF THAT **DOODED** FOOD SICKENS ME! **HEN!** NEVER HAPPENED TO ME **BEFORE!** HMPF! LAST TIME I'LL EVER GO INTO **JNMF** RESTAUR...



...GEE? I... I FEEL... **DIZZY!** AWFULLY **DIZZY!** FEEL LIKE I'M... GOING TO PASS OUT...

B. BLACKNESS CLOSDS HIS EYES AND MIND? HE FEELS HIMSELF FLOATING IN A WHIRLING VOID... AND THEN, SUDDENLY, IT IS OVER...



AGAINST HIS WILL, HE ENTERS THE COMETERY AND GOES FROM ONE GRAVE TO ANOTHER...



BEWILDERED, AND DRIVEN BY A FURY HE CANNOT RESIST, DUNCAN AGAIN AND AGAIN DIGS DEEPER INTO THE EARTH!



FINALLY THE COFFIN IS SAVED, THE LID RAISED...



SUDDENLY, A SPARK OF REALIZATION SEEPS INTO HIS CONSCIOUSNESS... A REALIZATION OF WHAT HE IS ABOUT TO DO!



OH, PLEASE! PLEASE! DON'T MAKE ME DO IT! BUT... BUT I... MAKE TO SOMETHING'S FORGIVE ME FO... OH-H I... I FEEL... GUILT ASH...



HEH, HEH! AGAIN THE EMPTY TERRIFYING BLACK-  
NESS SURROUNDS HIM, AND WHEN HE REGAINS  
CONSCIOUSNESS...

WHA... WHAT? MUST  
HAVE PASSED OUT AGAIN? I... I FEEL SO  
STRANGE! I... GOOD LORD! THE... THE CORPSE!  
WHAT HAVE I DONE?!



HE STARES, HORRIFIED, AT THE MUTILATED,  
PARTIALLY DEVoured BODY BEFORE HIM...

L. I ~~TRIED~~ NOT TO DO IT! I ~~TRIED~~! BUT  
THE CRAVING WAS TOO  
STRONG! I... WHAT'S  
THAT NOISE?



PEOPLE! A CROWD OF  
PEOPLE... WITH TORCHES!  
THEY'RE AFTER ME...  
GOING THIS WAY!



THEY WANT TO TAKE AWAY MY  
FOOD! BUT I WON'T LET  
THEM! I'LL RUN AWAY  
WITH IT!



THEY'VE SEEN ME!... HAVE TO  
RUN FASTER! I'LL HIDE MY  
FOOD! MUSTN'T LET THEM  
CATCH ME!



TIRING UNDER THE CORPSE'S WEIGHT AS HE  
DODGES AND WEAVES THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD,  
DUNCAN SUDDENLY TRIPS... AND FALLS!



AN ETERNITY SEEMS TO PASS, BUT FINALLY HIS  
ARM QUIVERS... HIS EYES FLICKER AND OPEN...

WHE! I'M BACK HOME! WHERE... WHERE'S  
THE GRAVEYARD... THE CORPSE? OH... I... I  
GET IT NOW! HUH! I'VE BEEN HERE ALL THE  
TIME! MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP!  
I'VE ONLY BEEN DREAMING!





It was a diabolical plot! Ralph was sure  
Cora would be...

# SCARED TO DEATH!



CORA CLUTCHED HER SHAWL TIGHTLY AROUND HER  
THROAT AND STARED HORRIFIED INTO THE DARKNESS  
OF THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE HER ROOM! RALPH, HER  
HUSBAND, GRAPED THE ARM OF HER WHEELCHAIR,  
STUDYING HER...

"HE... HE'S COMING, CORA!  
YOUR UNCLE'S COMING  
FOR US!"

"NO! NO, RALPH! I  
WON'T BELIEVE IT!"



CORA'S FACE WAS WET WITH PERSPIRATION! HER HAND  
TREMBLED... THE SHAWLS WHITENED... AS SHE DROVE  
HER SHAWL PROTECTIVELY ABOUT HER! RALPH SMILED  
SLIGHTLY AS HE WATCHED HER REACTION! IT WAS  
GOING TO WORK! IT HAD TO!

"LISTEN, CORA! LISTEN! HE  
FOOTSTEPS... ON THE STAIRS!  
HE'S COMING TO AVENGE HIS  
MURDER!"

"STOP IT, RALPH!  
STOP IT..."





TEARS FILLED CORA'S EYES! THEY SPILLED OVER THE RIM OF HER EYELIDS AND RAN CRABBY DOWN HER CHEEKS! SHE BEGAN TO SOB... HEAVENS! SOLE THAT WHACKED HER BODY AND SHIFTED HER WHEELCHAIR.



REMEMBER, CORA? REMEMBER THE NIGHT WE KILLED HIM?

CORA GASPED! RALPH CHUCKLED TO HIMSELF! POOR CORA! ONE MORE HEART ATTACK WILL SURELY KILL HER! THE DOCTOR HAD TOLD RALPH...



REMEMBER, CORA? WE DID IT... FOR HIS MONEY?

P. PLEASE, RALPH! SOB... SOB, PLEASE DON'T...

AS RALPH WATCHED CORA, HIS THOUGHTS WENT BACK... BACK OVER THE LONG MONTHS TO THE BEGINNING! IT HAD ALL STARTED AT A COCKTAIL PARTY GIVEN BY HER UNCLE IN CORA'S HONOR...



REALLY, FRANK? I FEEL TERRIBLE ABOUT THIS! GOING TO A PARTY WITHOUT AN INVITATION!

FORGET IT, RALPH! CORA'S UNCLE SHOULDN'T KNOW YOU WERE VISITING ME!



YES, BUT...

SHHHH! HERE HE COMES NOW!

AH! FRANK! GLAD YOU CAME! WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?

OH, THIS IS RALPH WEATHERBERRY'S FROM NEW YORK! I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF BRINGING HIM ALONG TO YOUR NIECE'S PARTY! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND!

NOWHERE! HOW DO YOU DO, RALPH? I'M CORA'S UNCLE, ALEX WEATHERBERRY! GLAD TO HAVE YOU!



RALPH SMILED TO HIMSELF AS HE WATCHED CORA SCURRY IN HER WHEELCHAIR! YES! THAT WAS WHEN HE HAD FIRST MET HER.



HEY, FRANK! WHO'S THE PRETTY ONE!

THAT'S YOUR HOSTESS, CORA WEATHERBERRY! SHE SETS ALL THIS UP WHEN THE OLD GEEZER DROPS! SOLE HEIR.

SOLE HEIR? ALL OF ALEX WEATHERBERRY'S WEALTH WOULD BE CORA'S SOME DAY! SUDDENLY IT HAD COME TO RALPH... THE WHOLE PLAN...

WELL, FRANK? YOU'RE SOME PAL! AIN'T YOU GOING TO INTRODUCE ME?

OH, YEAH! SURE, RALPH! 'GONNA GONNA...



THERE WAS A HORSE BELOW? CORA JUMPED, SIPPING FOR BREATH! RALPH CROSSED HER. HER ORAL-WHITE SKIN. HER WRINKLED FOREHEAD! SHE WASN'T PRETTY. NOT ANYMORE! NOT AS SHE HAD BEEN WHEN HE HAD FIRST ASKED...

WILL YOU MARRY ME, CORA? I KNOW WE'VE ONLY KNOWN EACH OTHER A SHORT TIME, YET.

OH, RALPH! DO YOU REALLY WANT ME?

AGAIN RALPH LAUGHED SILENTLY! CORA... ADMITS THE PUSHPHORY! LIKE NOW... CRIMSON... SNAKING! THE BILLY BOO! HE HAD WANTED HER UNCLE'S MONEY... NOT HER...

THEN, YOU... YOU'LL SAY YES?

OF COURSE, DARLING! OF COURSE I'LL MARRY YOU!



NOT THAT CORA HAD BEEN SO BAD TO LOOK AT BACK THEN! YES! TO RALPH, EXPERIENCED, WORLDLY, SURE... THE MONEY HAD SEEMED SO MUCH MORE ATTRACTIVE.

THE WIND OUTSIDE CORA'S BED-ROOM WHISTLED THROUGH THE TREES! ANOTHER NOISE... ANOTHER GASP! RALPH ENCLOSED HER CLOSELY. SHE WAS BREATHING HEAVEN, NOW... PAINFULLY.

AND THEN THE WEDDING! RALPH ESPECIALLY REMEMBERED THE WEDDING! NOW HE HAD SLIPPED THE RING ON HER FINGER, SAYING THE WORDS... BUT THINKING...



WHAT WAS THAT, CORA? NO, SURE! ANOTHER FOOTSTEP... I WANT... ON THE STAIRS... IT CAN'T BE...



AH, THE MONTMOONT! THE DRIVE TO EUROPE... ON THE OLD MAN'S MONEY...

AND THEN THOSE HOTTER MONTHS AT THE PLANT! WORKING, LIKE ANY OTHER LABORER, IN THE OLD MAN'S PLANT...

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MOON TONIGHT! LOVE ME, DARLING!

WITH ALL MY HEART, CORA!

NOT TO MARRY AT THE BOTTOM, SOME SOMEDAY THIS PLANT WILL BE CORA'S... AND YOU'LL HAVE TO RUN IT

OF COURSE, UNCLE ALEX! I UNDERSTAND I WANT TO LEARN



WANTED IT! RALPH HAD ASKED IT! HATED EVERY-  
THING ABOUT IT! AND THEN IT HAD COME TO HIM! THE  
PERFECT SOLUTION...



OF COURSE! WHAT A POOL, I'VE  
SEEN! NOW, WHY WAIT TILL  
THE OLD GEEKER DIES? WHY  
NOT... HELP HIM?

YES! THE NEXT FEW MONTHS HAD BEEN TOUGH  
ON RALPH! HE HAD HAD TO BE ON HIS TOES! CONVINING  
SOPH WASN'T EASY.

AND  
THEN, IN FRONT OF THE MEN,  
HE INSULTED ME... CALLED  
ME INCOMPETENT...  
A RUMORFELL!

OH, RALPH, DARLING!  
I'M SO SORRY!  
I'LL... I'LL SPEAK  
TO HIM.



IT HAD TAKEN PATIENCE... AND  
INGENUITY.

NO, SOPH! I'LL  
FIGHT MY OWN  
BATTLES!

I CAN'T UNDER-  
STAND HIS ACTIONS!  
I REALLY CAN'T!

HE HAD HAD TO USE CAREFUL  
THINGS... PSYCHOLOGY...

...CALLED ME A FOLD-  
SWITCH! ACCUSED ME  
OF MARRIAGE! FOR  
FOR YOUR INHERITANCE!

AND  
THE  
MATERIAL,  
OLD.

BEST! AND THEN HE SAID THAT HE'D  
CUT FORD OUT OF HIS WILL!

HE ACCUSED FORD OF  
THE SAME THING...  
THAT ALL FORD  
CARED ABOUT WAS  
HIS MONEY!

LET HIM!  
HE'S NOTHING  
BUT A BITTER  
UNFORTUNATE OLD  
SKINFLINT!



A PUSHOVER... THAT'S WHAT SOPH HAD ALWAYS BEEN!  
AT FIRST SHE HAD VIOLENTLY OBJECTED, BUT SOON...  
SHE HAD RELUCTANTLY AGREED.

WHY NOT? IT'S FORD'S MONEY,  
RIGHT? HE'S OLD! HE'S  
LIVED HIS LIFE! IT'LL  
BE EASY.

ALL RIGHT!  
ALL RIGHT!  
WE'LL KILL  
HIM!



AND SO, ONE NIGHT, AN OLD UNCLE ALEX WERTHORN  
HAD BEEN STROLLING NEAR THE POND ON HIS VAST  
ESTATE...



THEY HAD PUT HIM, UNCONSCIOUS,  
PAGE DOWN IN THE FORD.

IT'LL LOOK LIKE  
HE FELL STRUCK  
HIS HEAD AND  
DROWNED!

OH, RALPH! I,  
BOB, I'M  
AFRAID!

LATER THAT NIGHT THEY HAD  
CALLED THE POLICE

YES! HE WENT OUT  
ABOUT THREE HOURS  
AGO... AND HADN'T  
COME BACK!

THE POLICE HAD COME... HAD  
SEARCHED THE GROUNDS... AND  
FOUND HIM...

POOR OLD BINK!  
'CLIPPED AND  
FELL... GUESSES!

WELL, LET'S GET  
HIM INSIDE!



YES, THEY'D GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT! CORA INHERITED THE  
MONEY BUT SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO HER! PERHAPS  
IT WAS HER CONSCIENCE BOYDING HER! ANYWAY SHE'D  
BEGUN TO BROOD. LOOK WHO!... AND RAPIDLY

CORA! YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING  
TERRIBLE, LATELY! YOU'VE GOT  
TO FORGET ABOUT IT, DO  
YOU HEAR?

I CAN'T, RALPH!  
(BOB) I, CAN'T!



SHE HAD DROWN HERSELF... FRIGHTENED! SHE'D JUMP  
AT EVERY SOUND! THEN SHE'D HAD HER HEART ATTACK...

SHE'S A SICK WOMAN, RALPH!  
ANOTHER ATTACK WILL  
SURELY KILL HER! SHE  
MUST TAKE IT VERY  
EASY...

I UNDERSTAND, BOOTH!



AND SO THE IDEA HAD COME TO RALPH! WITH CORA  
DEAD, THE WEATHERLY FORTUNE WOULD BE HIS...  
ALL OF IT! AND CORA WOULD BE A PIONEER...

GOOD LORD!



WHAT? WHAT IS IT,  
RALPH?

I... I THOUGHT I SAW HIS FACE...  
UNCLE ALEX'S FACE... STARRING  
AT US! THROUGH THE WINDOW!

NO! YOU'RE JOKING...  
BOB... WITH ME?



THE WIND FLAMMED A SHOTTER  
DOWNSTAIRS AND RALPH SHRIEPPED  
OUT OF HIS REVERIE! CORA, STILL  
TREMBLING, WAS STARING INTO THE  
DARKENED HALLWAY...

WHAT WAS THAT?  
ANOTHER FOOTSTEP?

W-W-NOT  
I.E...



RALPH SMILED! THIS NIGHT...THE  
WIND...EVERYTHING HAD BEEN PER-  
FECT! 'I SHOULD HAVE BEEN AN  
ACTOR,' HE THOUGHT! ANY MOMENT  
NOW...ANY MOMENT HER FOUNDRING  
HEART WOULD FAIL...

HE'S COMING, CORA!  
DON'T YOU HEAR HIM?

YES...  
I...



SUDDENLY HER EYES SEEMED TO  
POP OUT OF HER HEAD! RALPH  
WHISTLED! 'THIS IS IT, CORA! HE  
THOUGHT! SHE HEAVED A FINAL  
WRETCHING SIGH AND DOUBLED UP...

CORA!



RALPH BENT OVER HER! SHE WAS DEAD...

POOR  
CORA!  
POOR...POOR  
CORA!



SUDDENLY THERE WAS A SOUND IN THE DARKENED  
HALLWAY...

WHAT WAS  
THAT?

CREAK



IT CAME THROUGH THE DOOR! IT WAS BENT OVER...  
LIKE AN OLD MAN...



THE STENCH OF GRAVE-MOUNDS FILLED THE ROOM...

KEEP AWAY!  
KEEP AWAY  
FROM ME!



THE THING REACHED OUT ITS ROT-  
TED ARM FOR RALPH... MOVING  
TOWARD HIM...



THE CLOTHING HUNG IN SHREDS  
FROM ITS MASSOT-COVERED LIMBS!  
RALPH CLAWED AT ITS FACE AND  
PIECES OF DEAD-FOUL-SMELLING  
FLESH CAME OFF IN HIS HANDS...



IT LIFTED HIM IN A VICE-LIKE GRIP  
AND CARRIED HIM DOWN THE STAIRS!  
THE OOR OF DECAY BURNED RALPH'S  
NOSTRILS AS HE STRUGGLED FOR  
AIR...



THE THING WAS STRONG! IT HELD HIM FAST! IT STUM-  
BLED OUT ACROSS THE WELL-KEPT LAWNS AND DOWN  
THE BLADE TO THE POND! RALPH BEGAN TO SCREAM...



IT STEPPED INTO THE POND... LEADING OUT TO THE  
MIDDLE! THE POND BOTTOM WAS SOFT OUT THERE...  
LIKE SUPERGLUE! RALPH'S SCREAMING WAS WILD...  
ALMOST ANIMAL... LIKE...



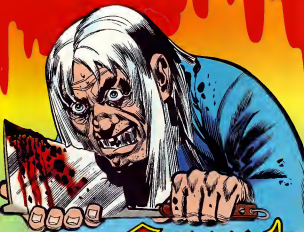
THE THING STOOD ARISE... THERE IN THE CENTER OF  
THE POND... CLUTCHING THE STRUGGLING RALPH! SLOWLY,  
THEY BEGAN TO SINK... DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE  
SOFT MUD...



DOWN...DOWN...UNTIL ONLY RALPH'S UPSTRETCHED  
HAND REMAINED ABOVE THE SURFACE...



AND THEN... EVEN THAT DISAPPEARED INTO THE MUD!



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# TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE VAULT-KEEPER

SINCE HENRI'S MYSTERIOUS  
DISAPPEARANCE, I'VE HAD TO WORK  
LATE EVERY NIGHT AND... GOOD  
LORD! THIS ISN'T WAR! THIS  
IS A HUMAN HAND!

MATTHEW WAXWORKS





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CRYPT #1



CRYPT #2



CRYPT #3



CRYPT #4



CRYPT #5



CRYPT #6



SCI #1



SCI #2



SCI #3



SCI #4



SCI #5



SCI #6



SHOCK #1



SHOCK #2



SHOCK #3



SHOCK #4



SHOCK #5



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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELL? HEH, HEH? I SEE YOU MANAGED TO SCOURGE UP COLD CASH FOR THIS COPY OF THE CRYPT OF TERROR! GOOD! DON'T WORRY! YOU WON'T BE SORRY! YOU'LL GET MORE THAN YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OF THRILLS! I'LL SEE TO IT! HEH! IT'S ME AGAIN! YOUR HOST IN HORROR, THE CRYPT-KEEPER! WELCOME ONCE MORE TO MY HOME...THE CRYPT OF TERROR! FOR MY FIRST OFFERING TO SUCKLE YOUR BLOOD, I HAVE CHOSEN ONE OF MY BEST TERROR TALES FROM MY VAST COLLECTION OF SPINE-TINGLERS HERE IN THE CRYPT! THIS IS THE STORY OF CLYDE FRANKLIN, THE RENOWNED ANIMAL HUNTER! REMEMBER HIM? REMEMBER WHEN HE DISAPPEARED? WELL, I FOUND HIM...OR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM! THIS IS HIS STORY...AS HE TOLD IT TO ME...IN HIS VERY WORDS! CLYDE SARCASTICALLY CALLS IT...

## THE TROPHY!



YES, I'M CLYDE FRANKLIN! MY STORY BEGINS ONE NIGHT IN MY LUXURIOUS HOME! IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE I WAS TO LEAVE ON ANOTHER OF MY HUNTING EXPEDITIONS! A REPORTER FROM THE 'MORNING GLOBE' HAD DROPPED IN TO INTERVIEW ME! I FOUND HIM WAITING FOR ME IN THE TROPHY ROOM! HE STARED AT THE HEAD-LINED WALLS WIDE-EYED...

OH? I SEE YOU HAVE DISCOVERED MY TROPHY ROOM!

OH? MR. FRANKLIN? YOU STARTLED ME!

I HAD TO KEEP MYSELF FROM LAUGHING! THE REPORTER WAS PALE AS A SHEET...

DON'T YOU LIKE MY SCAVENGER?



THEY... THEY'RE GREAT-SOME! SOME OF THEM LOOK SO ALIVE!

OH, COME NOW, SIR? THESE ARE MEMENTOS OF MY PAST HUNTING TRIPS! THEY'RE... MY... MY RECORDS OF ACHIEVEMENT!



HOW COULD YOU?

HOW COULD YOU MURDER THESE POOR CREATURES... KILL THEM... THEN STUFF THEIR HEADS AND HAVE THEM HERE! IT'S CRUEL!



NOW! NOW! BE REASONABLE, SIR! I WANT FOR THE PURE SPORT OF IT! THESE ARE MY... MY BOONES! LIKE TOUCHDOWN... IN FOOTBALL! SURELY YOU CANNOT DENY A MAN HIS SPORT?



SPORT IS IT? IT'S MURDER! THESE POOR CREATURES ONCE LIVED... LIKE YOU OR IF YOU MURDERED THEM!

...I THINK THIS INTERVIEW IS AT AN END, YOUR NAME? GOOD-EVENING!



GOOD NIGHT!

THE YOUNG REPORTER STORMED OUT OF MY TROPHY ROOM... STAMPED ACROSS THE MARBLE HALL... WHISKED HIS HAT OFF THE BACK... OPENED THE HUGE OAK DOOR... AND BLAMMED IT HARD! I BEGAN TO LAUGH...



POOR FOOL! HAH, HAH! WHAT'S HE SO WORKED UP ABOUT AFTER ALL! THEY'RE ONLY ANIMALS!

THE NEXT MORNING, I WAS UP AT DAWN! AFTER A HEAVY BREAKFAST, I PACKED THE LAST REMAINING NECESSITIES INTO MY STATION WAGON AND BID GOOD-BYE TO MY SERVANTS...



GOOD-BYE, JEEVES! I'LL BRING A MOOSE-HEAD JUST FOR YOU!

GOOD-BYE, SIR! GOOD LUCK!

MY TRIP THIS TIME WAS TO TAKE ME UP THE ALASKAN HIGHWAY IN SEARCH OF CARIBOU, PUMA, MOOSE, OR ANY OTHER UNFORTUNATE ANIMAL THAT MIGHT CROSS MY PATH.

AFTER APRICA AND INDIA, THIS TRIP WILL BE *TANZANIA*!



JUST A FEW MILES OUT OF PRINCE GEORGE, CANADA, I MADE MY FIRST CAMP.

THERE DUGHT TO BE PLENTY OF MOOSE AND CARIBOU IN *TANZANIA*'S WOODS! I'LL TRY MY LUCK BRIGHT AND EARLY TOMORROW MORNING!



THE NEXT DAY, I TRACKED A MOOSE FOR THREE HOURS! FINALLY I CAUGHT UP WITH HIM! HE WAS STANDING IN THE SHALLOW WATERS OF A SMALL LAKE DRINKING HIS FILL.

LOOK AT THOSE *ANTLENS*! WHAT A TROPHY HE'LL MAKE!



HE TURNED TOWARD ME AND BELLOWED AS I CAME OUT IN THE OPEN! I RAISED MY GUN, SIGHTED CAREFULLY AND...



HE DROPPED TO HIS KNEES! HE SHOOKED HIMSELF! HIS BEADY EYES REDDED! HE STUMBLED TO HIS FEET AND CHARGED...



I STOOD MY GROUND! I RAISED MY GUN AGAIN! I WAITED UNTIL I KNEW I COULD HIT THE VITAL SPOT THEN I FIRED.



HE WENT DOWN AS THE BULLET STRUCK HIM! HE ROLLED OVER AND LAY DEAD AT MY FEET! HE WAS TREMENDOUS! HIS HEAD WAS GOING TO BE A WONDERFUL ADDITION TO MY TROPHY ROOM.



I UNSHEATHED MY KNIFE AND SET TO WORK.



WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS LYING ON A COUCH IN A MUSTY CARRY! AS THE COB-WEIR CLEARED, I HEARD A STRANGE SOUND! IT WAS THE STEADY THROBBING OF A MOTOR COMING FROM THE NEXT ROOM.

WH... WHERE AM I? I... I REMEMBER! THE CRASH!



SUDDENLY, AS I LAY THERE, I HEARD VOICES COMING FROM THE ROOM WITH THE THROBBING MOTOR.

NOT PLEASE! DON'T! HAVE MERCY! HAAAAA!



MY BLOOD FROZE IN MY VEINS! IT BOUNCED LIKE SOMEONE WAS BEING TORTURED.

WHAT IS BLAZING? I'VE GOT TO.

PLEASE... NO! AAAAAAANT!



I TRIED TO MOVE! AN EXPLODING PAIN SHOT THROUGH MY LEG! I LOOKED DOWN! IT WAS TWISTED! IT WAS...

BROKEN! MY LEG IS BROKEN! I CAN'T MOVE!



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENED! FOR A MOMENT I HEARD THE MOTOR... LOUDER! AND THERE WAS ANOTHER SOUND... A GURGling SOUND! LIKE WATER BEING PUMPED THROUGH PIPES.

ARE YOU'VE SOME SOUND?



HE CLOSED THE DOOR, SHUTTING OUT THE NOISES! HE SMILED AT ME...

HOW DO YOU FEEL? I WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT HAVE A CONCUSSION!

FINE... EXCEPT FOR MY LEG! YOU TALK LIKE YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT RESIDUE! WHY COULDN'T YOU PUT MY LEG IN A SPLINT?



I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR LEG!

WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU WHO WHO HAVE YOU GOT IN THERE? IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE TORTURING HIM!





YOU  
HEARD?

YES! LOOK... YOU'VE  
GOT TO GET MY  
LEG OR GET ME  
TO A DOCTOR!



YOU'RE NOT  
GOING ANY-  
WHERE! YOU'RE  
NOT... MY  
PRISONER!

THE SPINES!  
YOU PUT  
THEM ACROSS  
THE ROAD!



EXACTLY! LET US  
SAY I 'BANGED'  
YOU AS A HURTED  
BASTARD ANIMAL!

WHAT ARE  
YOU GOING  
TO DO  
WITH ME?



HE TURNED AND STARTED OUT THE  
DOOR—

YOU'LL SEE  
YOU'LL SEE!



I WATCHED HIM AS HE CROSSED THE CLEARING AND  
ENTERED WHAT APPEARED TO BE A WOODENED

WOOOAAAAHHH!



HE WAS OBVIOUSLY MAD! WHOEVER HE HAD IN THAT  
ROOM WITH THE DEASELESSLY THROBBING MOTOR WAS  
IN GREAT PAIN! I DECIDED TO TRY TO REACH THE DOOR  
TO SEE—

MY...LEG! IT'S...TELLING...ME!



WITH A GREAT DEAL OF EFFORT, I MANAGED TO HALF  
HOP, HALF DRAG MYSELF ACROSS THE ROOM TO THE  
DOOR! I PUNG IT OPEN...

WHY, THERE'S NO  
ONE HERE!

THE ROOM WAS EMPTY! ON A BARE, WHITE TABLE WAS A RATHER LARGE ROUND BOX! IT LOOKED LIKE A HAT BOX! ON THE FLOOR, A SMALL MOTOR THROBBED! IT SEEMED TO BE A PUMP ARRANGEMENT! FROM AN ATTACHED TANK SEVERAL RUBBER TUBES RAN OFF TOWARD THE TABLE...



IF... IF I HEARD THE MOTOR, AND IT'S HERE, THEN THE PERSON I HEARD MUST BE HERE, TOO!

OVER THE TABLE A BOTTLE HUNG UPSIDE DOWN! IT LOOKED LIKE THE KIND OF BOTTLE USED TO ADMINISTER PLASMA! A TUBE RAN FROM IT DOWN TO THE TABLE...



FUNNY! ALL THE TUBES SEEM TO RUN UNDER THAT BOX!

I GRABBED MYSELF, PAINFULLY, TO THE TABLE! I STARED DOWN AT THE STRANGE BOX! I SAW NOW THAT IT WAS ONLY A COVER! SUDDENLY THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF MY NECK CRABLED! ONCE AGAIN, THAT PERNETIC GAS MOAN...



IT... IT CAME FROM THE BOX!

I GRABBED THE HANDLE AND RAISED THE COVER! THE MOST HORRIFYING SIGHT I HAVE EVER SEEN MET MY EYES! I SCREAMED...



YAAAAAHHHHH!

THERE, ON THE TABLE, WAS A LIVING, BREATHING, HUMAN HEAD! IT GLINKED AT ME THROUGH WIDE EYES...



WHY, YOU FOOL! GET AWAY FROM HERE! HE'S MAD... MAD!

I STOOD ROOTED TO THE SPOT, UNABLE TO MOVE! THE INSURMOUNTABLE HORROR I FELT NUMBED MY SENSES...



DO YOU HEAR ME? GET OUT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! DO YOU WANT TO END UP LIKE ME?

SUDDENLY, THE HEAD'S WIDE STARING EYES LOOKED BEYOND ME! I SPUN AROUND...



WELL! CAN YOU HAVE DISCOVERED MY PROMPT NOOD?





YOUR TROPHY ROOM?

WALTER: THIS IS WHERE I WILL KEEP THE HEADS OF ALL OF MY GAME!



HE TURNED AND TOOK A CAN OFF A SHELF...

YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU CAN'T HUNT HIDDEN BEINGS!

WHY NOT? I HUNT THEM FOR THE PURE SPORT OF IT!



THEN HE REACHED FOR A SPONGE...

SPORT? IT'S A HORROR!

CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL, IT'S MY IDEA OF SPORT!

HE GAVE HIM WITH THE CAN AND SPONGE! I TRIED TO GET AWAY, BUT MY BROKEN LEG WENT ME SPRAWLING! HE CLAPPED THE DAMP SPONGE OVER MY NOSE AND MOUTH, AND I SMELLED THE SICKENING PUNGENT ODOR OF CHLOROPOM! I BEGAN TO LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS... DRIFTING OFF INTO A BLACK AMYX...



AFTER ALL, THEY'RE ONLY HUMAN BEINGS!

HE POINTED AT ME! THE MAN WITH HIM WAS OUT AND SMILED AS IF HE HAD BEEN IN AN ACCIDENT...

... AND THIS IS MY LATEST MEMENTO... FROM A PAST HUNTING TRIP! SOON YOU TOO WILL BECOME ONE OF MY MEMOIRS OF ACHIEVEMENT!



SHAP!

WHEN THE DARKNESS Faded AND I CAME TO, I WAS STARING OUT OVER THE WHITE EXPANSE OF THE TABLE TOP! THE DOOR OPENED! HE DARED IN! HE HAD SOMEONE WITH HIM...

... BUT BEFORE YOU DARE WANT YOU TO SEE MY TROPHY ROOM!



HOLD UP! YES! THAT'S OLIVE FRANKLIN'S STORY. IN HIS OWN WORDS! THAT'S NOW HE TOLD IT TO ME WHEN I DROPPED IN TO SEE MY FRIEND WHO LIVES IN THE LITTLE CABIN NEAR THE ALASKAN HIGHWAY! YOU SHOULD SEE HIS TROPHY ROOM NOW! HE'S GETTING TO BE ONE OF THE HUNTERS! NOW, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO MY FELLOW GHOULNATIC, THE PADDY-KEEPER, FOR SOME MORE SKULL-SURGERY!



THE END

# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

I SEE IT'S "GOOD-BYE" TIME FOR ME AGAIN! TIME FOR ME TO TRACE THE PAGES OF THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S MAGAZINE WITH A HORROR TALE FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION OF SPINE-TINGLERS HERE IN THE VAULT OF HORROR! YES, I AM THE VAULT-KEEPER! COME IN AND LIE DOWN ON THAT STRETCHER-BACK OVER THERE! YOU'LL HAVE A SHOPPING GOOD TIME WITH THIS TALE OF THE MACABRE I AM ABOUT TO RELATE! I CALL IT...

**"JUDY, YOU'RE NOT YOURSELF TODAY!"**



DONALD ABELSON STOOD AT THE DOOR OF HIS LOVELY LITTLE HOME AND KISSED HIS WIFE GOOD-BYE! HE WAS LEAVING FOR THE OFFICE! HE LOOKED INTO HER SOFT EYES AND WHISPERED THE WARNING HE HAD REGULARLY REPEATED EVERY MORNING SINCE THEY HAD BEEN MARRIED...

"GOOD-BYE, JUST BEAT! I'LL BE HOME AT THE USUAL TIME! REMEMBER, DON'T OPEN THE DOOR TO STRANGERS."

"I WON'T, DON'T GOOD-BYE! DON'T WORRY TOO HARD!"



JUST ABELON WATCHED HER HUSBAND, DONALD, STROLL DOWN THE SMALL-TOWN STREET...



...FLAG HIS REGULAR MORNING BUS AS IT CAME TO THE CORNER...



...AND GET ABOARD? SHE WANTED HER USUAL FAREWELL KISS AFTER HIM AS THE BUS ROARED AWAY DOWN THE TREE-LINED STREET...



THEN SHE WENT INSIDE? SHE CLOSED THE DOOR AND SHAKED...

...POOR DARLING! HE WORRIES ABOUT ME SO! ALWAYS AFRAID SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN TO ME WHEN HE LEAVES ME ALONE EVERY DAY! I... OH, DEAR! SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR...



JUDY OPENED THE DOOR AND PEERED OUT? ON THE STEPS STOOD A BEAT AND WHIMLED OLD LADY... HER HEAD COVERED WITH A RAGGED SHAWL! AS HER BEADY EYES CAUGHT SIGHT OF JUDY, SHE SHINNED A TOOTHLESS GRIN...

PLEASE... YOUNG LADY! HAVE PITY ON A POOR OLD WOMAN... WHO HASN'T EATEN IN TWO DAYS! SHARE A CRUST OF BREAD, OR A COIN... PLEASE!

I... I... WAIT A MOMENT, PLEASE!



JUDY HURRIED INTO THE KITCHEN AND GOT HER PURSE! AS SHE CAME BACK THROUGH THE HALL...

THE POOR WOMAN, HAVING TO KEEF FROM DOOR TO DOOR FOR A BITE TO EAT? I'LL JUST... BEEP...

YOU HAVE A LOVELY HOME, MA'AM! BUT BETTER STILL, YOU HAVE A LOVELY YOUNG BODY. JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!



JUDY STARED INTO THE OLD WOMAN'S BLOODSHOT EYES? HOT FINGERS CLUTCHED AT HER RACING HEART...

MY BODY? WHAT... WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I AM AN OLD WOMAN, CHILD! MY BODY IS BEAT WITH AGE... ACHING WITH THE PAIN OF TINED BONES! I AM GOING TO TAKE YOUR BODY... AND GIVE YOU MORE! A FAIR EXCHANGE...



YOU...YOU'RE JOKING  
WITH ME? HERE...  
HERE'S A DOLLAR  
NOW, PLEASE GO!

NO, MY DEAR! I AM  
NOT JOKING! YOU ARE  
EXACTLY WHAT I'VE  
BEEN LOOKING FOR...



Suddenly everything went black!  
Judy felt herself falling...fall-  
ing...into the empty velvet black  
void of unconsciousness...

When she came to, she was  
lying on the floor...she stared  
down at the familiar man...then  
her gaze fell upon her hand!  
It was knobby...wrinkled...the  
hand of an old woman.

NOT ON, DEAR  
GOD, NO!



CRAZY-  
MAD-NO-  
FREAKIN'-  
BAMBO-MONSTER!

Judy scrambled to her feet and  
stumbled to the mirror above  
the fire place! She looked...  
horrified...at the image she saw!  
It was the face of a beady-eyed,  
toothless, bent old lady...



Judy rushed to the telephone! Unbearable pains  
shot like needles through her shakled and  
crooked limbs...

"GODS! THIS IS JUST! SOME  
MORE...SASP...GODS! SOMETHING HORRIBLE  
HAS HAPPENED..."



MEANWHILE, A THIN YOUNG PHRENE MOVED DOWN  
THE MAIN STREET OF THE SMALL TOWN...THE  
STOLEN BODY OF JUDY ABLESEN...



HMM! I  
DIDN'T EVEN  
SEE HELLO!

FUNNY! SHE  
ACTED LIKE  
THE NEVER  
SASP US  
BEFORE!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, DONALD ABELSON RUST THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR OF HIS HOUSE...



JUDY? WHERE ARE YOU?

THE GRAYED OLD WOMAN RUSHED TO DONALD AND PLUNGED HER BONEY ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK...

OH, DONALD... BOB... DONALD? I AM YOUR WIFE!

WHAT IS BLAZED?



JUDY, NO LONGER POSSESSING HER YOUNG TRIM BODY, BUT THAT OF AN OLD WOMAN, BOBBED OUT THE WHOLE STORY...

AND WHEN I REMAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, I FOUND MYSELF IN HER BODY! DONALD... BOB... WHAT WILL I DO? WHAT WILL I DO...?



SPRAWLED ON THE COUCH IN THE LIVING ROOM, DONALD FOUND A SOBBING OLD WOMAN...



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHERE'S MY WIFE?

DONALD...

DONALD STIFLED THE FEELING OF NAUSEA THAT SWEEP OVER HIM AS THE OLD CRONE KESSED HIS CHEEKS AND WEPT...

FOR GOD'S SAKE, OLD WOMAN! STOP YOUR WHIMPERING AND TELL ME... WHAT DID YOU DO WITH JUDY?

I AM JUDY... DONALD? BELIEVE ME! I AM...



DONALD LISTENED TO THE INCREDIBLE STORY! HE STARED AT THE OLD WOMAN IN DISBELIEF...

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU! I CAN'T... LET ME PROVE I AM JUDY, DONALD! ASK ME ANYTHING THAT ONLY JUDY WOULD KNOW!



DONALD THROTTLED AHH! HE THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN...

ALL RIGHT! IF YOU CAN ANSWER THIS... I WON'T BELIEVE YOU! WHAT WAS THE NUMBER OF THE ROOM IN THE HOTEL WHERE WE SPENT OUR HONEYMOON?



POP!

DONALD COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EARS! HE ASKED OTHER QUESTIONS... SOME PERSONAL QUESTIONS! THE BENT OLD WOMAN ANSWERED THEM ALL... CORRECTLY...

HOW WILL YOU BELIEVE ME? IT'S HORRIBLE! HORRIBLE! WHY...



THE RINGING OF THE TELEPHONE INTERRUPTED DONALD'S EXCLAMATION...

HELLO? DON'T THIS IS GEORGE... DOWN AT THE STATION YOU AND YOUR WIFE HAVE A GUARREL, OLD BOY?



WHY... NO? WHAT MAKES YOU ASK?



SHE'S DOWN HERE! WAITIN' FOR THE THREE-TEN! BOUGHT A TICKET TO NEW YORK! WOULD I DON'T MEAN TO PAY, BUT...



DONALD HUNG UP! HE SPUN AROUND, FACING THE WRINKLED WOMAN...

YOU SAY YOU'RE JUDY IF YOU ARE, YOU'LL FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS... DO ANYTHING I WANT!

ANYTHING! ANYTHING!



DONALD LED THE OLD WOMAN TO A CLOSET! HE OPENED THE DOOR...

HURRY! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! PERHAPS IT ISN'T TOO LATE! I HAVE A PLAN... BUT... I'VE GOT TO LOCK YOU IN THIS CLOSET! WILL YOU LET ME?

IF IT WILL HELP DONALD, OF COURSE!



DONALD CLOSED THE CLOSET DOOR ON THE OLD WOMAN AND LOCKED IT! HE POCKETED THE KEY AND RAN FROM THE HOUSE! HE CURSED THE TRAFFIC AS HE SPED DOWNTOWN IN HIS CAR...

SHE MUST BE JUDY... SHE MUST BE! NO ONE ELSE WOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO ANSWER THOSE QUESTIONS!



IT WAS THREE O'CLOCK WHEN DONALD REACHED THE STATION! HE SPOTTED JUDY'S FAMILIAR FIGURE SITTING IN THE WAITING ROOM! HE WALKED UP TO HER! SHE LOOKED AT HIM BLANKLY, WITHOUT RECOGNITION...

SHE DOESN'T KNOW ME? IT IS TRUE? IT IS TRUE? THIS IS JUDY'S BODY... BUT JUDY IS BACK HOME... IN THE OLD WOMAN'S BODY...



SUDDENLY, A DESPERATE MAD IDEA CRASHED INTO DONALD'S MIND! HE STEPPED UP TO JUDY'S BODY AND SMILED...



SO YOU'RE RUNNING AWAY, JUDY? SO YOU CAN'T FACE THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE **CANCER**... THAT YOU'RE GOING TO **DIE** IN TWO MONTHS!

WAS I **CANCER?** **DIE?**

**GO AHEAD! RUN AWAY!** YOU THINK YOU'LL **SPARE** ME THE **WHELP** OF **WATCHING** YOU **DIE** ENTIRELY RIGHT... IF **THAT'S** THE WAY YOU WANT IT...

**CANCER... DIE?** WHAT HAVE I DONE? I'VE GOT TO GET IT **BACK**... GET MY **BODY** **BACK**... I **CAN'T** GO TO **ANY** **PLACE**...



SUDDENLY JUDY'S BODY... HEATED ON THE BENCH... STIFFENED THEN. THE COLOR DRAINED FROM HER CHEEKS! SHE SLUMPED FORWARD...



JUDY! JUDY!

WHAT **WAS** **HAPPENING?** **WHERE** **AM** **I?**

OH DONALD, DARLING! O'WON! DONALD! I'VE GOT MY **BOOBY** **BACK!** **JANE'S** **GIVEN** **IT** **BACK!**



WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE **HOUSE!**

DONALD AND JUDY SPED BACK ACROSS TOWN! THEY RUSHED INTO THE HOUSE! SOMEONE WAS HAMMERING ON THE CLOSET DOOR! DONALD TOOK HIS GUN FROM THE DOOR...



SHE'S IN THERE, JUDY! LOOKED IN THE CLOSET...

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, DONALD?

**THUD!**  
**THUD!**

I'M GOING TO **KILL** HER, JUDY! SHE'S **EVIL!** I'VE **NOT** TO **KILL** MEN OR SHE'LL **DO THIS** **HORRIBLE** **THING** **AGAIN!** NO ONE WILL **BOOBY** **HER!** WE'LL **BURY** **HER** **IN** **THE** **CELLAR!**



**BAM**  
**BAM**  
**BAM**

DONALD THREW HIS GUN INTO THE CLOSET DOOR! THEN, THEY OPENED IT! THE OLD WOMAN WAS DEAD! THEY CARRIED HER BODY TO THE CELLAR AND BURIED HER...



IT... IT'S **BETTER** **THIS** **WAY**, JUDY, **DEAR!**

YES, DONALD!

HEN, HEN! NO, KIDNAP! MY STORY  
ISN'T OVER! NOT YET! THE END  
CAME ABOUT SIX MONTHS LATER!  
ONE NIGHT, AFTER JUDY AND  
DONALD HAD GONE TO BED, JUDY  
HAD A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE! SHE  
HEARD THE OLD WOMAN'S VOICE,  
UTTERING THOSE STRANGE WORDS!  
WHEN SHE AWOKE...

YES, JUDY FOUND HERSELF BURNED  
IN THE CELLAR! SWEET FILLED HER  
TOOTHLESS MOUTH... PRESSED  
AGAINST HER BEADY EYES! SHE  
PUSHED UP INTO THE COLD FRESH  
AIR...



"WE'VE TAKEN MY BODY  
AGAIN! SHE'S DONE IT AGAIN!"

JUDY, NOW IN THE CORPSE OF THE OLD WOMAN, STUM-  
BLED UP THE CELLAR STAIRS! BITS OF ROTTED FLESH  
FELL AWAY AS SHE MOVED THROUGH THE HOLE TO  
DONALD'S BEDROOM...

WHO... WHO'S THERE?  
GOOD LORD!

IT'S ME, DONALD! JUDY!  
WE'VE TAKEN MY BODY  
AGAIN! KILL HER,  
DONALD! KILL HER AND  
SET ME FREE!



DONALD WENT FOR HIS GUN! THE DECAYED, FEAR-  
SMILING CORPSE OF THE OLD WOMAN FOLLOWED HIM  
TO JUDY'S ROOM! DONALD FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR!  
THE BODY OF HIS WIFE, JUDY, WAS DRIPPING FRAM-  
TICALLY...

BUT  
TO GET AWAY,  
BEFORE HE!

KILL HER, DONALD!  
SHOOT HER! SHOOT!



THE SUN SHOT BODIED THROUGH  
THE DARK HOUSE! JUDY'S BODY  
SLUMBED TO THE FLOOR! THEN  
THE CORPSE OF THE OLD WOMAN  
TOTTERED... AND COLLAPSED...



JUDY! JUDY!  
WHERE ARE YOU?

SUDDENLY, JUDY... NOW REPOSSESSING  
OF HER OWN BODY... GASPED, AS  
SHE PASSED AWAY...



I... I'M HERE...  
DONALD! I'M  
GASP... WHERE  
I... BELONG!

JUDY!  
JUDY...  
SOR...  
SOR...

HEN, HEN! WELL! THERE'S A BEING  
LITTLE TALE, BUT, THERE'S A  
LESSON TO BE LEARNED! ACHOO!  
DON'T MAKE FUN OF THAT STRANGE  
OLD WOMAN WHO COMES BEARING!  
YOU MIGHT FIND YOURSELF IN HER  
SHOES! OH, BY THE WAY! YOU CAN  
WAVE BACK ISSUES STARRING  
ME, THE OLD WITCH AND  
MY HOST... THE CRYPT-KEEPER.

IF YOU WANT  
THE CRYPT-  
KEEPER'S CORNER  
IN THIS ISSUE!  
THIS IS THE  
CRYPT-KEEPER  
SAYING... 'BYE NOW!







# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Gappi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I like you the most out of The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch. Your comics are great. I watch your show on HBO wherever I can and I watch your Saturday morning cartoons. I have the first book in the series of Crypt books, and I also have a book called "Tales from the Crypt." I also have some of your cards. After I read one of your comic books my sister and my mom read them. My whole family likes scary things.

One of your best stories was "Strangled" in HAUNT #5. Another of my favorites is "Reflection of Death" in CRYPT #7.

Stephen Langlois

Rutland, VT

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I love your comic books. They are great! I'm 11 years old. My brother Mike likes your comics. Too, and he is 13. I love HAUNT #7, it's very good. I was wondering how to get "Tales from the Crypt" Trading Cards? I look everywhere and I can't find them. They look cool. I would love to have a pencil, so please print my address.

Josh Elder

RT 2, BOX 37  
Carter, SD 57528

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

It's me again. You know, David Rodriguez. I still want to know who was thrown off the sled in your story "Wol' Best" (available in GLAD HAUNT #4 as a back issue), and I won't stop writing until you answer it! Heh! I can wait forever; the real question is, can you? Eternally yours,

David Rodriguez

Huntington Park, CA

All of the comics mentioned above are available as back issues! See the back cover of this comic for info on "Crypt" Cards! Spend money!

The perfect puns to throw off the back of a sled when pursued by wolves is... Larry Tubb! Heh, heh! But that only works once a month! And, there's a sleigh, not a sled. Rhymes with "sleigh," if that helps!

—CK

Your comic books are the best! I never thought before that I'd enjoy comic books but as soon as I read one of yours, I loved it. One thing I would like to know is who were your parents, and what year were you born in?

John Gilo

Engle, MA

To Russ,

Hi, how's it swinging? Oh, here I just recently began collecting EC comics. My first was CRYPT #7. My favorite was "Beano!" It was just. Could you tell me the Crypt-Keeper's origin? I've always wondered how he came to be. Tales from the Crypt Rules! Cryptically yours,

William D. Wachle

Pr Wayne, IN

We can tell you my origin, in GLAD CRYPT #5; or you can wait for CRYPT #3. CRYPT Rules! What's new? (imagine considerable answering here.) —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I think The Old Witch is a greaser. I like your comic books a lot. This is the first time ever I read your comics. I am very impressed with the stories. The Vault-Keeper is worse than The Old Witch. The Vault-Keeper stinks at telling stories.

I also write my own comics. Have you ever spotted someone? My favorite story is "Reflection of Death" in issue #7. Keep up the good work.

Robert Rafols, 3rd Grade

Schenectady, NY

The Vault-Keeper stinks WHILE telling stories! —CK

## 77 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE

Dear Russ,

I am 8 years old. Sometimes I feel sad. I put out some TALES FROM THE CRYPT. I read stories and I feel great. I just started [recently]. Your friend

Sherry Bookman

New York, NY

Dear CK,

I am a big fan and a very old fan of you. I started getting interested in you when I was three; now I am nine almost ten. I got CRYPT 7 (and seven others). I read them all.

Joseph Hestrich

New York, NY

To Russ,

I watch the "Tales from the Crypt" TV show, and I just have to say: What's with the Crypt-Keeper? If you ask me I think it needs more BLOOD 'rounds. Truly,

Donna Ross, age 10

Plainfield, NJ

Dear Russ,

I love your comic books on Tales from the Crypt. When I grow up, I want to become a doctor. I also want to become a comic book collector. John Wingley is the only comic book collector I know. He collected 180 books [by] 1968, [and by] 1968 had a total of 208 comic books.

I watch "Tales from the Crypt" on FOX. I like the one with David Warner about that [Fetichy] girl. That's one of my favorites.

Jonathan Carter, 11 years old

Detroit, MI

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I am 11 years old. I watch your [HBO] TV show a lot, but I don't think I'd like the cartoons.

I collect your comics, but unfortunately I can't find them right now. You The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch's comics are the scariest I've ever read. Are the stories in your comics the ones in the TV show?

Paul O'Leary

Needham, MA

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Hi. All I can say is, great comic! Keep it coming! I'm 12.

going on 13, and a great fan. I don't have HBO, but your show comes on Saturday now on regular TV. Your comics are only at one place, Chesterfield Mass. (Print my address. I love pen-pals. I also love Stephen King movies and books. Great comic! Your #1 Fan,

Gareth Llewellyn

888 Sunbridge Dr  
Chesterfield, MA 03017

Hey CK,

I've been an old horror fan since I was 11. Up until now, at 15, nothing grosses me out like CRYPT. It has the best storyline and art. My favorite frame is from "Reflection of Death", when the character sees his mingled reflection in the mirror. I was wondering if you sold any CRYPT posters my parents won't let me hang real decomposed bodies on my wall, so...

Another thing I've been wondering is if you had any tips on how to draw corpses and other gruesome pictures. I've tried, but they look too well alive. If there is anyone out there who looks much of a horror fanatic, as he, write to me.

Mike Torrey

30 Solvia St  
Williamsville, CT 06098

What, no 14-year-olds? Ya' know, the thing that bugs me the most about the HBO and Midvid "Crypt-keeper" is the squeaky voice. Not at all like my real, squeaky-toned!

They do adapt authentic EC comics stories, and retain the original titles. You've perhaps noticed that all of them are presented as news, even when they were actually told by WK or QW.

We have no EC posters, but it would take only 2000 trading cards to cover an 8x10 wall! —CK

Dear Crypt Reader,

Hi. I just moved to Indiana. What I want to know is, do you have a fan club? If you do I'll be willing to join. I think that your comics, shows, and cards are the greatest. I never miss any of your shows because they're so cool.

Cameron Lee

Carmel, IN

Check last month's HAUNT # and INC SF # for the latest RAM CLUB NEWS news, and watch for that feature in WALT, as well. —CK

Dear CK,

There is TALES FROM THE CRYPT comic, CRYPT video, CRYPT television series, CRYPT cartoons, CRYPT pin ball and CRYPT trading cards. What next? Are there going to be TALES FROM THE CRYPT jackets, t-shirts, baseball caps and figures? Or, even a computer game, I hope so! Is there a video I can buy of the HBO television series?

Oliver Wingrave

Farnham Surrey, GB

Write & Gents tell me the videos are the only way to consume the HBO shows there, I don't know details, then, sorry. —CK

Dear Crazy Bag of Bones

I read CRYPT 7 and I think [redacted] is a stuck up Ghoulstalker! I think you should decide who the No. 1 fan is! And I think "Last Respectful" was real Ghoulstalker! "Squealer" are very thrilling, and as are "Voodoo Death!". I would give you two thumbs up but I got my hand chopped off (Never make your sister mad)

[redacted] who wrote a letter to CRYPT 7, I think stuck up because he doesn't claim to be the best! I think [redacted] is real cool! I think the witch and you make a ghoulst couple! And I think you have your way of getting your tale in the crowd! You have a comic, card set, show on FOX and HBO, and a cartoon on Saturday morning!

I hope you publish this letter because someone has to tell [redacted] he's stuck up! Well, I have some things to settle with my sister. Please print my address because me and Lloyd have something to settle! I think [redacted] rules!

Jason Parker

500 Teachers Ct  
Bayton, GA 31502

Now, now—mustn't fight! I deleted the names, positive and negative, to save you some heartache, some hatred! You all know by now that anyone can be #1. Where you're all #1 with me—as long as you buy the comics! It's like Joey says, last letter... —CK

I just finished CRYPT #7 and I was disgusted! Not at your pulp-pounding tales of horror, but at the letters page! These #1 fans—humpf! Yet, I have the solution to their conundrum of just who deserves to be EC's #1 fan. Without further ado, here it is: WHO CARES? What's really important, and you, is who deserves to be #0 last! After all, with #0 comic books at the ripe, what about that worthy fan who is #0? And the newest trend! Christian Fan #1! Now let's get serious, CK, is being the plain, old, non-enhanced #1 fan important at all? I don't think so. On to the stories.

"Reflection of Death", despite some wonderful art by Al Feldstein, was an all-too-typical story of the time. EC turned out masterpieces which everybody remembers. Yet, I'll admit that Bill Gaines and his merry Ghoulstalker told their share of clichéd stories, such as this one. Yet, with the good came the bad, and the EC output of brilliant short stories could not be matched.

The Old Witch's tale for the issue "Last Respectful" was better than the initial tale and was a real spine-tingler. Without any supernatural overtones, the story showed just how far a typical red-blooded 1950s boy would go for his girl. Graham Ingels did a great job on the visuals, and the story presented one of the few times that I've enjoyed Graham's unique work; usually I prefer the cleaner and more stylized styles of Craig and Feldstein. Overall, "Last Respectful" was an enjoyable, if slightly horrible, piece. And most fascinating of all, the subject matter is not something which is totally unbelievable (let you ever catch "Alive," CK? Or even those wacky headliners always trying to outdo Gilligan? Ah, the classics of film and television.

"Squealer" was definitely the best story in the issue. It was great to see Jack Davis' art in this story, especially to note the evolution of his art, from yesterday's comics to today's commercial art, caricature and pastiche art. The exaggerated faces that have become a Davis trademark were present in this story, which gave "Squealer" an almost-humorous visual impact. The story itself was suspenseful and quite a testament to the power of fortune tellers, gypsies, mediums and psychics. And a note to you, CK: "a happy medium"? Ha, ha.

Finally, we have "Voodoo Death" in Hell. This was quite an interesting piece about one which went by all too quickly. Maybe all of EC's voodoo stories could be presented, at least the best of them, in a miniseries format. I'd love to see such theme miniseries show up, such as "vampires" compilation or a book of "lovers' tales."

Joey Marchese

Union, NJ

I wouldn't be caught undead watching "Alive." —CK

Dear CK, WK, QW,

I really like your comic books and that new cartoon on television. Both are very interesting and enjoyable to read and watch. On Saturday mornings I get up and watch "Tales from the Crypt." Most of the time I read the comic books. To me, nothing is more exciting than reading horror stories.

Trevin Morin

Alpena, MI

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

My name is Jason Jarmoville and I am 11 years old. I love EC comics and all the fabulous stories. I would like to start out by saying I watch your TV show and that's how I found out about the comics. I went to my local comic book store. All they had was the original comics from the 50s! One comic was \$50 dollars! I was quite upset about this since I did not have \$50 dollars with me. I did find issues of VAULT and HAUNT, so I got some.

On the third visit, I got some CRYPT comics. I have just subscribed to CRYPT and have just gotten my first issue in the mail. I liked the story "Bats in My Bathtub!" in issue #1. I would like to say I am your #1 fan, but that's what everyone says. I also saw the "Tales From The Crypt" movie. I loved it!

Jason Jarmoville

Santa Rosa, CA

I'm EXTREMELY upset, I've NEVER had \$150 with me!  
—CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I have your comic book and TV show. I'd like to know what is your favorite food and movie. In your comic book, is there a story with a magician in it? I'd also like to know what year you were born and where your Crypt is located. Sincerely yours,

Michael Heary

Lindwood, PA

I like nothing better than to curl up with a box of chicken teriyaki takeout and a tape of "Sound of Music."  
—CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I am a fan of EC comics and you are my favorite. Hello. Someday I would like to be a part of EC comics. I watch "Tales from the Crypt" every Saturday morning and night. I wish it would come on more often and I just wanted to say thank you for making comics and TV shows! Please print my address. Truly yours

Marie Catton

POB 142  
Chandler, OK 74834

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

You are the coolest guy. Your comics are great. Please give me your phone number. We could make scores together. I really want to do business with you. Your shiny friend,

Michael Palma

Irwin, TX

Sorry to disappoint you, but you can't see films. —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I just read one of your comics and it was outstanding. I loved both your tales, the Witch's tale was okay and The Vault-Keeper's tale was peaky. What is scary about a wooden doll that kills a couple of guys?

John Duffley

Paradise Valley, AZ

Really,

—CK

Dear Russ

Congratulations on being on your eighth round of EC comics, which is more than what was published under either of the two sixty-four page runs. CRYPT has its usual good run of stories, but these stories get even better in later issues. "The Living Death!" (CRYPT #7) looks like it was taken from an Edgar Allan Poe story. I think that it was called "The Strange Case of J. Madams." But then the Crypt-Keeper already knows that.

The two stories "Bats in My Bathtub" and "Midnight Shocks!" (CRYPT #8) look a little too similar in theme. Except

in one story the character turns out to be a vampire and in the other story the character turns out to be a ghoul. There is one thing that I never quite understood though. What is the difference between a ghoul and a cannibal? This issue of CRYPT has a great Feldstein cover and the story that it illustrates is not bad either.

Warren Sandford

Bumysville, CA

The difference between a cannibal and a ghoul is nothing that 5 minutes in a microwave won't erase.

—CK

Dear Russ Cochran,

I really like Crypt-Keeper. In fact, he's the man of my dreams (Ha! Ha). I'm trying to save my money so I can subscribe to CRYPT. If it's no trouble could you please send me a picture of the Crypt-Keeper?

Ashley Caswell

Greenwood, IN

Save time, break into that college fund!

—CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

My name is Julio Martinez and I am 15 years old. I am your biggest fan, and also your friend.

The [episode] I read in your cartoon show is "While the Cat's Away." I've seen it 13 times.

Can I be in your show "Tales from the Crypt"? Could I be in your comic books?

Julio Martinez

National City, CA

Maybe. Have you been Cheated, betrayed, strangled, fried, hanged, strangled, skinned, sodomized, electrocuted or had an intimate experience with a blessed household gadget? If so, you, too, could be the centerpiece of an EC story!

—CK

Dear CK,

You're the most stupid storyteller I ever heard of! Your story's don't even score my 5 year old sister Becky! When I read her "And All Through the House" she told me it was a very boring bed time story and left! And—oh, well—I'm sorry. That was my letter to CK. Sorry Sorry

I just had a few questions for you. Could you please give me a list of all the stories EC adapted from Ray Bradbury and what issue they were in? And did Graham Ingels do any weird stuff again?

Sean Cline

St. Marks, CA

Yes to both. But space is running out. Check each bi-monthly letter column in future for this info!

—CK

Now available this month are WHITE HORSE and BLOOD. Watch for HAULT, WHITE HORSE and TWO-PICTED next month. Don't forget HAULT, WHITE HORSE-FANTASY and CRIME. See them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see back of this issue for details).

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1, \$2 each (subject to availability). All others up thru issue #5, \$1.25 each. Issues #6 and up, \$2 each. Add \$2 per order (\$15 outside US) for S&H.

Write to: CRYPT  
RUSS COCHRAN  
POB 449  
WEST PLAINS MO 65755

THIS COMBO REPRINTS  
TALES FROM THE CRYPT #225 (JULY, AUG/SEP 81)

COVER by Al Feldstein

"The Trophy"

"Judy, You're Not Yourself Today!"

"I Loved It Death!"

"The Works in Wood"

Jack Davis

Wally Wood

Jack Kamen

Graham Ingels

We warrant every picture in CRYPT. We warrant neither to acknowledge nor to answer letters. We will not carry, accept or return the correspondence without their express and if we have printed any letters please let your distributor. We accept no responsibility for return of letters. It is up to you to send your address of the original work.

EVER LOVE SOMEONE WHO DIDN'T LOVE YOU? PRETTY PAINFUL, ISN'T IT? WELL, IT'S NOT HALF AS PAINFUL AS BEING...



FOR THE FIRST SCENE OF THIS TOUCHING TALE, LET'S LOOK INTO THE APARTMENT OF MARGARET BINKER, WHERE A DELICIOUS LITTLE EPISODE IS REACHING A CLIMAX...



I'M - I'M ~~JERRY~~ EDWARD! I HAD TO DO IT! NOW WILL YOU PLEASE GO? AND DON'T EVER ANNOY ME AGAIN!

BUT MARGIE! I'M MAD ABOUT YOU! WON'T YOU LET ME TAKE YOU OUT... JUST ONCE? TOMORROW! NOW! RIGHT?



NOT I'M BUSY! I'M BUSY! ALL  
EVERY NIGHT AS FAR AS  
YOU'RE CONCERNED  
HOW WILL YOU LEAVE?  
I HAVE TO DRESS FOR  
A NIGHT DATE!

WOMAN!  
MARGARET!  
I'LL GO!  
BUT I  
WON'T  
GIVE UP!

MARGARET SNIDER BLAMES THE  
DOOR ON POOR EDWARD WALLACE

POOR SNAKE! WON'T HE  
EVER GADON ON THAT  
HE DOESN'T RATE WITH  
MEY HOW MANY TIMES  
DO I WANT TO SLAP  
HIS FACE?

WHILE OUTSIDE, EDDIE DEJECTED  
MOVES SLOWLY DOWN THE DARKEST  
OF THE STREETS

WHY? WHY WON'T SHE GIVE ME A  
BREAK? SHE KNOWS I'M CRAZY  
ABOUT HER! BUT SHE TREATS ME  
LIKE SHIT! SHE ACTS LIKE SHE  
CAN'T STAND ME!

EDDIE CROSSER THE STREET AND ENTERS THE  
DESERTED PARK! HE SLUMPS DOWN ON A BENCH!  
SOON A STRANGER COMES ALONG! HE STOPS... EYES  
EDDIE... THEN SITS DOWN BESIDE HIM

SHATTEN, YOUNG FELLOW!  
YOU LOOK PRETTY BLUM!

I AM! I'M NUTS ABOUT  
A GIRL, BUT SHE WON'T  
GIVE ME A FIDDLE!

THE STRANGER SMILES, REACHES INTO HIS POCKET...  
AND PULLS OUT A CARD...

OH... IS JIMMYT WILL, SO  
SEE THIS GUY? HE'LL FIX  
YOU UP! GUARANTEED!

WON'T THAT CAR  
HE DO?

THE STRANGER RISES AND DISAPPEARS INTO  
THE NIGHT! EDDIE STUDIES THE SMALL  
WHITE CARD! IT READS: "MUNG STROMMAN,  
ALCHEMIST!" AN ADORABLE FOLLOWS...

AN ALCHEMIST? SAYS I  
THOUGHT THOSE GUYS WENT  
OUT WITH THE MIDDLE AGES?  
OH, WELL, I CAN'T LOSE  
ANYTHING! I'LL GO SEE HIM!

THE ADDRESS ON THE CARD LEADS EDWARD WALLACE TO A DARK  
WINDING STREET IN THE OLDEST PART OF TOWN! THE BUILDING  
HE IS LOOKING FOR IS A RUN-DOWN, DILAPIDATED TENEMENT! HE CLIMBS  
RAT-INFESTED STEPS TO MUNG STROMMAN'S DOOR...

YES?  
WHAT CAN  
I DO FOR YOU?

I... I WAS GIVEN YOUR  
CARD! THE MAN SAID YOU  
COULD HELP ME!

THE WRINKLED, WIGGED OLD MAN STEPS ASIDE AND EDWARD ENTERS A WEIRD ROOM. BOTTLES AND JARS LINE THE WALLS, EACH FILLED WITH BRILLIANTLY COLORED LIQUIDS AND POWDERS.

WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, YOUNG MAN?

I... I'M IN LOVE WITH A GIRL! BUT SHE... SHE DOESN'T LOVE ME!

OH! I SEE! AND YOU WOULD LIKE HER TO **ADD** YOU... TO **POP-SUPP** YOU... TO **LOVE YOU** AND **ONLY YOU**!

YEAH! **THAT'S** WHAT I'D LIKE!

VERY SIMPLE! HERE! TAKE THIS! IT'S A **LOVE POTION**! MY SECRET FORMULA! JUST A **FEW DROPS** AND SHE'S **YOURS**... **ALL YOURS**!

IT... IT MUST BE VERY **EXPENSIVE**... IF IT **REALLY** **WORKS**!

OH, IT **WORKS**! I GUARANTEE THAT! AND IT'S VERY **CHEAP**... **ONLY ONE DOLLAR!**

**ONE DOLLAR?** IS THAT ALL? I'LL TAKE IT!

GOOD-BYE! **NOY** GOOD-BYE, YOUNG MAN! YOU'LL NEVER, FOR **NOW**, YOU'LL BE **BACK**! THEY **ALL** **COME BACK**!

COME BACK FOR WHAT?

FOR THE **ANTIDOTE**!

OH! NO! **NOT ME**! IF THIS **REALLY** **MAKES** MARGARET **FALL** **HARDLY** IN **LOVE** WITH ME, YOU WON'T **SEE ME** **AGAIN**!

WE'LL SEE! WE'LL SEE!

EDWARD RUSHES FROM THE WEIRD ROOM DOWN THE BARBARA-JASON STAIRS, AND RACES ACROSS TOWN TO MARGARET'S APARTMENT...

OH, EDWARD! ARE YOU BACK AGAIN? I TOLD YOU

I. I CAME TO SAY GOOD-BYE, MARGARET! I'M GOING AWAY!

GOOD! THANK HEAVENS! NOW YOU'LL STOP BOTHERING ME!

I BROUGHT THIS WINE, MARGARET! WILL YOU HAVE JUST ONE DRINK WITH ME... TO WISH ME FAREWELL?

ANYTHING? ANYTHING TO GET RID OF YOU?

GOOD! I'LL POUR IT OUT!

EDDIE POURS THE WINE, AND SECRETLY EMPTIES THE CONTENTS OF THE LOVE POTION INTO MARGIE'S GLASS.

WELL! HERE'S TO YOU, MARGIE! I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU!

AND HERE'S TO YOU! YEAH! YEAH! YEAH! GOODBYE!

MARGIE DRAWS HER GLASS! EDWARD STUNNED AT HER EXPECTANTLY...  
WELL! YOU CAN BE, WON'T DON'T JUST STAND THERE LIKE A DUMMY! WE'VE SAID GOODBYE!

Y-Y-YEAH! SURE! I WILL GO! I...  
GOLLY! IT DIDN'T WORK!

EDDIE RELUCTANTLY OPENS THE DOOR! MARGIE WATCHES HIM FRISKY! THEN THE COLD LOOK IN HER EYES SOFTENS... SHE SMILES.

OH, YOU BIG OVERSOWS KID! COME HERE! I'LL KISS YOU GOOD-NIGHT!

WELL?

MARGIE PEEKS AT EDDIE'S PUCHERED LIPS! SUDDENLY SHE GASPS! SHE THROWS HER ARMS AROUND HIS NECK AND KISSES HIM... A LONG HARTUNGHER KISS! A KISS OF LOVE.

EDDIE! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

OH, MARGIE! MARGIE!

HOWEVER? YEP! IT WAS JUST LIKE OLD URSULA, THE ALCHEMIST! MARRIE FELL... HEAD OVER HEELS! EDDIE AND SHE WERE BEAMING! SHE ADORED HIM... PUNCHED HIM... LOVED HIM... LOVED HIM... LOVED HIM TILL EDDIE THOUGHT HE WOULD GO AWAY!



DARLING... DARLING... EDDIE! SWEET... HANDSOME... DYEING EDDIE! OH, HOW I LOVE YOU EDDIE! OH, NOW...



MARRIE, TOUT IT OUT! I'M TRYING TO READ! GO SIT OVER THERE!

MARRIE, SPUNNED BY EDDIE, MOVED TO THE CHAIR ACROSS THE ROOM! THERE SHE SAT, SMILING, SMILING AND STARRING AT EDDIE...

DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO DO, MARRIE? MUST YOU SIT AND STARE AT ME?

I LOVE YOU! I HAVE NOTHING IN LIFE TO DO EXCEPT LOVE YOU! YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING... MY



IT IS LATE THAT SAME NIGHT THAT EDDIE KNOCKS ON MARRIE'S DOOR...

AM! YOU'VE FINALLY COME BACK! I WENT SAY IT TOOK YOU LONGER THAN USUAL! YOU MUST BE A VERY PATIENT MAN! YOU WANT THE ANTIDOTE, NO DOUBT?

YES! I CAN'T STAND HER ANymore! SHE CRAWLS ALL OVER ME! SHE'S DRIVING ME CRAZY!



HERE! HERE YOU ARE! A FEW DROPS OF THIS AND IT WILL BE ALL OVER! IT'S SWIFT AND SURE! DOESN'T LEAVE ANY TRACE!

IT... IT KILLS HER!



YOU HAVE A BETTER METHOD?

NO! NO! ONLY... WELL... I MIGHT INTEND TO KILL HER! YOU SAY IT LEAVES NO TRACE? NOW AGENT?

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

WHAT? BUT THE POTION...

YES! THE POTION IS CHEAP! THE ANTIDOTE IS EXPENSIVE! I LOVE MONEY ON THE POTION! BUT I WOULD MAKE IT UP ON THE ANTIDOTE! AND ANYONE WHO BUYS THE POTION ALWAYS BUYS THE ANTIDOTE... SOONER OR LATER! WELL, YES OR NO?

YES, I SURE!





AT BREAKFAST THE NEXT MORNING, EDWARD SPILLS THE 'ANTIDOTE' INTO MARGE'S COFFEE WHILE HER BACK IS TURNED...

OH, DEAR! YOUR TOAST ISN'T READY YET! I'M SORRY, DEARTEST!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MARGARETT! I LEFT MY WATCH IN THE BATHROOM, ANYWAY!



BUT THOUGHTFUL, EVER-LOVING MARGE, KNOWING THAT HER DARLING HUSBAND LIKES HIS COFFEE HOT, SWITCHES CUPS... BECAUSE HE'S STEAMING MORE...

COME, DARLING! YOUR COFFEE IS GETTING COLD!

YOU CAN START! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!



BUT MARGE, THE DEVOTED WIFE, WAITS PATIENTLY FOR EDWARD TO RETURN TO THE TABLE! AND EDWARD DID SO! WANT TO AVOID WITNESSING HER... SHALL WE SAY, FORDN...

MARGE! COFFEE'S... IS IT, DEAR? OH, GOOD! THIS MORNING I'VE SO HAPPY...

I... I... EDWARD!



EDWARD SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR AND IS VERY STILL! HE IS OUT OF DEAD DRIFT AND BLUE... JUST LIKE ALICE SAID! THERE IS A SLIGHT SMILE ON HIS FACE...



EDWARD... DARLING! SPEAK TO ME! SPEAK TO ME!

THERE IS A SMILE ON HIS FACE BECAUSE... SOMEWHERE IN THAT UNKNOWN WORLD THAT IS THE NEXT-AFTER... AS EDWARD TRAVELS THROUGH THE MIST...

OH, WELL! SO I DRANK THE ANTIDOTE INSTEAD! SO I'M DEAD! AT LEAST, I'M *NOT* OF HER!



YES, EDWARD SMILES AS HE MOVES THROUGH THE MIST! BUT THE SMILE IS SHORT-LIVED, FOR...

EDWARD! DARLING! WAIT FOR ME!



THAT... THAT'S MARGE'S VOICE!

YES! IT IS MARGE'S VOICE! SHE BUSETS THROUGH THE MIST, RUSHES UP TO EDWARD, AND BROTHERS HIM WITH KISSES...

OH, DARLING! WHEN YOU DIED, I KNEW I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GO ON WITHOUT YOU, SO I COMMITTED SUICIDE! NOW, WE'LL BE TOGETHER FOR ETERNITY!



YES! YES! SHE'S RIGHT, EDWARD! BUT DON'T WORRY! MAYBE SOMEDAY YOU MIGHT BUMP INTO LEON STORNGAN AGAIN! PERSONALLY, I WOULDN'T SET ON IT! I DON'T THINK HE AND YOU ARE HEADED FOR THE SAME PLACE!

OH, BY THE WAY! WANT OF YOU HAVE ASKED ABOUT SUBSCRIBING TO TALKS FROM THE CRYPT? FOR THIS INFORMATION, READ MY COLUMN, THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER!



# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

ARE YOU'RE BACK? DO YOU LIKE THE LITTLE TID-BITS OF TERROR I DROD OUT OF MY CAULDRON, ERY WELL, COME IN! SOME IN! DON'T JUST STAND THERE SAYING! IT'S ME, THE OLD WITCH... MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! COME CLOSER TO THE FIRE, WHERE IT'S WARM! THEN WHEN YOU SHIVER FROM THE STORY I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU, I'LL KNOW IT ISN'T FROM THE COLD! COMFY! GOOD! THEN I'LL BEGIN! THIS IS A TALE, DRIPPING WITH DREAD! I CALL IT....

## THE WORKS...IN WAX!



THE FAIR OF THE HOSS LANE WAXWORKS IS WIDE-SPREAD/OUT-  
SIDE THE INFAMED DOOMSLA GROWS HAS ALREADY GATHERED/  
TOURISTS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD TRAVEL TO SEE THE  
FAMOUS MUSEUM... AND ITS NOTORIOUS *CHAMBER OF HORRORS*!



YES! MARIE AND HENRI MATAUD'S  
WAXWORKS IS WORLD RENOWNED!  
I KNOW WHY! BECAUSE THE WAX  
FIGURES LOOK SO REAL! THEY  
THEY LOOK ALMOST ALIVE! AND  
IN THE *CHAMBER OF HORRORS*,  
WELL, YOU CAN IMAGINE.



LOOK AT HER FACE!  
SHE ACTUALLY LOOKS  
LIKE SHE'S BEING  
STRANGLED!

THAT'S JOHN BARRINGTON!  
HE STRANGLED THIRTY-  
THREE WOMEN BEFORE  
THEY CAUGHT HIM.



THE ARROXED THROTTLE PUSHES ITS WAY INTO  
THE MATAUD ENTABLISHMENT... FILLING  
HENRI'S OVERTSTRETCHED HANDS WITH COINS  
AND PAPER MONEY! INSIDE, WAX FIGURES  
STAND EXPECTANTLY, AWAITING THE PRYING  
EYES...



GASP! DIDN'T IT  
TURN MY  
STOMACH!

IT'S THE FAMED  
MURDERER  
CYRUS EVENDEN  
WITH ONE OF HIS  
VICTIMS!



THAT'S JACK THE  
RIPPER! I'D  
SWEAR HE  
MOVED!

AMAZING!  
HOW ALIVE  
THEY LOOK!

GOOD!  
THE  
MUSEUM!



THE MUSEUM, HOWEVER, IS NOT A PLACE, BUT A PLACE.  
PARSON MR. BLAND CAN YOU TELL  
ME... BLAND? I'D LIKE SOME INFOR-  
MATION... BLAND... I SAY, THAT'S  
VERY RUDE! I'LL REPORT...

GAMES! THAT'S A REAL  
FIGURE! PEOPLE ARE  
LAUGHING AT YOU!



SOON, HOWEVER, THE DAY PASSES, AND CLOSING TIME ARRIVES! THE MILLING TRUCKS IS UNLOADED OUT, AND ONCE MORE THE DOORS ARE CLOSED. HENRI NATAUO BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF...

WHEN? WELL, MARIE? ANOTHER DAY, BUT IT IS A RELIEF TO HAVE SILENCE AGAIN, IS IT NOT?

YES, HENRI! I WILL GRAB THE TABLETS WHILE YOU COUNT THE DAY'S RECEIPTS!



HENRI DISAPPEARS INTO THE OFFICE AND MARIE TURNS TO THE MARY WAX FIGURES THAT LINE THE WALLS.

WELL! TODAY WAS NOT SO BAD, WAS IT, MY FRIENDS? AT LEAST THERE WERE NO MISCHIEVOUS CHILDREN, ARE?



AFTER A WHILE, HENRI COMES OUT OF THE OFFICE AND CALLS TO MARIE.

MARY?

MARY?

THE BEST THING I'VE HAD THIS YEAR, MARIE!



HENRI CALLS MARIE'S NAME SEVERAL TIMES BEFORE SHE RUNS UP TO HIM.

MARIE! DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME CALL YOU?

I... I'M SORRY, HENRI! I WAS... BUSY!



HENRI STAMPS DOWN THE LINE OF EXHIBITS.

SORRY! BUT DOING WHAT? YOU HAVE NOT DAMAGED THE FIGURES! YOU...



SUDDENLY HIS EYES FALL UPON THE EXHIBIT OF JOHN BARRON, THE STRANGLER.

HOW DID? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? HIS HEAD? YOU TURNED HIS HEAD?

YES, HENRI! - I FELT SORRY FOR HIM!



SORRY! SORRY! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING ABOUT?

HE NEEDED ME TO DO IT! HE SAID HE COULDN'T STAND LOOKING AT HER EYES...





MARIE! YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR MIND!

NO, HENRI! NO! MONSIEUR EVERARD CAN'T PLEASED WITH ME.



HENRI TWISTS THE WIDEN HEAD SO IT CACK MORE STARED DOWN AT THE STRANGLERED GIRL.

MARIE! LEAVE THE FIGURES ALONE!

NO, HENRI! DON'T!



THEN HENRI LEADS MARIE AWAY... YOU... HAVE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD, MARIE! YOU NEED A REST!

I'M NOT TIRED, HENRI! I AM ALL RIGHT!

THE NEXT DAY, CROWDS ONCE MORE FLOCK TO THE ROSE LANE 'WAR MUSEUM'.



SEE! THAT'S SYRUS EVERARD, THE HATCHET MURDERER!

HE DOESN'T LOOK SO BAD.

SACRE DIEU!



AFTER THE LAST VISITOR LEAVES, MARIE! COME HERE!

YES, HENRI!



MARIE! DID YOU LOWER MONSIEUR EVERARD'S ARM TO HIS SIDE?

YES, HENRI! HE WAS SO TIRED! THE HATCHET IS... SO HEAVY! I FELT SORRY FOR HIM!

MARIE! WHAT IS HAPPENING TO YOU? YOU ARE GOING MAD!

NO, HENRI! IT IS TRUE! MONSIEUR EVERARD ASKED ME... NO, BESSER ME... TO LOWER HIS ARM! I COULD NOT REFUSE! HE...



AND AS HENRI STORMS FROM THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS...





THE BLOOD FLOODED OF DYING EVERARD. THE HATCHET  
HUNDRED STOPS... THEN TURNED TOWARD HENRI... ITS  
EYES BLAZING...

"NOT I'M  
DREAMING? YOU'RE DEAD!  
YOU CAN'T BE... ALIVE!"



JACK THE RIPPER STEPS FROM HIS TABLEAU. HIS WHISTLE  
BLEATING IN THE RED LIGHT...

"KEEP AWAY! KEEP  
AWAY!"



THE OTHERS... JOHN BARROTT, THE STRANGLER, LUCY  
BROOMAN, WITH HER AX... GEORGE CRABTREE, THE  
NOTORIOUS POISONER... FREDERICK VON MEINER, THE  
BLOODHOUND, WITH HIS CLUB... ALL OF THEM MOVE  
TOWARD THE MONUMENTAL, GOWERING HENRI NATAUD...

OUTSIDE, IN THE DARK DESERTED LONDON STREET, A  
BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM FILLS THE AIR, ECHOING  
OVER THE ORNAMENT-POLE...

NO. NO. NO.



YAAAAAHHHHHH!



THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE HOSE LANE WAYWORKS DOES NOT OPEN  
ITS DOORS, THE POLICE INVESTIGATE? THE DOORS ARE FORCED? INSIDE,  
THEY FIND A STRANGE, SMELLING A NAME TABLEAU OF WAX FIGURES STANDS  
REVERENTLY ABOUT THE BODY OF NAME NATAUD AS SHE LIES ON A WAX-  
FLOWER IMBEDDED ALTAR? AT THE FOOT OF THE ALTAR, A MASS CANDLE  
BURNS? AND IF YOU LOOK REAL HARD, YOU CAN SEE... BENEATH THE TRAN-  
SLUCENT WAX OF THE TREMENDOUS CANDLE... THE REMAINS OF HENRI  
NATAUD...

HEE-HEE? AND THAT'S MY STORY  
KIDDER? DIDN'T IT JUST MELT  
YOUR COLD HEARTS? YES, HENRI WAS  
ALL BURNED UP OVER WHAT NAME  
DID TO THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS?  
BUT HE SOON BOILED OFF... WHAT  
WAS LEFT OF HIM, THAT IS? THE  
FIGURES THAT HE AND NAME  
CREATED, CERTAINLY WERE LIFE-  
LIFE? WEREN'T  
THEY? FOR LIFE?  
LIKE IF YOU ARE  
MY NAME? DIDN'T  
CRAZY AFTER ALL,  
DID IT WAS HENRI  
WHO WAS THE  
DRIVE? SEE YOU  
NEXT IN  
THE FABLET  
OF HORROR?

GOOD  
LORD?  
LOOK?

HENRI NATAUD?  
HE... HE'S THE  
WICK... OF THE  
CANDLE?



THE  
END



YOU SAY YOU  
DON'T GET OUT MUCH?

YOU SAY IT'S A 45-MINUTE BUS TRIP, WITH A TRANSFER, TO THE COMIC BOOK SHOP? YOU SAY IT'S A HARROWING 30-MINUTE DRIVE ON THE EXPRESSWAY TO THE MALL, AND THEN A 30-MINUTE MERRY-GO-ROUND RIDE TO FIND A PARKING PLACE? YOU SAY YOUR TOWN DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A COMIC BOOK SHOP OR BOOKSTORE? IS THAT WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, BUNKY? WELL, THEN, YOU SHOULD . . .



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## CONTENTS OF GLADSTONE EC COMICS

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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELCOME TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR, HORROR FIDELS! YES, IT'S ME AGAIN... THE CRYPT-KEEPER! ONLY MORE I AM YOUR HOST IN MY MAD-HOUSE, KILLED FROM THE CRYPT! FOR MY FIRST OFFERING, I HAVE CHOSEN FROM MY VAST COLLECTION OF TERROR FABLES THAT I KEEP IN MY CRYPT... A FAVORITE OF MINE! IT'S A GRILLING STORY OF VIOLENCE AND REVENGE! I CALL THIS LITTLE EPIC...

## DRAWN AND QUARTERED!



THE YOUNG ARTIST YOU ARE WATCHING IS **MAX MOORE**. HE IS A RECENT ARRIVAL IN HAITI! HE HAS SPENT HIS LAST PENNY TO COME HOME! BACK HOME IN THE STATES, MAX WAS A FAILURE! FENTON BREEDLEY, THE ART CRITIC, SAID HIS WORK WAS POOR! ARTHUR GREEN, THE ART DEALER, COULDN'T SELL A PICTURE! AND SO, LARRY DILANT, THE FAMOUS ART COLLECTOR, HAD BOUGHT UP EVERY PAINTING THAT MAX HAD DONE.

CHEAP! IT HAD BEEN ENOUGH TO BRING MAX HOME... TO HAITI... THE ISLAND OF HOODOO!



LATER, IN A SMALL, SMOOKY-BROODY BAR, MAX SITS DEJECTEDLY AT A TABLE...

MAX! MAX MOORE! YOU OLD BEGGAR...

BOB! BOB BICKSON? WHAT A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!



THE NEWCOMER GREETES MAX WITH A WARM HANDSHAKE AND SITS DOWN.

SAY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? HOUNSHINE IT? YOU ARTISTS ARE ALL ALREADY SHabby CLOTHES...

IF I COULD AFFORD BETTER I'D BUY IT, BOB!



DON'T GIVE ME THAT, MAX! ANY ARTIST WHO SELLS FIVE BRAND A PICTURE...

WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I NEVER SOLD A PICTURE FOR MORE THAN FIFTY SUCKS BACK IN THE STATES!



THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I SAW ONE OF YOUR PAINTINGS GO FOR FIVE BRAND! IT WAS AT THE ARTHUR GREEN GALLERY! LARRY DILANT SOLD IT...

BUT... BREEDLEY? FENTON BREEDLEY, THE CRITIC, SAID MY PAINTINGS WERE BAD... SHOWED NO TALENT!



TEAR! WELL, FENTON BREEDLEY CHANGED HIS MIND! HIS COLUMNS CALL YOU A GENIUS... A MASTER! SAY... YOU STILL HAVE YOUR WORK, DON'T YOU?

THAT'S JUST IT! I SOLD THEM ALL... EVERY PICTURE... TO LARRY DILANT...



SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'VE BEEN TAKEN FOR A RYDE, MAX!

BOB! CAN YOU LET ME HAVE SOME MONEY? I'LL SELL IT... TO BUY MY REVENGE...





AND SO, LATE THAT NIGHT, MAX MOOR LEAVES PORT-AU-PRINCE AND TRAVELS INTO THE JUNGLES OF HAITI... FOLLOWING THE SOUND OF THE VOODOO DRUMS! SOON HE REACHES A CLEARING WHERE SEVERAL NATIVES ARE DANCING AND CHANTING...



MAX IS LED INTO A THATCHED HUT WHERE A WRINKLED OLD NATIVE HUGGLES OVER A SMALL FIRE...



AFTER MAX TELLS THE OLD NATIVE HIS STORY...



THE WRINKLED OLD MAN PUTS A SMALL POT UPON THE FIRE AND BEGINS A WEIRD CHANT! THEN HE TURNS TO MAX...



YOU WANT VOODOO? YOU MUST DO IT!



MAX HESITATES! HE STARES DOWN AT THE FOUL-SMELLING, BUBBLING, STEAMING CONTENTS IN THE POT! SUDDENLY HE PLUNGES HIS RIGHT HAND INTO THE BUBBLING MESS...



WHAT? IS THAT ALL? SAY! WHAT IS THIS? DON'T EAT ONE OF THOSE DOLLS TO STICK PINS INTO!



MAX CURSES THE OLD MAN FOR GLOATING HIM AND STAMPS OUT OF THE HUT. LATER, IN HIS SHABBY STUDIO, MAX PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON HIS SELF-PORTRAIT...

"BLASTED NATIVE! I MUST HAVE BEEN *CRAZY* TO THINK I COULD GET *REVENGE* WITH *WOODCO*...



THAT NIGHT, MAX CANNOT SLEEP. FINALLY HE GETS OUT OF BED, SITS DOWN AT THE TABLE AND HOLY BEING TO SKETCH THE VASE THERE...

"I'VE GOT TO GET *BACK* TO THE STORES... AND *GET* THOSE *DIRT*Y...



ANDRILLY MAX RIPS THE DRAWING OF THE VASE FROM HIS SKETCH PAD AND TEARS IT INTO TINY PIECES...

"THEY *GIVE* ME *PLENTY* IF THEY DON'T *COME* *ACROSS*. I'LL *FEAR* *EACH* OF THEM *LIKE* FROM *LINE* *LIKE* THIS..."



SUDDENLY THERE IS A CRASH BEHIND MAX! HE SPINS AROUND! THE *PAGE* HE HAD BEEN *DRAWING* IS LYING ON THE FLOOR... *SMASHED TO BITS*...

"IT... IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF THE TABLE WHEN I *TORN* UP THE... THE *DRAWING* OF IT!"



MAX STARES IN HORROR AT THE PIECES OF PAPER IN HIS HAND...

"IT... IT'S... *POODOO*!"



SWIFTLY, MAX SKETCHES THE CRUST OF BREAD THAT LIES ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO THE BARBARE CAN! THEN HE TAKES AN *BRASER* AND BURS OUT HALF OF IT...

"I'VE GOT TO BE... *JOYCE*!"



FOR A FULL MINUTE, MAX STARES AT THE CRUST OF BREAD! NOTHING HAPPENS! THEN, SUDDENLY, A *HUGE* RAT DARTS OUT FROM BEHIND THE *BARBARE* CAN AND BEGINS TO *DEVOUR* THE BREAD...

"IT *DOES* *WORK*! IT *DOES*!"



THE RAT, STARTLED BY MAX'S EXCLAMATION, DARTS AWAY LEAVING HALF OF THE GHOST UNSEEN. THE BARE HALF THAT STILL REMAINS ON THE PAPER OR MAX'S SKETCH PAD? SUDDENLY MAX GASPS! ON THE EASEL... WATCHING HIM... IS...

"GOOD LORD! MY SELF-PORTRAIT! I FINISHED IT TONIGHT?!"  
"WORD?"



MAX TAKES HIS PALETTE KNIFE AND SCRATCHES A SMALL RICK IN THE PORTRAIT'S CHEEK! THEN HE SITS DOWN TO WAIT! NOTHING HAPPENS! SOON MAX'S HEAD BEGINS TO NOD! SLEEP CREEPS UPON HIM! THEN... AS HE DOZES OFF... HE TOPPLES FORWARD!



THE FALL AWAKENS HIM! HE LIES SPRAWLED, FACE DOWNWARD ON THE FLOOR! THERE IS A SURPRISING SENSATION ON HIS CHEEK! MAX PUTS HIS HAND TO HIS FACE AND FEELS SOMETHING WET AND STICKY...

"BLOOD!"  
"I... I PUT MY FACE ON THE BROKEN VASE WHEN I FELL..."



MAX STARES WIDE-EYED IN HORROR AT HIS SELF-PORTRAIT! IT SEEMS TO BE SMILING AT HIM...

"OH LORD! MY PORTRAIT IS FRODOO, TOO! I CAN'T DESTROY IT! I'VE GOT TO PROTECT IT FROM HARM!"



THEN MAX BEGINS TO LAUGH...

"BUT... WHAT POWER I HOLD, NOW! WHAT AVENGE! I CAN HAVE ANY PICTURE I DRAW IS FRODOO! ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS TO THE PICTURE HAPPENS TO THE ORIGINAL SUBJECT!"



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, WITH A LOAN FROM BOB DICKSON, MAX FLIES TO NEW YORK. HIS PREVIOUS SELF-PORTRAIT UNDER HIS ARM.

"FIRST THING I'VE GOT TO DO IS PUT THIS PORTRAIT WHERE IT WILL BE SAFE!"



MAX GOES STRAIGHT TO HIS OLD STUDIO'S SHINY NEW BUILDING! HARRY HALLER, HIS EX-LANDLORD WHO HAD THROWN HIM OUT FOR NON-PAYMENT OF RENT, ANSWERS THE DOOR.

"WELL, MAX BOON! I SUPPOSE YOU WANT YOUR OLD STUDIO BACK, EH? WELL, IF YOU PAY ME THE BACK RENT... YOU CAN HAVE IT!"

"HERE'S YOUR BACK RENT AND A MONTH IN ADVANCE..."



THEN MAX BUYS A SAFE... LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD HIS SELF-PORTRAIT.



MAX TAKES A SHEET OF DRAWING PAPER AND SKETCHES A PICTURE OF HARRY HALLER, THE LANDLORD.



MAX TAKES AN ERASER AND RUBS OUT ONE OF MR. HALLER'S EYES.



SUDDENLY, OUTSIDE, THERE IS A SHRIEK OF DRAGS AND A SCREAM OF PAIN! MAX RUSHES TO THE WINDOW! ON THE STREET, A CAR WHO HAS BATTERED! MR. HALLER HAS BEEN RUN OVER BY A CAR.



HIS LEG IS CRUSHED! HE'LL HAVE TO AMPUTATE!

THEN, MAX TAKES ONLY A SLICE OF PAPER AND DRAWS THE FACE OF PENTON BREEDLY. THE ART CONTINUES.



DO YOU LIKE IT, MR. ER, BREEDLY? YOU LOOKED AT MY PICTURES AND SAID THEY WERE NO GOOD, ER? WELL...

MAX TAKES AN ERASER AND ERASES THE EYES ON BREEDLY'S PORTRAIT...



WELL... NOW YOU'LL NEVER SEE ANOTHER PICTURE AGAIN...

FAR ACROSS THE CITY, PENTON BREEDLY SCREAMS IN PAIN! HIS WIFE HAS JUST FLUNG ACID AT HIS FACE...



THERE! THAT WILL FIX YOU! NOW WHEN YOU'LL SPEND MORE TIME WITH ME! FROM, MAYBE YOU WON'T BE SUCH A LASCIVIOUS MAN!

ON A THIRD SHEET OF PAPER, MAX DRAWS A LIKENESS OF ARTHUR GREEN, ART DEALER.

YOU LIED TO ME, ARTHUR! YOU TOLD ME MY PICTURES WERE *WORTHLESS*... THAT YOU COULDN'T *SELL* THEM! THEN YOU *DIED*... WHEN THEY WERE *NO LONGER MINE*!



WITH THE ERASER, MAX OBLITERATES ARTHUR'S HANDS...

THAT WAS AN *UNDERHANDED TRICK*, GREEN! YES! *UNDER-HANDED!* SO... NO HANDS FOR YOU, ANYMORE!



IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE GREEN GALLERIES, ARTHUR SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR... SHEDDING IN PAIN.

SOMEbody GET AN AMBULANCE! MR GREEN JUST CAUGHT HIS HANDS IN THE *SN MATT-CUTTER*!



IN HIS STUDIO, MAX MOONWITS BEFORE HIS DEATH PAD...GASPING FOR BREATH.

AIR! I NEED AIR! I'M SUFFOCATING! I CAN'T BREATHE!



SUDDENLY MAX REALIZES WHAT IS HAPPENING! HE STUMBLES TO THE SAFE THE ROOM SPENDING BEFORE HEATER...

AIR TIGHT...SAFE? PORTRAIT...SUFFOCATING! GOT TO...GET IT...OUT...INTO THE AIR...



JUST AS EVERYTHING SEEMS BLAM MAX MANAGES TO OPEN THE SAFE! HE LIES BEFORE IT, SUCKING IN THE COOL AIR...

GASP...THE SAFE IS NO GOOD! I'VE GOT TO FIND A *BETTER SPOT!* THE GASP PORTRAIT NEEDS AIR...



MAX GOES TO THE CLOSET! HE PUTS THE PORTRAIT INSIDE! IN THE ROOF OF THE CLOSET IS A KEY-LIGHT...

THIS IS A GOOD SPOT! I CAN OPEN THE KEY-LIGHT SLIGHTLY AND LOCK THE DOOR!



MAX TURNS THE SMALL CRANK! THAT OPENS THE SKY-LIGHT TO ADMIT AIR! THEN HE CLOSSES THE DOOR! INSIDE THE CLOSET, HIS SELF-PORTRAIT SMILES UP AT THE DAYLIGHT...



THE NEXT DAY, THE NEWSPAPERS CARRY THE STORIES OF THE UN-FORTUNATE ACCIDENTS TO HALLEY AND BREEDLY AND GREEN...

NOW IT'S TIME FOR ME TO SEE LAWRENCE DILFANT... THE MAN WHO PROFITED THE MOST... BY BUYING MY PAINTINGS CHEAP AND SELLING THEM AT A HIGH PRICE...



AS MAX MOORE LEAVES HIS STUDIO, UP ON THE ROOF, A SIGN PAINTER REACHES HIS PAINTS ON A SCAFFOLD, RIPPING A BILLBOARD...



MAX MAKES HIS WAY DOWN THE STEPS INTO THE SUBWAY...

IT WON'T TAKE MUCH FOR ME TO CONVINCE DILFANT TO HAND OVER SOME OF THE MONEY THAT'S DUE ME...



UP ON THE SCAFFOLD, THE SIGN-PAINTER ACCIDENTALLY KICKS A LARGE CAN OF TURPENTINE...

GRAT IT! THERE GOES MY TURPES!



THE CAN OF TURPENTINE PLUMMETS DOWNWARD, CRASHING THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT...



IN THE SUBWAY STATION, A HORRIFIED CROWD GATHERS, STANDING DOWN AT THE REMAINS OF MAX MOORE UNDER THE HUGE WHEELS OF THE SECOND CAR OF THE SUBWAY TRAIN...

WE... WE JUST FELL AS THE TRAIN PULLED IN!

GOOD LORD! LOOK ... AT WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM!



BACK IN MAX MOORE'S STUDIO... IN THE CLOSET... THE CAN OF TURPENTINE THAT CRASHED THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT EMPTIED OUT... RUNNING DOWN OVER MAX'S SELF-PORTRAIT... HORRIBLY DISTORTING THE NO LONGER SMILING FACE PAINTED UPON THE CANVAS...



HER, NOW? WELL, KIDNES? THAT'S MY STORY! DO YOU BELIEVE IN VOODOO, NOW? OF COURSE, MAX MOORE'S VOODOO POWERS MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SERIES OF COINCIDENTAL ACCIDENTS! WHO'S TO SAY PENTON BREEDLY IS BLIND? HARRY HALLEY HAS ONE LEG! ARTHUR GREEN NO LONGER HAS HANDS! I DON'T THINK WE CAN ASK THEM! THEY WENT BE PREJUDICED! AND POOR MAX! HE'D BE NO HELP! MAX WAS DOING ALL RIGHT, TOO, UNTIL THAT SIGN PAINTER KICKED THE BUCKET! THAT WAS WHEN MAX DID! WELL, NO ON TO THE RAIL! - KEEPER! HE'S GOT ANOTHER HORROR YARN TO SPIN! AND IF YOU STILL HAVEN'T GOT SACK ISSUES, MY COLUMN, THE GRIP! - KEEPER'S CORNER WILL TELL YOU, NOW!



# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEN, HEN! GREETINGS SHOULD I LET ME SEE? WHAT HORROR STORY FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION OF CHILLERS THAT I KEEP HERE IN MY VAULT CAN I PALPITATE YOUR LITTLE CAGGERS WITH THIS TIME? YES, IT'S ME AGAIN. YOUR HOST IN HORROR, THE PAULY-KEEPER! AN, I KNOW! HERE'S A DELIGHTFUL SPINE-TIMBLER THAT WILL CURDLE THE MARROW IN YOUR BONES! IT'S A FAVORITE OF MINE THAT I AFFECTIONATELY CALL

## THE BORROWED BODY!



HIGH UP OVER SMOKEY PINK SKYLINE, IN AN ELABORATELY FURNISHED PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN PACED THE PLOSH-CARPETED FLOOR NERVOUSLY. SMOOKING CIGARETTE AFTER CIGARETTE! FROM TIME TO TIME SHE GLANCES ANXIOUSLY AT THE FRONT DOOR. ESPECIALLY FORMALLY THE CHIMES STARTLE HER AND SHE RUSHES TO THE DOOR AND FLINGS IT OPEN.

YOU'RE LATE, FRED! COME IN!

YOU'RE CRAZY, SANDRA. INVITING ME HERE! IF YOUR HUSBAND FOUND OUT ABOUT US, HE'D DIVORCE YOU IN A MINUTE! THEN WE'D LOSE THE DOG!





DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM, FRED! HERBERT HAS A BOARD MEETING TONIGHT! HE WON'T BE HOME TILL LATE!

THIS MEETING SECRETLY IS DRIVING ME NUTS, SANDRA! WHEN ARE WE GOING TO KNOCK HIM OFF?



FORGOTT! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER, EITHER, FRED! I WANT TO BE RID OF HIM FOR GOOD!

C'MERE, SANDY! YOU LOOK HAVING, TONIGHT!



NO, FRED! WE'VE GOT A LOT TO TALK ABOUT. PLANS TO MAKE.

OKAY. AFTER JUST ONE LITTLE KISS...



FINALLY FRED RELUCTANTLY RELEASES SANDRA BORSAI, WIFE OF THE WEALTHY CORPORATION EXECUTIVE, HERBERT BORSAI, FROM HIS EMBRACE OF SOLES TO THE BAR AND POURS HIMSELF A DRINK...

OHAY, SANDRA. SHOOT! WHAT'S THE FITCH?

HERBERT ALWAYS WALKS HOME FROM BOARD MEETINGS! YOU'LL WAIT FOR HIM IN A CERTAIN ALLEY.



AND SO WE LEAVE THE PLOTTING LOVERS AND CROSS TOWN TO AN IMPPOSING OFFICE BUILDING! THE BOARD MEETING OF THE BORSAI INVESTMENT COMPANY IS JUST BREAKING UP...

SAY, HERBERT! WHO'S THIS FRED HUNTER?

WHT, HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE, COOPER! HAVEN'T BEEN HIM FOR MONTHS...



OH! I'VE BEEN HIM WITH YOUR WIFE SEVERAL TIMES! JUST YESTERDAY! AS A MATTER OF FACT! YOU SAY YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR A WHILE...

OH, YES! MY WIFE, EMP YOU SURE, COOPER? SANDRA NEVER MENTIONED IT! ARE YOU SURE IT WAS SANDRA?



WELL, REALLY, HERE! IF IT WAS JUST ONCE - IT WOULD BE A MISTAKE! BUT I'VE SEEN THEM TOGETHER... OH... FIVE OR SIX TIMES!

HEH, HEH! WELL, FRED'S AN OLD FLAME OF SANDRA'S. THEY'RE PROBABLY JUST... FRIENDS... NOW!



NOW THAT THE SEED OF DOUBT IS PLANTED IN HERBERT DORSAY'S JEALOUS BRAIN...LET'S GO BACK ACROSS TOWN TO THE DORSAY PENTHOUSE, EH?

YOU'D BETTER GO NOW, FRED! NOT EVERYTHING STRAIGHT?

RIGHT? I KNOW THE SPOT! HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM! I'VE GOT, BABY!



SUDDENLY, AS HERBERT PASSES A DARKENED ALLEY, A SHADOWY FIGURE RUSHES AT HIM...A LENGTH OF HEAVY PIPE POSES...

WHAT THE...  
GOOD LORD!



HERBERT BEGINS TO RUN WILDLY DOWN THE DARK STREET. HIS ATTACKER CLOSE AT HIS HEELS! AS THEY DASH ACROSS AN INTERSECTION, A SPEEDING TRUCK SUDDENLY LOOMS BEFORE THEM...IT'S BRAKE'S SHRIeking...

LOOK OUT...



SOON AFTER FRED HUNTSON LEAVES THE DORSAY HOME, HERBERT LEAVES THE OFFICE BUILDING...

SURE I CAN'T GIVE YOU A LIFT, HERB?

NO, THANKS, COOPER! I ALWAYS WALK...



DOWN THE DARK DESERTED STREETS BETWEEN THE TOWERING SILENT BUILDINGS HERBERT DORSAY MOVES...THINKING...

SANDS...AND FRED! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! COOPER MUST BE MISTAKEN! STILL...



SOMEHOW, HERBERT MANAGES TO SIDE-STEP THE ATTACK AND THE EMPTY SILENCE OF THE DESERTED STREET IS SHATTERED BY THE IMPACT OF THE METAL PIPE AGAINST THE STREETLIGHT POLE...



HERBERT DORSAY FRIGES, PANTING, AGAINST A BUILDING! THE CONFUSED TRUCK DRIVER GETS OUT OF HIS CAB! BEFORE THE BLOODSTAINED BUMPER OF THE TRUCK, BATHED IN THE BLINDING GLARE OF THE HEADLIGHTS, LIES A STILL FIGURE!

CRAZY POOL! RAN RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME!

IT...IT'S FRED HUNTSON! HE... HE TRIED TO KILL ME!



DOWN IN HER LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, SANDRA COMBAT SMILES TO HERSELF AS SHE LOULDS ON A CHAIRS- LOUNGE! "BY NOW SHE MURDER, IT'S ALL OVER!" SUDDENLY THE DOOR CRIES WIPE THE SMILE FROM HER LOVELY FACE...



FAR ACROSS THE SLEEPING CITY AN AMBULANCE SCREAMS INTO THE RECEIVING HAMP OF THE EMERGENCY WINGS OF A HOSPITAL AND WHINES TO A STOP! A WHITE-SHIRTED, BLOOD-STAINED FORM ON A STRETCHER IS REMOVED FROM THE TAWNING NEAR DOORS...



MEANWHILE SANDRA IS OPENING THE PENTHOUSE DOOR...



WHY, I, NO, NOBODY! IT'S JUST THAT... YOU'RE ALL MURDERED... UP! WHAT...



...AS AT THE HOSPITAL...



...WHILE AT THE PENTHOUSE...



PUT DOWN THAT FORK, SANDRA! PUT IT DOWN!



AND ACROSS TOWN, IN THE EMERGENCY WINGS OF THE HOSPITAL...



BUT, EXACTLY AT THAT MOMENT,  
IN THE CORSEY PENTHOUSE...



SANDRA STANDS OVER THE  
PROSTRATE FORM OF HER HUSBAND...



WHILE AT THE HOSPITAL, THE DOCTOR HAS JUST  
COVERED FRED HUNTSON'S FACE WITH THE SHEET



HEH, HEH! WHO WOULDN'T BE SHOCKED, EH, FIDDEE? HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WAKE UP IN **JONEBODY ELSE'S BODY?** YES! THE EXACT MOMENT THAT **FRED HUNTSON DIED**, **HERBERT DORSAY WAS MURDERED** BY HIS WIFE! BUT SOMETHING **STRANGE** WAS HAPPENED. SOMETHING **BEYOND** HERBERT DORSAY **ISN'T DEAD!** HE'S **ALIVE...** IN **FRED HUNTSON'S BODY!** ISN'T **THIS** AN **INTERESTING DEVELOPMENT?**



SOON THE POLICE ARRIVE AT THE DORSAY PENTHOUSE IN ANSWER TO SANDRA'S FRANTIC CALL...

HE TRIED TO **KILL ME... SOB!** I... ALL RIGHT, MRS. DORSAY! **CALM DOWN!** STRUCK HIM WITH THE **POKER!** **TAKE IT EASY!** I... I **DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT HIM** SO HARD... **SOB...**



THE NEIGHBORS CORROBORATE MRS. DORSAY'S STORY...

YES! WE HEARD THE **WHOLE THING!** THE **BEAST!** HE WAS **BEATING** HER...



SHE **SCREAMED** BEGGED HIM TO **STOP!** SHE **WANT** HAVE **HELP** HIM...

SANDRA IS **BOOKED** FOR **MAN- SLAUGHTER** BUT IS **RELEASED** ON **BAIL!** IT IS **ALMOST CERTAIN** THAT A **TRIAL** WILL **FIND** THAT SHE **KILLED** HERBERT IN **SELF-DEFENSE!** MEAN- WHILE AT THE **HOSPITAL...**

TIME FOR YOUR **MEDICINE**, MR. **HUNTSON!** I... HE'S **GONE!**



DOCTOR! DOCTOR! MR. **HUNTSON...** THE **PATIENT** IN **SOB!** HE'S **GONE...** HIS **BED'S EMPTY!**

**IMPOSSIBLE!** THE **MAN** WAS **HIT** BY A **STROKE!**



AT HER PENTHOUSE, SANDRA CALLS THE HOSPITAL...

I'M **CALLING** TO **FIND** OUT THE **CONDITION** OF A **MR. FRED HUNTSON!** I **UNDERSTAND** HE WAS **TAKEN...** **WHAT?**... **GONE?**... **BUT...**



SANDRA **OPENS** HER **PENTHOUSE DOOR!** THERE... **STAND- ING** IN A **POOL** OF **BLOOD...** I...



**FRED!**

**NO, SANDRA!** YOU'RE **WIFING...**



**THE BROKEN BODY MOVES TOWARD HER...**

**"I'M HERBERT. YOUR HUSBAND."**

**"NO! NO! FRED! LISTEN TO ME! YOU'RE DELICIOUS."**



**"HERBERT'S DEAD, FRED! I KILLED HIM!" THE POLICE THINK IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE! WE'RE SAFE.**

**"FRED IS THE ONE WHO'S DEAD. I AM HERBERT... IN FRED'S BODY."**



**"KEEP AWAY FROM ME, FRED! KEEP AWAY! YOU'RE... YOU'RE MAD!"**

**"YOU THOUGHT YOU KILLED ME WHEN YOU STRUCK ME WITH THIS POWER... DON'T YOU, SANDRA?"**



**"POWER?" HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE POWER, FRED? HOW DO YOU... OH, LORD, NO!"**

**"YES, SANDRA! NOW YOU'RE DOPPELGÄNGER, AREN'T YOU? AND DON'T TRY TO HET MY GUN. THAT I KEEP IN THE DEER DRAWER..."**



**"OH, GOD? YOU ARE HERBERT? YOU ARE..."**

**"THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU ALL ALONG."**

**HIGH UP OVER EMMETT PARK AVENUE, FROM THE ELABORATELY FURNISHED PENTHOUSE APARTMENT OF HERBERT AND SANDRA CORLEY, COMES AN EAR-SPLITTING SHRIEK THAT ECHOES OVER THE DARK SILENT BUILDING, A SHRIEK OF A WOMAN IN THE THROTS OF DEATH.**



**"WELL, MEN! AND THAT'S MY TALE, DEAR FIVE FIVE! SANDRA TOOK A LITTLE DOPPELGÄNGER TO REALIZE THAT IT WAS REALLY HERBERT IN FRED'S BODY! THEN, SHE FINALLY GOT IT... BUT GODD... THEY FOUND SANDRA'S BODY... AND FRED'S TOO. STONE COLD DEAD! WELL, AFTER ALL, HOW LONG CAN A GUY WHO'S BEEN HIT BY A TRUCK LAST, ANYWAY? ON BY THE WAY! IF YOU WANT TO SEE HOW LONG YOU CAN LAST... JUST SEND FOR BACK ISSUES! THE INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET 'EM IS IN THE GUYFEE-KEEPER'S CORNER!"**



## THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

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Public Health – Health Care



I love your stories. Your stories are better than the Vault-  
Keeper's. (I think the Vault-Keeper is a stupid idiot.)  
Goodbye for now, your friend forever.

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 105–112

I love your stories. The Old Witch and The Vault-Keeper are fantastic.

Region	Population	Area	Population Density
North America	300,000,000	24,709,000 km <sup>2</sup>	12.1
Europe	725,000,000	10,180,000 km <sup>2</sup>	71.2
Asia	3,600,000,000	44,000,000 km <sup>2</sup>	81.8
Africa	600,000,000	30,370,000 km <sup>2</sup>	19.8
South America	350,000,000	17,840,000 km <sup>2</sup>	19.6
Oceania	35,000,000	14,960,000 km <sup>2</sup>	2.3

Are The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch your friends? Tell The Vault-Keeper I said Hi and tell The Old Witch she's a babe!

I want to see your work. I want to see your work. I want to see your work.

18 Lodge St  
Medford, MA 02155

The story "Scared to Death" in issue #8 was the best story in that book. The worst story was The Old Witch's, that really sucked. Please print my address.

Daily Center 7027 F. Randall Pl.  
Chico, CA 95926

Flow around cylinder with two airfoils. — 20

I am a big fan of CRYPT and also watch your shows. What I like is that it has scary stories. I think CRYPT should [be] a minute in movie theaters. There are few scary movies like it.

Topic	Page
Topic 1	Page 1
Topic 2	Page 2
Topic 3	Page 3
Topic 4	Page 4
Topic 5	Page 5
Topic 6	Page 6
Topic 7	Page 7
Topic 8	Page 8
Topic 9	Page 9
Topic 10	Page 10
Topic 11	Page 11
Topic 12	Page 12
Topic 13	Page 13
Topic 14	Page 14
Topic 15	Page 15
Topic 16	Page 16
Topic 17	Page 17
Topic 18	Page 18
Topic 19	Page 19
Topic 20	Page 20
Topic 21	Page 21
Topic 22	Page 22
Topic 23	Page 23
Topic 24	Page 24
Topic 25	Page 25
Topic 26	Page 26
Topic 27	Page 27
Topic 28	Page 28
Topic 29	Page 29
Topic 30	Page 30
Topic 31	Page 31
Topic 32	Page 32
Topic 33	Page 33
Topic 34	Page 34
Topic 35	Page 35
Topic 36	Page 36
Topic 37	Page 37
Topic 38	Page 38
Topic 39	Page 39
Topic 40	Page 40
Topic 41	Page 41
Topic 42	Page 42
Topic 43	Page 43
Topic 44	Page 44
Topic 45	Page 45
Topic 46	Page 46
Topic 47	Page 47
Topic 48	Page 48
Topic 49	Page 49
Topic 50	Page 50
Topic 51	Page 51
Topic 52	Page 52
Topic 53	Page 53
Topic 54	Page 54
Topic 55	Page 55
Topic 56	Page 56
Topic 57	Page 57
Topic 58	Page 58
Topic 59	Page 59
Topic 60	Page 60
Topic 61	Page 61
Topic 62	Page 62
Topic 63	Page 63
Topic 64	Page 64
Topic 65	Page 65
Topic 66	Page 66
Topic 67	Page 67
Topic 68	Page 68
Topic 69	Page 69
Topic 70	Page 70
Topic 71	Page 71
Topic 72	Page 72
Topic 73	Page 73
Topic 74	Page 74
Topic 75	Page 75
Topic 76	Page 76
Topic 77	Page 77
Topic 78	Page 78
Topic 79	Page 79
Topic 80	Page 80
Topic 81	Page 81
Topic 82	Page 82
Topic 83	Page 83
Topic 84	Page 84
Topic 85	Page 85
Topic 86	Page 86
Topic 87	Page 87
Topic 88	Page 88
Topic 89	Page 89
Topic 90	Page 90
Topic 91	Page 91
Topic 92	Page 92
Topic 93	Page 93
Topic 94	Page 94
Topic 95	Page 95
Topic 96	Page 96
Topic 97	Page 97
Topic 98	Page 98
Topic 99	Page 99
Topic 100	Page 100

Don't forget Amicus did a CRYPT and a VAULT during the 70s. People say they're on video, with the VAULT now labeled CRYPT II.

I love the comic **GHOST**! Am you a girl or a boy? I hate the other creepy comics, like **THE VALLEY OF HORROR**. They suck! The only creepy comic I like is yours. You is the best comedian.

David Williams	Jeff Williams, MD
----------------	-------------------

"Bats in My Belfry" from *OTWPT* all was a fun story I recognized ("The Living Death") as Poe's "Facts in The Case of M. Valdemar" cleverly updated Graham Ingels was the perfect choice to illustrate the loopy tale. Poe and Ingels just seem to go together. I'm remembering his first work on the "Case of Amorynthe" adaptation "Good Bad Women" in *Crime* #9.

Duncan Reynolds's story was a gruesome little tale of a man with a hunger for literature. I wonder what book he was reading, perhaps "Frankenstein"?

By the way, on "Tales from the Cryptkeeper" the stories are obviously not EC, and your face is green. What's the deal with those cartoon guys?

Barry Goldwater

[illegible]

CWRT all kinds built my favorite stories: "Bats in My Betty" (faithfully reprinted in Vol. 1 of the Random House books) and "Scared to Ghost". The Old Witch is a major treat! "The Living Death" is boring and cheap. "Midnight Smack!" predictable and obvious.

In issue #9 you seemed upset because no 14-year-old wrote to you. So, here I am. Here's what I thought of issue #9.

**"The Trophy," Brilliant! Awesomed! Loved It!** "Jud, You're Not Yourself Today!" Disappointing. The worst story in the world!

"Loved to 'Death'" Not bad at all. I really liked the ending

"The Worker in War" Excellent! One of the best! Just one problem. What the "!" is Lucy Fordham?

My favorite episode of HBO's "Futurama" is "The Sweddy" (others will it screen?)

Which issues are "The Reluctant Vampire" and "Abner Cadaver" gonna be in? If anyone else wants to write, I look all yours. United we stand.

Myron J. Jones  
Rockville, MD 47670

"Larry Bordenman took an ax and gave her mother 40 whacks. When she saw what Larry done, Lissy Borden joined the fun."

"The Butch" is in CRYPT 39, yet to come, or get it now in GLAD CRYPT 8. "Palustris" was in VAULT 9, get it now. "Ade" wasn't the title of an EC story. Give me a two sentence plotline and I'll do it. —C

You are my idea. I'm a 14 year old girl I collect your comics and cards, and I hope your shoes, except the ones on PCD on Saturday because they cut all the good parts out! I celebrate Halloween year round. I'm a really gay person I have over developed my sick vocabulary. So when do we start getting some Good shirts out???

give much thanks to John Raseff for bringing you back from the dead on your show. I must see your cards are a real kick in the teeth to him. I would like to hear from Mike Torrey who wrote you a letter in CRNYT #9. I draw a lot. I've been in many art shows. I draw a lot of skulls and corpses. Please print my address. Mike writes me. Thanks, CRNYT, for making me life (or death) a very experience!

Paula Santoro 2003 Miss French Life  
Cambridge, MA 21854

And I draw Neal Ed says, "T-shirts featuring HBO CE in next catalog. Will have about 8 to choose from. Plus, 1 exclusive to EC Comics." Tense little gesture. Isn't he?

—CE

I really dug "The Trophy!" in *Crypt 400*. Your trophy room is the greatest. Did you bag them all yourself? Is the picture of your trophy room it looks like VN's mouth is stern shut, is that the only way you could have his silent?

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I'm a big fan o' yours, I came out from da fires of Hell just to read your mag. You've been comin' very popular, or so I heard. You're on show, cards, Kards, and I heard about some toys coming out soon.



Bottom half of a smokin' sheet received here. Part of the signature was burned off. "Dark Demos..." Hm. Maybe it was "Dark Demosities." —CK

I enjoyed reading CRYPT number 7. "Reflection of Death!" was a neat idea, having the reader being the person in the story. But then they ruined the illusion by showing the face of the character and then giving him the name Al. The chances of the name of the reader being Al is rather remote, so it would have been better to refer to the character as "you."

The Feldman cover for CRYPT #8 seemed weak compared to the one that he did for #6. Those covers that require a talk balloon to carry them over are seldom as good as those (without) 'you have no doubt noticed that Jack Davis never had balloons in any of his cover illustrations. Davis seemed to be a very versatile artist as he did good work in the war and SF comics as well as in the horror mag.

Warren Standiford Sunnyvale, CA

I have a beach towel, watch, cup holder, poster, two shirts, a pen and the HBO TV show cards of you. I also have some issues of CRYPT. I think the story in #6 ("Scared to Death?") was great! Obviously yours.

Conry Goffin West Hartford, CT

P.S. I wrote this letter with the Crypt-Keeper pen.

You best you couldn't e-mail it through the CryptNet! —CK

It's good to see something new in the field of comic books today. I mean there are too many super heroes out there. That is why I like EC comics so much! They are my number one! So I give EC two skulls up!

Personally, the Crypt-Keeper is the best out of all three! Say hi to the Cryptler for me!

Eric Johnson Goldboro NC

I love every EC comic. I especially like your horror comics. I am planning to get the (hardback) COMPLETE CRYPT very soon because I think it is the best horror comic ever made.

Adam Owens Englewood, CO

I am a big fan of you and your show on HBO. If you have a fan club please please please send an application to join. I really, really, really, really would like to join.

Conry Agas Martineville, WA

We don't operate a fan club, but other fans did! You should see The Vault-Keeper's "Fan Club News" page, which ran in HAUNT, INCREDIBLE SF and CRIME 9-1 last month! —CK

I noticed that "The Thing From The Sea!" in CRYPT #4 is almost identical to "The Upper Berth" By F. Marion Crawford, but no credit was given to him. He wrote it in the 1880s.

I see someone has already noticed the similarity between "The Death" and "White Powder." Also no credit was given. Is it not necessary in comic book stories?

Jack Barnes Dallas, TX

As we've indicated in these pages before, sometimes you borrow an idea and sometimes you borrow the plot it's stored in, too. And sometimes you remember to say thanks, and sometimes you don't. That's business. —CK

I have a question. At the beginning of your TV show you show the comic book the story is in, I was wondering if you have any of those comic books? The comic book with The Vault-Keeper's face, Old Witch's face and your face.

Chad J. Ben Peachtree City, GA



These are done just for the show. Miss Yeasberg did TV Crypt-Keeper at right. Compare to Jack Davis' portrait of me from CRYPT 17. —CK



I'm 12 years old and I never could find the CRYPT comic until I went to sleepaway camp to an outside mall. The comic store only had CRYPT 9.

I think that if you put more blood in your tales it would improve the comics. It would be more realistic.

Jon Salasch New York, NY

When I was 11, we didn't have time to shop at sleepaway camp 'cause we were fighting off predators! —CK

I love your comics! Your stories are wonderful! I love it at the end of your stories when you make funny comments.

Please print my address: people who like your comics can write to me, and I'll write back.

Reside 611, 14 years old 7 Park ST Shortsville, NY 14546

I love your tales. They're so creepy. Your spookier than The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch. How come in your show you're dead but in the comic you're not? Creepily yours,

Chris Drake Vineland, NJ

Why in the TV show on FOX is the Crypt-Keeper bald and has no skin when the one in the comic book is the total opposite?

Harold Craft Rockaway, NJ

I [am] a fan of your CRYPT reprints. I have also been a fan of the HBO show "Tales from the Crypt" for a while but the only thing from the show I don't like is The Crypt-Keeper. I expected him to be more like the comic books.

Raul Marston Houston, TX

I am a bit disturbed by your comments about the Crypt-Keeper's voice on the TV show and the cartoon (as mentioned in CRYPT #6). I can do several voice impressions very well, but my favorite is the Crypt-Keeper's voice because I can do it excellently (although the laugh is tricky). So if the Crypt-Keeper ever needs a back-up vocalist, I'm hanging around! Any other horror-themed bolts and ghouls out there? I could use a pen pal, write to me. Pleasant screams.

Jarrod Brito (CK, Jr.) 8031 Anderson ST Thornton, CO 80229

HBO/FOI's Cit is a victim of external litigation: I have no argument with TY-Keeper's voice per se, but it isn't a *certain* ex-voice event!

100

Hi I'm Tricia. When I got done reading *CRUFT #7*, I loved it. Then I let my friend Tabbie read it. She said it was cool. My favorite story from it was "Voodoo Death". How old are you? This is my first letter. I hope you like it. Well, see you!

Total Weighted Score: 100%

1000

I am old and I appreciate a well-written, well-spelled legit letter from a young person, especially when they are SO young! Congratulations! —CJ

100

I got my first EC comic a couple weeks ago. I'm 9 years old. I've read it for my favorite story in the book is "Bats in My Belfry." I agree with David Brewer. GW sucks big time. They should take my advice and shoot WW right between the eyes. They should have an EC comic that only has you and your stories. I gotta go now.

100

[illegible]

Had round shooting VC in the head doesn't even make him angry (It does get his attention). I know, I tried it. And I want my back head!

10

I love your show! I watch it whenever I can. I just got my first CRONYT comic and pack of cards. I love them! I brought them to school and everybody wanted to look at them! Mom and my friend decided to start a Crypt Club! It will be amazing! I love your attitude! I can't believe my sister doesn't like you! I'm 11 years old.

100

1000

[illegible]

10

My name is Matt Smith. I am ten years old. I wrote to you before. I have some questions to ask you. 1) Do you like Mortal Kombat guys? 2) Are you rich? If you are could you send me a CRYPTIC comic? 3) Did you ever kill somebody? 4) Do you like to play sports? 5) Can you send me a picture of yourself? And sign your name on it! I know I am asking for a lot, but it would be real nice if you did.

I have two more questions to ask you. A) What is your favorite animal? B) Do you like Benson and Hedges?

**Table 1**

1000

3) I like them, but foresee no long term relationships. 4) Sure, I'm right! And, I got that way by NOT giving away critical 5) Someone pushed! 6) I played basketball for the NY Yankees football team in 1948. 7) Why should I learn to write just for you? 8) I don't like to write. 9) Didn't I just answer that? —C—

100

I just love your comics! My brother has [handbeats?] books of you! My favorite issue is CRYPT #9. I would love a pen pal! Also, can you give me a free comic and I will give you a story called "The Switch." But you have to give me the comic first, ok?

1000

1000

Portugal, L.A., and A. A. Azeiteiro

Blackwell, 497 West, EC already has a story titled "The Switch" (see above), so you'll have to up the ante to get a fractionally even deal. **Hold** —C

100

I just read CRYPT #9. It was cool! Two tales in that issue were adapted by the HBO series. My favorite tale from your magazine is "The Works in Wax".

1999

100

You're the best out of the three. All your stories are the best. My favorite is "Bats in My Bathtub." What is your favorite? Well, tell them to keep making them cool.

1000

**Figure 1**

You are awesome! Just plain awesome! I love your comics. Actually, some of the stories are weird but I just don't care! He and my sister started collecting your comics. They're great! I've watched your show so many times!

[illegible]

Figure 1

[illegible]

MAST (3 club board team)	
Byla Aggar	West (Sag., Pa)
ERT Bauer	Midwest, 87
Bruce Laird	Eastern, 84
Jason Macauli	Old Forge, Pa
Mike Probstman	Manchester, MD
Robby Robinson	London, 86
Sean Smith	Que Pasa, n.
Eric Susskind	Horrocks Pl, n.
Tom (The Farmer) Swanson	San Ramon, CA
Steven Williams	Regina, MD

Also available this month are **WHEEL SCIENCE** and **SHOCK**. Watch for **MAST**, **WHEEL FANTASY** and **TWO-PARTS** next month. Don't forget **MAST**, **WHEEL SCIENCE FICTION** and **CRASH**. See them at your local comic book shop or **WHEELS** (see our ad in this month's *For Dummies*).

**BLACK HILLS: CRYPT #1, \$3 each (subject to availability) and others up to \$100 each. #1, \$1.50 each. #2 and up, \$2 each. Add \$6 per order. \$100 outside US for \$10.**

Writing by  
 JAMES  
 HENRY CLAYTON  
 FROM THE  
 LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THIS COMIC REPRINTS  
TALES FROM THE GREAT "ONE" 1914 DETROIT RUN



HERE'S A HAIR-RAISING TALE OF  
TERROR! I CALL THIS ONE...

# INDIAN BURIAL MOUND



WILLIAM-AL  
HID 14 DIESEL



OLD HIRAM BECKER RAISED HIS HAND TO SHADE HIS  
EYES FROM THE BLARING SUN AND GAZED DOWN THE  
DIRTY ROAD AT THE CLOUD OF DUST MOVING TOWARD  
HIM...

WHEN? HERE COMES THAT  
DIFT FELLER WHO'S INTERESTED  
IN BUYIN' MY FARM! RIGHT  
ON TIME, TOO!

SOON A SLEEK, BUZZY AUTOMOBILE DREW UP AND A  
YOUNG MAN GOT OUT...

YOU THE FELLER WHAT  
CALLED ME ON THE  
PHONE 'BOUT BUYIN'  
THE FARM?

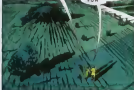
THAT'S RIGHT! YOU  
MUST BE HIRAM BECKER!  
MY NAME IS **NOT**  
MADISON.



HIRAM TURNED AND GESTICULATED TOWARD THE OPEN FIELDS AND THE RAMSHACKLE FARM HOUSE.

WELL, THAN SHE IS! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

PERFECT! EXACTLY! WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!



YOU MEAN YOU STILL WANT TO BUY 'EM?

OF COURSE! THE LISTING SAID YOUR ASKING PRICE WAS SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! IS THAT CORRECT?



YEP! YOU CAN HAVE 'EM. LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL FOR THAT AMOUNT!

GOOD! THEN IT'S A DEAL! SHALL WE GO UP TO THE HOUSE AND SIGN THE NECESSARY PAPERS?



HIRAM GOT INTO BOB'S CAR AND THEY DROVE UP THE DUSTY ROAD TO THE HOUSE.

SAY, YOUNG FELLER! SO AHEAD, OLD TIMER! MIND IF I ASK YOU A QUESTION?



YOU'RE NO FARMER! I CAN TELL THAT! WHAT DO YOU WANT THIS OLD FARM FOR, ANTIQUARY?

I'M GOING TO TURN IT INTO AN AIRPORT AND FLYING SCHOOL. MR. BECKER!



AIRPORT! FLYING SCHOOL!

IT'S A PERFECT LOCATION. JUST OFF THE MAIN HIGHWAY. FIVE MILES FROM TOWN! AND LOOK AT IT! THE LAND IS PERFECT! ALMOST FLAT! EXCEPT FOR THAT SMALL HILL OUT THERE...



AND A BULL-DOZER WILL LEVEL THAT OFF IN JO TIME! HURRAH!

YOU HNT GONNA BULL-DOZE THAT INDIAN MOUND, MR. MADISON, ARE YOU? I WOULDNT ADVISE IT!





INDIAN MOUND?  
WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S A SCORIAL  
MOUND! THE INDIANS  
THAT ONCE ROAMED  
THESE PARTS BURIED  
THEIR DEAD UNDER  
MOUNDS LIKE THAT  
ONE!



WELL...IT  
WILL HAVE  
TO GO!

I WOULDN'T TOUCH  
THAT MOUND IF I  
WERE YOU, MR. MAD-  
ISON! BEST MY FAN-  
ROWS GO AROUND IT!  
THERE'S A LEGEND  
ABOUT THEM INDIAN  
MOUNDS!



ANYONE WHO VI-  
OLATES THE RESTING  
PLACE OF THE DEAD  
WILL BE PUNISHED  
BY THEIR SPIRITS!

SAH! THAT'S  
JUST IMAGINE!  
SUPERSTI-  
TION! WELL,  
SHALL WE  
CONCLUDE  
OUR DEAL...



AND SO ROY MADISON AND WINAM BECKER SIGNED  
THE BILL OF SALE AND THE BECKER FARM WAS  
TURNED OVER TO ROY...

AND HERE'S YOUR CHECK, MR.  
BECKER! NOW, HOW SOON DO  
YOU THINK I CAN BEGIN MOV-  
ING IN MY EQUIPMENT?

WHY, ANYTIME,  
MR. MADISON! I...  
I'M WONDERING IF  
YOU'LL NEED A HAND  
TO HELP YOU FOR A  
WHILE.



YOU SEE! I AIN'T GOT NO  
FAMILY, AND I'LL NEED  
WORK TILL I RUN FIND  
ME A NEW FARM.

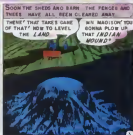
OKAY, BECKER! YOU CAN  
STICK AROUND! BUT  
REMEMBER! YOU'RE  
WORKING FOR ME,  
NOW!



THE NEXT DAY, THE LOUD ROAR OF A HUGE BULL-DOZER  
BOUNCED OVER ROY MADISON'S NEWLY ACQUIRED FARM.

WE'LL LEAVE THE MOUND  
STANDING FOR AWHILE TILL  
THE LAND IS CLEARED!

THAT THERE BULL-DOZER  
SHORE IS A POWERFUL  
PRICE OF MACHINERY.



SOON THE SHEDS AND BARN, THE FENCES AND  
TREES HAVE ALL BEEN CLEARED AWAY.

THERE! THAT TAKES CARE  
OF THAT! NOW TO LEVEL  
THE LAND.

MR. MADISON! YOU  
GONNA PLOW UP  
THAT INDIAN  
MOUND?



YES, SIR? JUST WATCH ME, HIRAM! JUST WATCH!

REMEMBER, MR. MADISON? I BARNED YU!

THE HUGE BULL-DOZER ROARED AS ROY THREW HER INTO FORWARD GEAR! SLOWLY IT SPORE DOWN UPON THE SMALL HIRE ON THE OTHERWISE FLAT LANDSCAPE...



HERE GOES YOUR INDIAN MOUND, HIRAM! ONCE AND FOR ALL!

COUGHING AND BARKING, THE BULL-DOZER'S POWERFUL TREADS SHOWED ITS SLEAMING FLOW INTO THE INDIAN MOUND.



...TORN UP TREMENDOUS CHUNKS OF BLACK SOIL AND FLUNG THEM AWAY.



...THEN SPATTERED TO A STOP HALF-WAY THROUGH THE ANCIENT BURIAL SITE!



WHAT IN BLAZES? SHE'S GONKED OUT!

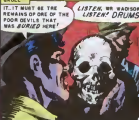
ROY DRUMS HIMSELF DOWN FROM THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF THE MECHANICAL MONSTER AS OLD HIRAM CAME ON THE RUN...



WHAT HAPPENED, MR. MADISON?

DON'T KNOW, HIRAM! SHE'S JUST DIED ON ME! SHE... GOOD LORD... LOOK!

ROY BENT AND PICKED UP A WHITEHED, GRIMING SKULL.



IT... IT MUST BE THE REMAINS OF ONE OF THE POOR DEVILS THAT WAS BURIED HERE!

LISTEN, MR. MADISON! LISTEN! DRUMS!

ROY AND HIRAM TURNED THEIR HEADS SKYWARD? FROM FAR OFF CAME THE SOUND OF TOM-TOMS THROBBING...PULSATING...

IT'S THE INDIAN SPIRITS? YOU'VE GOT 'EM RAILED UP!  
DON'T BE FOOLING, HIRAM! THAT'S JUST HEAT LIGHT? WIND... IN THAT THUNDERHEAD UP THERE.



HIRAM TURNED WIDE-EYED TO THE SKULL IN ROY'S HAND.

I TOLD YUH, MR. MADISON! I TOLD YUH NOT TO FLOW UP THAT INDIAN BURIAL MOUND NOW THEY'RE COMIN' COME AND BUT US...



HIRAM SPUN AND RAN WILDLY OUT ACROSS THE FIELD...

COME BACK, HIRAM! COME BACK!

NOT ME, MR. MADISON! I'M NOT STAYING AROUND HERE.



ROY WATCHED AS THE FLEEING HIRAM BECAME DISAPPEARED DOWN THE ROAD IN A CLOUD OF DUST? SUDDENLY A CLAP OF THUNDER EXPLODED OVERHEAD AND IT BEGAN TO RAIN? ROY FLUNG THE BRIMMING BELL TO THE GROUND...



WHAT THE LUCK? FIRST THE BELL-DONOR COMES OUT AND NOW THIS? RAIN? I'LL HAVE TO GOVT FOR TODAY?

THEN ROY IMPRINTED TO THE HOUSE JUST AS THE RAIN BEGAN TO FALL IN HEAVY SHEETS? HE SLAMMED THE DOOR AND CURSED? OUTSIDE IT WAS GETTING DARK.



SUPERSTITIOUS FOOL? AFRAID OF AN OLD LEGEND...

LATER, AS NIGHT CLOSED IN ON THE RAMSHACKLE FARM HOUSE, ROY SAT NEAR THE FIRE? OUTSIDE, THE RAIN BEAT INSISTENTLY ON THE ROTTED ROOF? SUDDENLY, THE DISTANT SOUND OF TOM-TOMS BEGAN AGAIN...



WHAT'S THAT? DRUMS? HAH! IT'S ONLY MY IMAGINATION? THE OLD MAN'S GOT ME JUMPY NOW?

BUT THE STEADY DRUMMING OF THE TOM-TOMS SEEMED TO DRAW CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE OLD FARMHOUSE? ROY BEGAN TO SHIVER? FEAR CLUTCHED AT HIS HEART? A COLD CHILL RAN UP HIS SPINE? SUDDENLY THERE WAS A HEAVY POUNDING ON THE DOOR.



THUMP! THUMP!

SOMEONE OUTSIDE. SUERS, OLD HIRAM'S COME BACK!

ROY PLUNGED OPEN THE BATTERED DOOR AND DAZED OUTSIDE INTO THE BLACKNESS...

THAT YOU WEREN'T! I THOUGHT YOU'D THINK IT... OH MY GOD! NO! NO!



AMID THE STEADY THROBBERN OF THE RAIN CAME A CLEAR UNMISTAKABLE SOUND... THE BLOOD-CURLING SHRIEK OF ROY MADISON.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!!



AS THE SUN ROSE OVER THE OLD FARM, THE SKY HAD CLEARED AWAY, AND THERE, PUDDLES OF WATER ATTESTED TO THE FACT THAT IT HAD RAINED ALL THAT NIGHT. A LONE FIGURE MOVED DOWN THE BLOODY ROAD...

I WONDER IF MR. MADISON'S *JOKE* AT ME? SURE I'M OUT OF A JOB.



IT WAS OLD HIRSH BECKER! HE CROSSED THE RAIN-SOAKED FIELD TOWARD THE HOUSE. SUDDENLY HE STOPPED AND STARED IN AMAZEMENT. THE BULL DOZER SAT SILENTLY IN A MUDDY PUDDLE NEAR THE INDIAN BURIAL MOUND. BUT THE MOUND...

THE INDIAN MOUND? IT'S BEEN REPAIRED? IT'S ALL BUILT UP AGAIN?



HIRSH TURNED TOWARD THE WATER-LOGGED HOUSE? IT STOOD DARK AND SOMBER IN THE MORNING SUNLIGHT. HE MOVED TOWARD IT... SWING OPEN THE BATTERED DOOR.

MR. MADISON? I... I GOOD LORD?



HIRSH STARED DOWN AT THE CRUMPLED FIGURE OF ROY MADISON STRETCHED OUT IN A DRIED POOL OF BLOOD ON THE DUSTY FLOOR. HE STIFFLED THE FEELING OF NAUSEA THAT SWIFT OVER HIM.

HOW... HORRIBLE! HE... HE'S BEEN SCALPED!



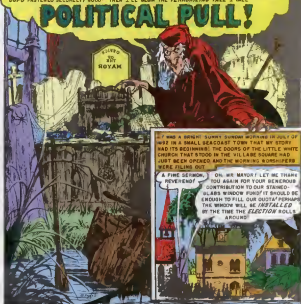
HELLOH? WELL... I TOLD YOU, ROOMS? I TOLD YOU THIS WAS A *HAIR-RAISING* TALE. HOW HAIR-RAISING CAN ONE GET? ONLY THE WAY I KNOW ANYBODY THAT'S LOOKING FOR A FARM? HIRSH BECKER'S IS STILL FOR SALE? ONLY ONE THING? RIGHT smack IN THE MIDDLE OF IT IS AN INDIAN BURIAL MOUND? IF YOU'VE GOT A CUSTOMER FOR IT, WOULD EITHER TELL HIM NOT TO TRY TO LEVEL IT? OR ELSE HE MIGHT BE LEVELLED BY A *TOM-SAWYER*? OH, DON'T FORGET TO READ THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER. AND NOW, THE OLD BITCH WILL ENTERTAIN YOU.



# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! YEP! THE FIRE'S CRACKLING UNDER MY CAULDRON! THE EVIL, BREN, BURLING AND BURLING, IS JUST ABOUT FINISHED! COME IN! COME INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR! I AM YOUR MOTHER - THE OLD WITCH, .. READY TO DISH OUT ANOTHER OF MY DELICIOUS MORSELS OF MADNESS! GOT YOUR BROOD- GUPS FASTENED SECURELY? GOOD! THEN I'LL BEGIN THE TERRORIZING TALE I CALL

## POLITICAL PULL!



IT WAS A BRIGHT, SUNNY SUMMER MORNING IN JULY OF 1922 IN A SMALL SEACOAST TOWN THAT MY STORY HAD ITS BEGINNING! THE DOORS OF THE LITTLE WHITE CHURCH THAT STOOD IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE HAD JUST BEEN OPENED AND THE WORKING WORKSHIPPERS WERE FILING OUT.

A FINE SERMON, REVEREND!

OH, MR. MAYOR? LET ME THANK YOU AGAIN FOR YOUR GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION TO OUR STAINED-GLASS WINDOW FUND! IT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO FILL OUR QUOTA! PERHAPS THE WINDOW WILL BE INSTALLED BY THE TIME THE ELECTION ROLL ROUNDS AROUND!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, REVEREND! I ONLY WISH I COULD HAVE GIVEN MORE! BUT, AS YOU KNOW, BEING AN HONEST POLITICIAN DOES NOT MAKE A MAN RICH!

AND THAT IS WHY YOU HAVE BEEN RE-ELECTED SO OFTEN, MAYOR FULTON! BECAUSE THE TOWNFOLK KNOW YOU ARE AN HONORABLE MAN!



WHENVILLE, HENRY! CYRUS MARGATE, MAYOR JED FULTON'S OPPONENT IN THE COMING ELECTION, STUMBLED TO HIMSELF.

HENRY! LOOK AT MY **RIGHTeous OLD STUFF**! SHORTLY THREE TIMES HE'S BEATEN ME FOR THE MAYORALTY! **THREE TIMES!** BUT THIS TIME THIS TIME WILL BE DIFFERENT...



AFTER THE USUAL TOWN MEETINGS AND CLE CHATTER WAS FINISHED, MAYOR FULTON MADE HIS WAY HOME.

MAYOR FULTON: AH, MY I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!  
MR. MARGATE?



COULD I TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOU, SIR? IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!

WHY NOT HAVE LUNCH WITH WITH ME, MR. MARGATE? MY SERVANT HAS THE DAY OFF... AND TO WELCOME THE COMPANY!



I'D BE DELIGHTED TO, SIR! ARE YOU SURE...

NO TROUBLE, MARGATE! NO TROUBLE AT ALL! WHILE WE ARE DRINK, WE CAN TALK.



LATER, AFTER THE TWO POLITICAL OPPONENTS HAD EATEN A HEARTY MEAL, LAUGHING ABOUT PAST ELECTIONS, MR. MARGATE PROPOSED A TOAST.

LET'S DRINK TO THIS ELECTION, JED! I KNOW I CAN'T BEAT YOU...

NONSENSE, CYRUS! YOU CAN'T TELL.



CYRUS DREW A SMALL SQUARE OF FOLDED PAPER FROM HIS POCKET AND EMPTIED THE CONTENTS INTO THE MAYOR'S DRINK.

MAYBE THIS TIME WILL BE YOUR CHANGE, CYRUS!

MAYBE, MR. MAYOR! MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT!







AFTER CAREFULLY REMOVING ANY TRACES OF HIS HAVING VISITED THE MAYOR'S HOUSE, CYRUS MANHATE SLIPPED OUT... UNSEEN.

HEH, HEH! WELL, JED! I GUESS THIS CHECKS **MY ELECTION** AND **SAVES YOUR SPOT-LESS REPUTATION**

I HEARD THE SOUND THE DRAFT FROM THE DOOR SWEPT THE SUICIDE NOTE AND THE POISON PACKET FROM THE TABLE

THEY FLEW ACROSS THE ROOM, COMING TO REST NEAR HEATHA'S BOOKCASE...

WELL, NEH? TEF? OTHER'S PLAN GOT FOILED! THE OLD BAR OF WHO DIDN'T COUNT ON A **BLIND! BRIDGE!** ANYWAY, WHEN THE SEAVANT DISCOVERED MARION FULTON'S BODY... AND THE SUICIDE NOTE WAS NOT FOUND WITH IT... AN AUTOPSY WAS PERFORMED.

IT'S BEEN POISONED! IT...IT'S MURDER!

WHO...WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT? THE WHOLE TOWN LOVED AND RESPECTED HIM!

OH, WHAT A FUNERAL THEY GAVE POOR MARION FULTON! EVERYBODY IN THE TOWN TURNED OUT TO MOURN HIS PASSING.

HE WAS A GOOD MAN!

THE BEST MAYOR THIS TOWN EVER HAD!

WE'LL GET THE SCUM THAT DID THIS!

CYRUS WAS AT THE FUNERAL, TOO! THERE WERE MANY SUSPECTING GLANCES THROWN IN HIS DIRECTION.

I...I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THEY DIDN'T FIND THE SUICIDE NOTE! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED...

AND NOW WE COMMIT HIS BODY TO ITS FINAL RESTING PLACE...

TWO DAYS AFTER THE FUNERAL, AS THE LOCAL POLICE WERE INVESTIGATING THE MAYOR'S DEATH...

LET'S LOOK AT THIS! I FOUND IT UNDER THE BOOKCASE! WHY, IT'S A SUICIDE NOTE! IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF THIS TABLE...

AT FIRST, THE TOWNSFOLK WERE SHOCKED AT THE NEWS THAT THE MAYOR'S DEATH WAS A SUICIDE.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

WHY SHOULD WE DO SUCH A THING?

THE POLICE SAY THE NOTE CONFESSED STEALING

SOON, HOWEVER, CYRUS MARRATE HAD WORKED THE SHOCK INTO ANGER...

AND WE TRUSTED HIM ALL THESE YEARS! BELIEVED IN HIM! NEVER DOUBTED HIS HONESTY!! AND NOW HE LIES THERE, AMONG DECENT PEOPLE, IN THE CHURCH BURIAL GROUND? ARE YOU GOING TO STAND FOR THAT? ARE YOU?

HE COMMITTED SUICIDE! THAT'S A SIN! HE DON'T GET BELONG IN OUR CEMETERY...

THAT'S RIGHT! LET'S SUGGEST A SIN...

ALL THESE YEARS, POSING AS AN UPSTANDING, GOD-FEARING MAN

AND ALL THE TIME STEALIN'!

THE ANGRY CROWD WENT TO THE CEMETERY, SHOOTING HIM BY THE MARRATE. WELL, TODAY, ANY NO ROOM IN THE 'OUR BURYIN' GROUND FOR A SINNER...



ANXIOUS HANDS WIELDED SPADES AND SHOVELS, DIGGING UP THE FRESH GRAVE.

THERE! YOU'VE STRUCK! LET'S GET THE COFFIN.

ROPE'S ON IT AND HAIL 'EM UP!



THE COFFIN WAS CARRIED TO THE WATERFRONT, WHERE IT WAS WRAPPED IN CHAINS TO WEIGHT.

THERE! THAT DOUGH! TO SHIP FAST!

PUT IT ABOARD! WE'LL TAKE 'EM OUT AND DUMP 'EM!



THE WEIGHTED COFFIN CONTAINING THE REMAINS OF JED FULTON WAS TAKEN OUT TO SEA AND THROWN OVERBOARD.

DNC TWO...THREE-E-E-E-E!

GOOD  
HISDAH!

AT ELECTION TIME, CYRUS MARGATE WAS UNOPPOSED!  
HE WAS GRACIOUSLY ELECTED...MAYOR.

HEH HEH! NOW I HAVE EVERYTHING  
I WANT! EVERYTHING I'VE WANTED  
FOR TWENTY YEARS.

...AND RIGHTeous OLD JED  
FULTON'S NAME HAS BEEN  
FORGOTTEN! NOW HE  
LIES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE  
SEA. NOT GOOD ENOUGH  
TO BE BURIED IN THE CHURCH  
CEMETERY.

AND SO, THE YEAR PASSED!  
THE TOWN SOON FORGOT JED  
FULTON! ONE WARM SUMMER DAY.

HONKY, MAYOR!

HONKY, GLENN!  
LIKE TO COME  
ALONG? I'M  
GONNA FISH!

SORRY, MAYOR!  
MARTHA'S WAITIN'  
ON ME! I GUESS  
YOU'LL WANT  
A ROW-BOAT!

WELL? I AIM TO  
CATCH ME A  
MESS OF  
FISHES!

WHEN MAYOR CYRUS MARGATE HAD REACHED HIS  
FAVORITE FISHING SPOT, HE TOSSED OVER THE  
ANCHOR! AFTER AN HOUR, WITH NO BITES, HE  
LOOKED AROUND.

HEHEH! FISH AIN'T BITIN'! LOOKS  
LIKE A STORM COMIN'! I'D  
BETTER GO OUT FOR TODAY!

CYRUS BEGAN TO HAIL AT THE ANCHOR ROPE! THE  
ANCHOR REFUSED TO COME UP! IT WAS STUCK.

THAT'S FUNNY! THAT THERE'S A  
SANDY BOTTOM! AIN'T NO ROCKS  
DOWN THERE! UGH!

AS CYRUS STRUGGLED WITH THE ANCHOR ROPE, HE KNOCKED THE OARS OVERBOARD...

OH! I... I... BLAST IT!  
THERE GO THE OARS!



SOON THE FULL FURY OF THE STORM LASHED AT THE TINY ROWBOAT! IT TOSSED AND BOWLED ABOUT! CYRUS STARED AT THE ANCHOR ROPE...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IT'S GRABBING!  
OH... BUT ANYWAY I HOPE IT HELDS!  
I... I... WHAT'S THAT?



THE WIND BEGAN TO BLOW AND THE SKY DARKENED! CYRUS CURSED HIS CLAIMEDNESS AT HAVING LOST HIS OARS...

I'D BETTER NOT CUT MYSELF AGAINST!  
I WANT BE BLOWN OUT TO SEA...



CYRUS HAD DAUGHTER LIGHT OF SOMETHING WHITE JUST BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE WATER NEAR THE ANCHOR ROPE! HE STARED INTO THE DARKNESS! SUDDENLY HE GASPED! A ROTTED HAND REACHED UP OVER THE SIDE OF THE STORM-TOSSED ROWBOAT.

GOOD LORD! WHO... WHO ARE YOU?



SUDDENLY THE FOUL-SMELLING STENCH OF WATER-ROTTED FLESH SCARED CYRUS'S HOSTILITY! A FISH-PITTED PAGE APPEARED... THEN A ROTTED NECK... DELAYED SHOULDERS...

NO! NO! NO!  
CAN'T BE...



A WHITERED HAND SHOT FORWARD, GRASPING CYRUS BY THE LEG! THEN THE THING BEGAN TO PULL! THE THING WAS STRONG! CYRUS COULDN'T HOLD ON! HE FELT HIMSELF SLID... OFF OVERBOARD...

JED! LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

EEAAAAAGH!



AND SO, WITH A WHIRL AND A GULP, MY STORY ENDS! POOR CYRUS! HE DIDN'T END UP IN THE NICE, NEAT LITTLE CEMETERY BEHIND THE SMALL WHITE CHURCH, EITHER! WELL... IT'S LIKE ONE OF THE TOWNFOLK SAID! THERE WASN'T ROOM THERE FOR SUMMERS! WHAT'S THAT? WHAT ABOUT JED? HE WAS NO SUMMER! OH, BUT HE WAS! THOSE THINGS IN THE SUDDEN NOTE WERE TRUE! OMOH! DO YOU EVER MEET AN HONEST POLITICIAN? ME, HEE!



**HEE-HEE! I'M GOING TO DO  
LIKE THESE TWO GOOFY  
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OWN SUBSCRIPTIONS TO ALL  
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## CONTENTS OF GLADSTONE EC COMICS

GLAD CRYPT #1 CRYPT 30 (1950) CRAVE 17 (1950)	#2 CRYPT 31 (1950) CRAVE 18 (1951)	#3 CRYPT 32 (1950) CRAVE 19 (1950)	#4 CRYPT 33 (1950) CRAVE 20 (1950)	#5 CRYPT 34 (1950) CRAVE 21 (1951)	#6 CRYPT 35 (1950) CRAVE 22 (1950)
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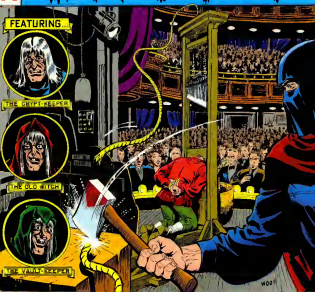
THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VODOO MAN



# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! SO YOU'RE BACK FOR MORE, EH? SO YOU LIKE HORROR STORIES, EH? WELL, I'VE GOT A LITTLE TALE ABOUT PEOPLE WHO LIKE HORROR THAT WILL WARM YOUR COLD HEARTS! YES, IT'S ME... THE CRYPT-KEEPER... YOUR HOST IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR! COME IN! JUST DRAG OVER THAT BUNLAP BAG AND SIT DOWN! IT'S WIDE AND SOFT! THE CORPSE IN IT ISN'T QUITE STIFF YET! COMFY! GOOD? NOW LISTEN TO THE TERROR-TALE I TELL.

## WELL-COOKED HAMS!



THE HUNCHBACK COWERED BEFORE THE RED-HOT STOVE, A BOTTLE OF ACID RAISED MEANINGLY IN HIS WARTY HAND! THE SHAGGY-HAIRED UGLY MAN MOVED TOWARD THE TERRORIZED HUNCHBACK, REACHING FOR HIS NECK...

I'M GOING TO CHOP! YOU! YOU TWISTED LITTLE MONSTER!

KEEP AWAY FROM ME! THIS IS ACID I HAVE! IF YOU RASHON ME, I'LL...



THE WILD LOOKING MAN'S STONE FINGERS CLOSED ON THE HUNCHBACK'S THROAT! SUDDENLY HE SCREAMED IN PAIN! THE HUNCHBACK HAD FLUNG THE CONTENTS OF THE ACID BOTTLE INTO HIS FACE...



SHRIeking HISTERICALLY, THE SHAGGY ONE FLUNG THE HUNCHBACK FACE DOWN UPON THE BLOWING TOP OF THE RED-HOT STOVE! THE HUNCHBACK HOWLED! A HISsing SOUND WAS HEARD AND A CLOUD OF SMOKE AROSE FROM THE BURNING FLESH...



SUDDENLY THE ENTIRE SCENE WAS FLOTTED OUT BY A FLASH OF RED VELVET! AS THE CURTAIN CLOSED! A GASP ERUPTED FROM THE INROCKED AUDIENCE! THEN A TUMULT OF APPLAUSE EXPLODED!



THE CURTAIN PARTED AND THE HUNCHBACK STEPPED FORWARD, HIS FACE CHARRED! THEN THE SHAGGY HAIRIED MAN CAME OUT, HIS FACE HORRIBLY DISFIGURED BY THE ACID BURNS! THEY BOWED TO THE CHEERING PLAY-GOERS...



AS THE ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD MOVED TOWARD THE EXITS, BABBLING... TWO AMERICANS REMAINED IN THEIR SEATS...

FRANKMOROS, MILES! THE MOST AMAZING DISPLAY OF HORROR I HAVE EVER SEEN!



THE TWO MEN STARED UP AT THE RED-VELVET DRAWN CATERING...

I WANTED YOU TO SEE IT! I KNEW YOU'D LIKE IT! DO YOU THINK THERE'S SO FOR IT BACK IN THE UNITED STATES?

ARE PARISHANS ANY DIFFERENT THAN NEW YORKERS, MILES? WOULD-NAH WOULD-NAH GO MAD OVER THIS STUFF!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING, ARTHUR! THE HORROR EFFECTS OF THE GRAND BURNING! AND ALL CLOSELY GUARDED SECRETS!

I'M SURE WE CAN MAKE A DEAL WITH THEM, MILES! O-H-OH! HERE COMES MRS. B. WATNER... THE OWNER!



THE TALL, GAUNT, PALEFACED FRENCHMAN APPROACHED THE TWO AMERICANS.

I BELIEVE YOU ARE THE TWO AMERICANS WHO CALLED ME?

THAT'S RIGHT, M'SIEU MATIER! I AM MILES ANDISH, AND THIS IS ARTHUR MACK!



COME INTO MY OFFICE, GENTLEMEN! YOU SAW THE PERFORMANCE?

YES! WE DID!  
IT WAS TERRIFIC!



THE THEATER OWNER LED THE TWO MEN INTO A SMALL OFFICE AND MOTIONED THEM TO BE SEATED.

I AM GLAD YOU LIKED IT, GENTLEMEN! NOW, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WE'D LIKE TO PRODUCE THE GRAND GUENOL IN AMERICA!



DON'T YOU THINK THE GRAND GUENOL WILL BE AS SUCCESSFUL IN AMERICA AS IT IS HERE IN PARIS?

WE'RE SURE OF IT! HORROR IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY BACK THERE! THEY EVER HAVE IT IN COMMO BOOKS?



I AM SORRY, GENTLEMEN! I DO NOT THINK WE CAN DO BUSINESS! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

WE CAN OFFER YOU A GOOD PRICE, M'SIEU MATIER! WHAT IS YOUR OBJECTION?



THE GRAND GUENOL WAS STARTED BY MY FATHER, PIERRE MATIER! THE METHODS WE USE IN PRODUCING THE HORRIBLE EFFECTS IN OUR PLAY WERE INVENTED BY HIM, AND HAVE BEEN JEALOUSLY GUARDED EVER SINCE! ONLY I KNOW THEM! EVEN THE ACTORS HERE DO NOT KNOW HOW THEY ARE DONE!

AND THE SECRETS ARE ALL IN YOUR HEAD, M'SIEU?



OH, NO! REMEMBERING THEM WOULD BE MUCH TOO DIFFICULT! NO! THEY ARE ALL WRITTEN DOWN IN A MANUSCRIPT WHICH I KEEP IN THAT SAFE! NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, THE NIGHT'S RECEIPTS AWAIT!

ER, YES! WELL, THANK YOU ANYWAY, M'SIEU! I'M SORRY YOU WILL NOT CONSIDER OUR OFFER! BOB GOIN'!



THE TWO AMERICANS LEFT THE THEATER AND MOVED DOWN THE NARROW TWISTING ALLEY IN THE MONTMARTRE SECTION OF PARIS WHERE THE GRAND BURGUNDIAL THEATER IS LOCATED...

WELL, MILES? WHAT DO WE DO NOW?



STARTED FRANCHISE? YOU CAN'T TALK SENSE TO THEM! THEY'RE ALL SO DAMN SENTIMENTAL!

YOU REALLY CAN'T BLAME HIM MILES? IF I WERE IN HIS SHOES, I'D DO THE SAME THING! YOU COULDN'T MAKE ME SHUT UP THOSE SECRETS!

OH, COULDN'T IT WHAT WOULD STOP ME FROM TELLING YOU FOR THEM?



SUDDENLY, THE TWO MEN STOPPED! THEY STOOD BENEATH THE STREETLAMPSTONES AT EACH OTHER.

ARE YOU THINKING OUR PLAN LEAVES IN THE MIDDLE? WE'D BE FAR AWAY BEFORE ANYONE FOUND HIM!



THE AMERICANS TURNED AROUND AND HEADED BACK TO THE BUS CATCHER...TO THE GRAND BURGUNDIAL...

HE WAS A FOOL FOR TELLING US ABOUT THAT MANUSCRIPT! SORRY! HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN'S ACCEPTS! PERHAPS WE CAN GET THERE IN TIME!



OUTSIDE THE OFFICE OF THE GRAND BURGUNDIAL, MILES AND ARNOLD REGISTERS... THEN SLOWLY OPENED THE DOOR! INSIDE, MONSIEUR MATIER WAS STOPPING BEFORE THE SAFE.



THE SAFE... IT'S OPEN!

WE'RE IN LUCK!

MONSIEUR MATIER PLACED THE METAL BOX INTO THE SAFE BEHIND THE VOLUME MARKED 'HIERRE MATIER, METHODS' TWO SHADOWS MOVED TOWARD HIM! HE TURNED, WIDE-EYES.



YOU!

THE MAN EXPLODED IN HIS FACE! HE SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR! A HAND REACHED OUT AND REMOVED THE MANUSCRIPT FROM THE SAFE.



NOT IT!

LET'S GO!

THE NEXT MORNING, AT LE BOURGET AIRPORT JUST OUTSIDE PARIS, MILES BROWN AND ARTHUR WACK BOARDED A TRANSATLANTIC CONSTELLATION! MILES CLUTCHED THE PREVIOUS MANUSCRIPT UNDER HIS ARM!



I WONDER IF THEY'VE STARTED YET?

YOU FOOL!

YES!

AND AS THE GIANT AIRLINER ROSE GENTLY INTO THE SKY ABOVE FRANCE, IN THE OFFICE OF THE GRAND COMMISSAIRE THEATRE IN LE RUE CHAPTEL, MONTMARTE...



EEEEEEEEEK!

WHILE ON THE PLANE,

IT'S ALL HERE, MILES! EVERYTHING FLOOT!

SO THAT'S HOW THEY MAKE THE BLOOD POUR OUT OF THE WOUND!



YES! AND LOOK HERE! THE STABBING SCENE! A DETAILED DRAWING OF HOW THE KNIFE IS CONSTRUCTED!

THERE'S THE EYE-BROWING ACT! WELL, I'LL BE!



HERE! ON THIS PAGE! THE AGG AND RED-HOT STOVE ILLUSION!

WE'RE SET, ARTHUR! WE'LL KNOW 'EM DEAD ON BROADWAY!



BUT WE'VE GOT TO KEEP ALL THIS A SECRET, MILES! NO ONE ELSE MUST EVER KNOW HOW THESE HORROR EFFECTS ARE PRODUCED!

WE MUSTN'T TAKE THE CHARGE OF LETTING THIS BOOK OUT OF OUR HANDS!



LISTEN! WE'RE BOTH ACTORS! WE'VE MEMORIZED WHOLE SCRIPTS BEFORE! WE'LL MEMORIZE THIS MANUSCRIPT AND THEN DESTROY IT!

GOOD IDEA! THEN WE WON'T LEAVE OURSELVES OPEN TO THE KIND OF TRICKY POOR M'HEU WAYTER DID!



AND SO, WHEN THE TRANSATLANTIC AIRLINER LANDED AT IDLEWILD AIRPORT IN NEW YORK CITY...

YOU GO TO YOUR HOTEL ROOM AND START MEMORIZING THE MANUSCRIPT, ARTHUR! I'LL SEE ABOUT HIRING A THEATER!

RIGHT! GOOD LUCK!



WHILE, BACK IN PARIS...

WHAT DOES IT SAY, CHARLES?

IT SAYS 'CLOSED BECAUSE OF DEATH OF OWNER' AH? THAT IS TOO BAD, EH?



A WEEK LATER, IN NEW YORK...

WELL, ARTHUR! I'VE FINISHED MEMORIZING NOW THE MANUSCRIPT, TOO!

GOOD! LET'S DESTROY IT... TOGETHER!



THE MANUSCRIPT OF PIERRE MATIER WAS THROWN INTO THE FIRE, AND THE TWO MEN WATCHED THE LEAPING FLAMES REDUCE IT TO BLACK ASHES...

WELL THAT DOES AND WE IT, ARTHUR! NOW OPEN IN THE GRAND GUN-NOL'S SECRETS ARE OURS ALONE!



WHILE IN PARIS, AT THE POLICE MORGUE...

BORE! MATIER'S BODY HAS BEEN STOLEN!

NON! DIENT!



IN NEW YORK, ADVANCED PUBLICITY ON THE OPENING OF THE *BACK AGAIN HORROR THEATER* BROUGHT LINES OF PEOPLE TO THE BOX OFFICE...

I'VE READ ABOUT THE GRAND GUN-NOL IN PARIS!

THEY SAY THIS WILL BE FAR MORE HORRIBLE!

THEY'RE SOLD OUT FIVE WEEKS IN ADVANCE!



AND THEN, THE NIGHT OF THE PREMIER PERFORMANCE ROLLED AROUND! IN A DRESSING ROOM, ARTHUR AND MILES RERIOUSLY APPLIED THEIR MAKE-UP...

REMEMBER, ARTHUR! WHEN I THROW THE ACID IN YOUR FACE... SCREAM!

DON'T WORRY! AND WHEN I PLURGE YOUR FACE ON THE RED-HOT STOVE... YOU LET OUT A BLOOD-CURDLER, TOO!



THE AUDIENCE FILLED EVERY AVAILABLE SEAT/STANDING ROOM WAS SOLD OUT! THE THEATER WAS FILLED TO CAPACITY! FINALLY, THE CURTAIN WENT UP AND THE PERFORMANCE BEGAN.



UHP! OUCH! HOW HORRIBLE!

ARTHUR AND MILES STOOD IN THE ROWS, WATCHING... ARTHUR GRESSED AS THE SHABBY THROTTLE, AND MILES AS THE STOOPEE MUNCHBACK...



THE AUDIENCE IS SHOCKED! WHY NOT? THEY NEVER EXPECTED THE EFFECTS TO BE SO REAL...

THE STABBING SCENE WAS OVER! THEN CAME THE RYE-SQUING EFFECT! FINALLY...

THERE'S OUR OUT, ARTHUR! LET'S GO! GOT THAT BOTTLE WITH THE SECRET FORMULA?



MILES DASHED OUT ONTO THE STAGE! THE AUDIENCE GASPED! ARTHUR FOLLOWED! HE RAN TOWARDS MILES, MENACINGLY...

KEEP AWAY! KEEP AWAY! I'M GOING TO CRASH YOU, YOU TWISTED LITTLE MONSTER!



THIS IS AKA I HAVE IN THIS BOTTLE! IF YOU TOUCH ME, I'LL...

WRY, YOU LITTLE...



MILES PLUNGED THE SECRET FORMULA INTO ARTHUR'S FACE! ARTHUR SCREAMED...



ARTHUR SHOVED MILES'S FACE DOWN ON THE 'RED-HOT' PROP-STOVE! MILES SCREAMED, SHRIeking HYSTERICALLY!





THE AUDIENCE STARED IN HORROR AS THE TWO FIGURES SHRINKED IN PAIN...



IT, IT LOOKS SO REAL!

I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD!

WAIT! SOMETHING'S WRONG!

ARTHUR, HIS FACE HORRIBLY DISTORTED BY THE BURNING ACID, SUDDENLY RELEASED HIS HOLD ON MILES... WHOSE CHEEK LAY SQUEEZING AGAINST THE RED-HOT STOVE! BUT AS THE CURTAIN CLOSED, THEY CONTINUED TO SCREAM!



OWWWW! THE PAIN...

AAAAHH!

WHAT'S WRONG?

A MEMBER OF THE CAST RUSHED TO THEM! THEY LAY WRITHING ON THE STAGE.



GOOD LORD! THEIR FACES! THEY'RE REALLY BURNED!

THE ECCLAMATION CARRIED THROUGH THE DRAWN CURTAIN TO THE HORRIFIED AUDIENCE OUTSIDE...



THEY'RE DYING!

DID YOU HEAR THAT? IT WAS REAL!

MY GOD!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

THE PANICKED AUDIENCE RUSHED FOR THE EXITS... SHOUTING... PUSHING... SHOVING! BY MISTAKE, SOMEONE OPENED THE CURTAIN! ARTHUR AND MILES LAY PROSTRATE ON THE STAGE...



LOOK! THEY'RE DEAD!

HURRY!

STOP PUSHING! WE'LL BE TRAMPLED!

SOON, THE THEATER WAS EMPTY! ONLY A LONG POLINE SAG IN THE DESERTED HOUSE... STANDING UP AT THE TWO DEAD MEN ON THE STAGE...



AND AS WE CLOSE IN, WE SEE THAT THE POLINE IS JARLING AS HE STARES UP AT THE STAGE WITH GLAZED EYES! IT IS THE COMPLEX OF MURDER MATHEN.



THE END

HELLO, NEW! THAT WAS A NOT DARE, EH? I HOPE YOU LIKED THE PERFORMANCE! THE STORY CERTAINLY HAD A SHOCKING CLIMAX, EH? ARTHUR AND MILES WERE ALL BURNED UP ABOUT IT! TOO BAD THEY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO SAVE FACE! YOU CAN SAVE BACK ISSUES! IF MY MAD MAN, THAT IS! READ MY COLUMN.



THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER FOR INFO ON HOW TO GET FORTUNE! AND NOW, WHY NOT TURN TO THE CRYPT-KEEPER FOR ANOTHER HAUNTING TALE!

# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEY, HEY! SO, IT'S MY TURN TO ENTERTAIN YOU NOW, EMT BOOBY! I'VE BEEN WAITING! COME INTO THE VAULT OF HORROR! I AM YOUR HOST, FINE PAUL FREEMER! I'VE JUST PAINTED THAT CARPET WITH BLOOD, SO GET DOWN ON IT! THEN YOU WON'T HIT THE CEILING WHEN I TELL YOU THE BLOOD-CURLING TALE I CALL...

## MADAM BLUEBEARD



FOR THE BEGINNING OF OUR STORY, LET'S LOOK IN ON A PATHETIC SCENE... A FUNERAL... IN A CEMETERY. AS THE GROUP OF BLACK-CLAD MOURNERS BATHED IN THE SOBBING WIDOW WAIL... THE COFFIN OF THE RECENTLY DECEASED IS LOWERED INTO THE YAWNING BLACK PIT! SAD, ISN'T IT? FEEL SORRY FOR THE POOR WIDOW? DON'T! NOTICE THE HEAT LINE OF GRAVES BEHIND THE NEW ONE? COUNT THEM! YES, THERE ARE 50 OTHERS! THIS POOR WOMAN IS BURYING HER SEVENTH HUSBAND! IS THERE ANY WONDER I'VE CHRISTENED HER 'MADAM BLUEBEARD'? AFTER ALL, SHE KILLED THEM ALL...



OH, YES! THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE BELIEVES! THAT TERESA'S SEVEN HUSBANDS ALL DIED ACCIDENTALLY! EVEN HER HUSBANDS BELIEVED IT. THAT IS, ALL EXCEPT FREDDY. THE ONE THEY'RE BURNING NOW! HE KNOWS DIFFERENT! OR I SHOULD SAY 'KNOWN' DIFFERENT! AH, BUT I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MY STORY...

WHY IF I DIDN'T THINK TERESA WAS A JOKE... I'D MARRY HER MYSELF! BUT I'D PROBABLY END UP LIKE ALL THE OTHERS... IN SOME FREAK ACCIDENT!

THE OTHERS? HOW DID THEY DIE?

'WELL, LET'S SEE! EARL WAS HER FIRST! IT HAPPENED ABOUT THREE MONTHS AFTER THEY WERE MARRIED! EARL HAD PROBABLY FALLEN ASLEEP WHILE FISHING! HIS BOAT DRIFTED INTO THE RAPIDS AND HE WAS KILLED SOME OVER THE FALLS...

'FOUR! FOUR! THAT'S A GIRL! LAUGH! SHE'S LOADED! HER SEVEN HUSBANDS' ESTATES AMOUNT TO A TIDY SUM! WHY...



'HOWARD, TERESA'S SECOND, FELL OFF A CLIFF WHILE THEY WERE HONEYMOONING IN A TRAILER...

'DOUGLAS, NUMBER THREE, WAS KILLED ON A HUNTING TRIP! HIS GUN EXPLODED IN HIS FACE...



'NEAL, THE FOURTH, FELL FROM HIS OFFICE WINDOW... FOURTEEN STORIES'

'WARREN, TERESA'S FIFTH, WAS KILLED WHEN THEIR CAR WAS STRUCK BY A TRAIN! TERESA WAS THROWN CLEAR AND SUFFERED ONLY MILD BRUISES.'



THEN PETER, HUSBAND NUMBER SIX, WAS ELECTROCUTED WHILE TAKING A BATH! A RADIO HE WAS LISTENING TO FELL INTO THE TUB OF WATER.



SEE WHAT I MEAN? SEE HOW THEY ALL BELIEVE THE DEATHS WERE ACCIDENTS? ACCIDENTS, MY BLOODSHOT EYE! THEY WERE EACH COLD, CALCULATED MURDER! TAKE FROM EARL'S DEATH, FOR INSTANCE.



AND BOBGLAS, HUSBAND NUMBER THREE, MET HIS UNTIMELY FATE BECAUSE AFTER CLEANING HIS GUN, HE LEFT IT AROUND WHERE TERESA COULD GET AT IT! SHE POUNDED MORTEN LEAD INTO THE BARREL, BLOCKING IT UP.



AND, OF COURSE YOU KNOW HOW FOOL FREDDY WAS KILLED!

YES! WELL! TERESA'S LEAVING! I GUESS IT'S ALL OVER! COMING?



OH, SURE EARL FELL ASLEEP WHILE FISHING! BUT HE FISHED ABOUT THE RAPIDS AND THE FALLS DOWNSTREAM, SO HE WAS VERY CAREFUL TO TIE UP THE BOAT TO AN OVERHANGING BOUGH BEFORE TAKING HIS SHOOTIE! ONLY



AND AS FOR HOWARD, WELL, HE WAS INSIDE THE TRAILER WHEN TERESA STOPPED IT AT THE CLIFF EDGE! WHEN SHE SCREAMED, HOWARD CAME OUT OF THE TRAILER DOOR FULL-SPEED.



NEAL, HUSBAND FOUR, WAS LEANING OUT OF HIS OFFICE WINDOW, LOOKING FOR THE NEW CADILLAC TERESA CLAIMED WAS PARKED BELOW, WHEN TERESA THUNKED THE SCATTER HUG OUT FROM BENEATH HIS FEET!



AS FOR WARREN, HUSBAND FIVE? HE'D MADE THE MISTAKE OF FALLING ASLEEP WHILE TERESA WAS DRIVING HOME FROM A PARTY! SHE'D JUST STOPPED THEIR CAR ON THE GRADE-CROSSING, STEPPED OUT, AND WAITED.



AND PETER, WHO LOVED MUSIC, ERRED WHEN HE TOOK HIS BATH WITH HIS BACK TO THE DOOR! HE NEVER SAW TERESA OPEX IT, REACH THE STICK IN, AND KNOCK THE RADIO OFF THE SHELF ABOVE THE TUB.



YES, THEY'D ALL BEEN MURDERED! BUT THEY NEVER *KNEW* IT! ONLY *FREDDY*. TERESA'S *SEVENTH* HUSBAND. *HE KNEW*! FREDDY WAS A *FLYING* GUY. OWNED HIS OWN PLANE! HE'D HAD A RUNWAY LEVELLED AT ONE END OF TERESA'S VAST ESTATE! EVERY DAY HE'D TAKE OFF... FLY AROUND... AND LAND.



ONE DAY, WHILE HE WAS *OFF*, TERESA STRUNG A STROGO WIRE, TAUGHT ABOUT TWO FEET HIGH, ACROSS THE RUNWAY.



AND WHEN FREDDY CAME IN FOR A LANDING...



BUT FREDDY WASN'T KILLED IN THE CRASH! WHEN HE CRAWLED FROM THE WRECKAGE, TERESA WAS FORCED TO FINISH THE JOB.



SO YOU SEE WHO I'VE CHRISTENED TERESA 'MADAM BLUEBEARD'? WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? SHE MUST BE NUTS! OF COURSE SHE'S NUTS! IT STEMS BACK TO HER CHILDHOOD... WHEN HER FATHER WALKED OUT ON TERESA AND HER MOTHER...



JACK! WHAT WILL WE DO FOR MY LIFE ON TERESA AND I?

FOR MY PART YOU CAN STARVE! BODDYES!

TERESA'S MOTHER HAD BEEN EMBITTERED BY HER HUSBAND'S LEAVING! SHE'D PASSED UP HER DAUGHTER TO ANGE MEN...

MEN ARE BEASTS, TERESA! THEY'RE NOTHING BUT ANIMALS! YES, MOTHER!



ALL OF HER LIFE SHE'D BEEN TAUGHT

MONEY? THAT'S ALL THEY'RE GOOD FOR! THE BEASTS!

YES, MOTHER!



UNTIL IT BECAME LOGICAL IN TERESA'S WARPED MIND THAT...

MEN ARE BEASTS! WILD BEASTS! WILD BEASTS MUST BE DESTROYED!



AND SO, ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HER MOTHER'S DEATH, EARL, TERESA'S FIRST HUSBAND, LAY IN HIS GRAVE? TERESA CAME AND LAID A WREATH ON IT IN HER MOTHER'S HONOR...



THEN, WHEN TERESA'S MOTHER DIED ON A COLD DAY IN NOVEMBER...

I'LL AVENGE YOUR DEATH, MOTHER! YOU SHALL SEE! THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS! THE BEASTS!



AND ON THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF HER MOTHER'S PASSING, THERE WERE TWO GRAVES TO PLACE WREATHS UPON! EARL'S... AND HOWARD, HER SECOND HUSBAND'S



YEAR AFTER YEAR, THE NEAT LITTLE ROW OF GRAVES GROW!  
AND YEAR AFTER YEAR, TERESA CAME AND PLACED WREATHS  
UPON THEM, IN HONOR OF HER *MOTHER*...



SIX YEARS, MOTHER!  
AND SIX WREATHS.  
IN YOUR MEMORY!

NOW THE BLACK-CLAD MOURNERS  
ARE FILING OUT OF THE CEMETERY.  
LEAVING THE SEVENTH GRAVE TO  
BE FILLED IN... *FREDDY'S GRAVE!*



LET'S GET TO  
WORK, HARK!

YEAH! IT'S  
GETTING COLD!

AND SO THE SEVENTH GRAVE IS FILLED IN! THE NEAT LINE LIES SILENT UNDER THE GARKENING  
SKY! EARL, UNDER THE FIRST! HOWARD, BENEATH THE SECOND! DOUGLAS UNDER THE THIRD  
MOUND! NEAL, BELOW THE FOURTH! WARNER IN THE FIFTH! AND PETER, THE SIXTH! EACH PEACE-  
FUL IN DEATH, EACH *MEMORANT!* AND IN THE FRESH GRAVE, *FREDDY WHO KNOWS!* AND AS  
THE WIND COMES UP, RUSTLING THROUGH THE BARE TREES, SWEEPING ACROSS THE GRAVE STONES,  
WHISTLING PAST THE ROW OF SEVEN GRAVES, IT SEEMS TO SOUND LIKE A *WHISPER*... LIKE *SOME-  
ONE WHISPERING*... LIKE *FREDDY, TELLING THE OTHERS*...



ONE DAY, IN NOVEMBER...



I'D LIKE TO BUY  
SOME WREATHS!  
SEVEN OF THEM!

YES, MA'AM! SHALL I  
WRAP THEM OR ARE  
YOU GOING ACROSS THE  
ROAD WITH THEM?



I'M GOING ACROSS THE  
ROAD TO THE CEMETERY!  
HOW MUCH WILL THAT  
BE?

ER... FOURTEEN  
DOLLARS, MA'AM!  
THESE ARE HARD  
TO GET THIS TIME  
OF YEAR!

TERESA CROSSES THE ROAD AND ENTERS THE CEMETERY, THE SEVEN WREATHS IN HER ARMS.



FOURTEEN DOLLARS? THE BEAST.

ON OVER THE FROZEN MOUND SHE MOVES TO THE NEAT ROW OF SEVEN GRAVES...



SHE STOOPS AND PLACES A WREATH UPON EACH GRAVE.



THEN TERESA FORGES HER FACE TOWARD THE GARDENING BOY AND BEGINS TO LAUGH! BUT HER LAUGH IS CUT SHORT BY A HUMBLE BENEATH HER FEET! SHE STARES DOWN, HORRIFIED! THE SEVEN GRAVES ARE EACH CRACKING OPEN...



GOOD LORD!

THE HOTTED HAND REACHES UP FROM BENEATH THE FROZEN EARTH, GRASPING TERESA'S ANKLE IN A DEATH-LIKE GRIP! SHE CANNOT RUN! SHE CANNOT MOVE! SHE CAN ONLY WATCH, AS THE CORPSES RISE FROM THEIR GRAVES! WATCH AND SCREAM.



EEE YAA

AND AS TERESA'S SCREAMS END IN A CHOKING COUGH, SILENCE ONCE AGAIN DESCENDS UPON THE GRAVE YARD! THE WIND WHISPERS ACROSS THE CEMETERY, CARRESSING THE NEAT LITTLE ROW OF GRAVES! ONLY NOW, THERE ARE *EIGHT* GRAVES INSTEAD OF SEVEN! AND ON THE EIGHTH GRAVE... LIE SEVEN SOLED WREATHS.



THE END

HEH, HEH! SO HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, MOTHER! THAT'S A LOVELY GIFT! THOSE *MEN-BEASTS* SAVE YOU! I HOPE YOU'RE *GRATEFUL*! OH, BY THE WAY, FIDELIS! YOU'LL BE GRATEFUL WHEN YOU RECEIVE AN ORDER OF BACK ISSUES! GET ALL OF MINE OR CRYPT OR HAUNT, OR JUST GET THEM ALL! DON'T FORGET! THE OTHER EC TITLES! TO FIND OUT MORE, READ *THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S GORMER* IN THIS ISSUE! THE OLD BUZZARD GIVES *FULL PARTICULARS*! 'SEE, NOW! REMEMBER! 'CREMATED CORPSES NEVER DIE! THEY JUST BLAZE AWAY!







# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Gappi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

I am writing to tell you how great your comics are. Everyone before I got to sleep I have to read one or two stories. I love your comics. You can print my address.

Orlando Garcia

1729 W Superior  
Chicago, IL 60622

I want to know if you guys are going to have a fun club. I have a favorite episode from "Crypt" series, called "The House of Horrors" (and another one called "What's Cooking?"), and I want to know what issue are you going to put it in so I can purchase it. Are there going to be any special editions like Halloween annals and all that?

Phillips Sandoz

© Paso, TX

"House of Horror" (singular) ran in CRYPT 8, get our back issue. But it ran originally in HAUNT 1; get our back issue! The house is also they ran it twice! Inquire after our "Annals," they collect each title under one cover about five issues a week. —CK

A couple days ago I was looking at baseball cards and I found a card with the signature at the bottom saying "Jack Davis." Did he draw the card?

Paul O'Leary (Needham, MA)

Surely did. The card is © 1983 Sunbelt Brown. Davis does lots of advertising work. And with my son, the #11111! —CK



Is it true that your nickname is "Crypty"? I got it out of the book called "Jokes from the Crypt." I would just die and draw out my grave to get CRYPT!

Can you send me the recipe for ghoulash?

Bryan Korte

North Beach, MA

Call me later. (One part ghoul, one part hash.) —CK

I like your comics and I collect your trading cards. I watch your show every Saturday. I also watch your cartoon. I like your story "Loved to Death" and "Death of Some Salesman." I like the TV version of "People who Live in Brass Houses" and "Television Terror."

Tucker Gagliardi

Oakland, CA

So how's it going in the Critical Crypt? Not much here. The in school right now and we're watching a mixed martial movie. I don't think anyone is really watching. I think you guys are the best thing that has ever come out of hell. I have a idea for a story. It would rule if you did a "Phantom of the Opera" story.

William Wallace

FT Wayne, IN

I will read the legends in "Top Billing," VAULT 28. And quit reading comics in class even when!

—CK

You are the coolest dead person alive. I am starting my subscription to your comic. I think The Old Witch is a first brooder. The Vault-Keeper is just a pain in the ass, sometimes. But I liked his story in CRYPT and I liked your story "Drown and Quarrel." Do you like girls? (Not The Old Witch. She's not a girl.) Could you please send me CRYPT no. 2 or 3? Please. I'm begging you! Please! Send Friends For Life (Or death).

Dee Dale

Capitol, MI

You're right, The Old Witch hates hysterics. You can get any of my back issues, or any EC title. See the end of this column. —CK

I love your comics. I love them so much I could die. I am drawing up an the Crypt-Keeper and I don't know what to wear. What should I wear?

Dave Hanes

Portney, TX

When I shed my blue robes, I'm partial to a white sport coat and a pink carnation. —CK

I wish you wrote last issue but I didn't get it printed. I really liked Crypt 10 my favorite story was "Drown and Quarrel." If you print my letter, could you please send me an autographed picture of yourself? Your #1 fan & friend,

Ashley Robinson, 12

Lockhart, SC

Berry, get me water'd photos. See below. —CK

"Drown and Quarrel?" In issue #10 is the best story I've read yet! It BUREAU all the others from "Drown and The Witch" (is that underground? that is!) Your best fan,

Frank Felder

Arrow, OK

I love CRYPT comics, the stories are good and scary. One of the stories I liked was "Drown and Quarrel." The comics have neat pictures, too! Why are the comics called EC comics?

Chris Feltner

Memphis, NJ

Somebody everyone liked "Drown" "EC" stands for "Entertaining Comics." Get out your microscope and you can read it on the cover "ecals." —CK

Thanks for printing my letter in CRYPT #10, but these last two lines WEREN'T mine. You must have mixed-up my letter and someone else's. I don't even watch " Tales From The Crypt-Keeper" (too juvenile). The guy who really wrote those lines is probably screaming "cause you didn't give him the credit.

I'm sure the Crypt-Keeper can come up with a suitable punishment for your Weirly youse.

Barry McGillicue

Alton, IL

You're right; that final paragraph was from the letter of Myron James, Rockville, IN. —CK

Do you know every scary story there is to know? I think you do! I want to get the talking Crypt-Keeper doll. I love scary things! Like you!

Justin Winkelman

Souls City, IA

**Like-or-as?**

—CK

I really enjoy reading your scary books, but you should make The Crypt-Keeper tell more stories because all the other people have their own books.

Uma Michael

Glastonbury, CT

**Make-or left?**

—CK

Hi I'm Tony Martinez, a big fan. But you can call me "Steak"! Tony, I am a faithful reader of CRYPT, VAULT and HALINT. I can read them over and over, and never tire.

By the way, I would love to receive letters from other EC fans from around the world, so please print my address. Any fan can write to me in Spanish, English, Italian, or French. I'll enjoy it a lot, since I like foreign languages.

Thanks for listening, OK, off buddy. I have to go brush my teeth, drink a glass of blood, and hop into the coffin. So, sweet nightmares!

Tony Martinez, age 17

6041 S Calhoun AV  
Chicago, IL 60629

Recently I got the [hardback] Complete CRYPT and in several issues it stated that there were photos of the three Ghoul-Ladies. I was writing to see if those photos are still available, and if so, how much do they cost? Your fan,

Adam Owens

address unknown

I have a few questions for you... could you get The Y.K. out at my mag? Could Mr. Cochran reprint the 1950s photos of the Ghoul-Ladies? Will the Pre-Trend and New Direction comics, as well as PARO and MAD, be reprinted in regular format? I would like to have a pen-pal so please print my full address. Your pal,

John Brown

POB 1201  
Hartman, TN 37746

**That's what it would take to offer photos [the Adam Owens and Ashley Matthews, see above] talk about—reprinting the 1950s photos. Maybe we will. Some other EC comic titles are scheduled for this series, no maybe to it.**

—CK

I'm collecting your comics. I've also getting VAULT and HALINT. I couldn't choose just one, they're all great. Do you like being the Crypt-Keeper? Your scary fan,

Cassie Meeks

Peetles, OH

**Best unemployment?**

—CK

I just wanted to tell you dudes that the stupid "being story in issue 7 by The Vault-Keeper, "Wooden Death!", was dumb. But don't worry, because I think he made up for it in issue 8 [with] "Lady, You're Not Yourself Today!", that story was cool! Please print my address.

Joshua Keane, 12

31 Budd ST  
Mount Holly, NJ 08060

**Best VR can hope for: To break even?**

—CK

I love your mag! I have seen all of your shows. I am going to get all of the EC CLASSICS. I love CRYPT 6. I like the tale "Scared To Death!"

I looked in my video store. I cannot find the "Tales from the Crypt" movie. Maybe you could tell me where I can get a copy of it. And do you make more than 6 RCP 64-page EOs?

Patrick Burke!!

Tampa, FL

There were 7 issues of RCP CRYPT, and 8 each of RCP VAULT and HALINT. All still available. Write for list and please! Buy, read! Mark, here!

—CK

I just got my copy of CRYPT 6, and I see you printed my letter. And you've done a little editing. And I think you made a mistake! You left [redacted] last name printed. Did you do that on purpose or accident?

And I think [redacted] has a point! Please print my [new] address.

Jason Parker

6783 Davis RD  
Riverside, SC 29470

I did it [redacted]. On purpose.

—CK

I am your funny fan that lives in the gutter. I like your comics but they are hard to come by. I'm 11 years old. How old are you? I watch you on TV also. I like you better than the Vault-Keeper and the Old Witch. Could you tell me where I can get a lot of your comics because the stores are always out of comics? What is your phone number? Your fan,

Bobby Harris, II

Baton Rouge, LA

**Funny you should ask. You can get our comics from us direct, and our phone number is 1-800-EC-CRYPT.**

—CK

I am a 14 year old girl and I want to know why there isn't more gore in your comics. I think it's because of the children who can't sleep with the sight of blood, of course you don't want to give the poor babies nightmares.

I guess what I'm trying to say is it's ok to put more violence in your comics. If those pansy parents and children can't stand it, let them cry about it. Your readers and real fans are here to support you. Like the saying goes if you can't take the heat stay out of the incinerator.

Santolina Arnold

Atlanta, GA

Why is it that in most of your tales you never show the faces of the hell-exterminators? I would also like to know if you could make the stories more scary. When I say more scary I mean make them similar to the TV series on HBO. I love your comics and I won't stop reading them.

Lalania Reed

Monte WY, GA

**TV goes for your viscera. We go for your mind. Besides, we eat the faces first.**

—CK

I've been doing some research and I found that the first issue of CRYPT was named INTERNATIONAL COMICS and issue #9 when it was renamed INTERNATIONAL CRIME PATROL. At #7 it was shortened to CRIME PATROL up to issue #18. Then at #17 (which is your first issue of CRYPT in this run of reprints) it was CRYPT OF TERROR for 5 issues. At the sacred issue of 20 it became TALES FROM THE CRYPT! My question is will you ever be reprinting these first 18 issues? Interestingly Yours,

Nathaniel Wilson

Pittsburgh, PA

The first, say, 4-8 issues of this design would reprint you of period RCP (EC) comics, I think. Not until the advent of Grig & Feltstein would you commence to see any EC-mag, not until the last few issues would you see ME! You can see the CRIME PATROL issues in the WAR AGAINST CRIME/CRIME PATROL set of The Complete EC Library.

—CK

I love your stories. I'm 13 years old, but I'm going crazy over CRYPT. I loved your story "Death Must Come." You ought to make more stories about eternal life.

Two stories from your TV show got me in a CRYPT mood. The first is "Korman's Identity." I looked at the office in the program. Is that what your office looks like? The second was "Yellow," starring Kirk Douglas and Sam

Alyroid: I got a question. Why can't I find it?

If anyone would like to talk about OK, the comics, or "Tales from the Crypt" stories, write me.

Andy Tristenbach 3277 Parkton Way  
Baltimore, MD 21212

We released the "Kamen's" on cable, "Kamen's Kamenity!" from CRYPT 18 will come around soon (or get 64-pg RCP CRYPT #1 right now!) and the 6 pretty concrete, "Teller" ran in SPOCK #1 (back issues available). —CK

First of all let me say: I am a HUGE fan of CRYPT, VAULT, and HAUNT, but your stories are definitely the best. Although I am only 13 years old, I love your comics and I have been reading them for about 2 years.

I don't know why the printers put The Old Witch's and The Youth-Keeper's stories in with yours, they don't compare.

You're very handsome. do you get your good looks from your Mommy or from your Daddy?

Jared Bringer Hot Springs, AR

Buy 64-pg GLAD CRYPT #1 and find out! Hah-hah! —CK

I love your comics. In my opinion, they are the best comics on the market. But at great as your comics as you can make them much better by adding a little more blood and gore to the pictures. The stories are fine (just make the pictures a little more gruesome. If you add just a little more gore the comics may become the best on the market) (not just in my opinion). Trust me, I'm your most dedicated fan (I'm not going to say I'm your #1 fan because that's what all you fans say). The reason why I say I'm your most dedicated fan is because one wall of my room is dedicated to EC comics and the rest of my room looks like a smaller version of the house on the HMO series.

Greg Rinal Brooklyn, NY

Clean your room! —CK

I love your comics. I really think that OK and VK should get run over by a truck. VK sticks at telling stories. His story in CRYPT 60 really sucked.

"Mangled Snack!" was predictable and not scary at all.

I started collecting EC comics about a year ago. My Dad and I were in Cleveland for a ball game when we walked into a B. Dalton Bookseller and I started to look for a BATMAN comic when I spotted a CRYPT #1 at the bottom. As far as I'm concerned all EDCs should be at the top. I bought it, and have been subscribing ever since. Your takes are the most gruesome, and have the best endings.

Here is CRYPT #15 in order: COVER. Really blood did a pretty good job. Is it just me, or does OW look drunk on the cover?

"Green and Quarantined" Best story in the book. Jack Davis #1 is the best. Man, I sure wouldn't like to be run over by a subway.

"The Barren Body!" Worst story in the book. VK really can't tell stories. I'm telling you.

"Indian Burial Mound" No offense, Crypty, but I wasn't that good. You've had better stories in your lifetime. I mean, you could tell that Roy was gonna die.

"Political Pull!" Okay but the end was unrealistic. A body wouldn't even last a month let alone a year in the sea.

Please print my address. If anybody disagrees with my opinions and criticism, please write. Oh and OK, don't die yet, cause I love your work! Gruesomely yours,

Tate Benzowetz, 11 years old 305 Woodbridge LN  
Orionville, MI 48862

I love your comic books. I have 4 questions for the Crypt-Keeper: When is your Birthday? Do you have any brothers or sisters? Are you married? or do you have to dig up a date? Will you be my pet cat?

Scott Ramey Vancouver, BC

See below for Birthday information (Get a shovel!) —CK

I found out one of the great mysteries of all time. How old you are. You are 121 years old in 1994! I have proof to back me up. In GLAD CRYPT #1 during the introduction of the story "Lower Birth", you explain that a circus came to a small town 60 years ago. A year later you were born, this was said in 1993. So in 1992 you were 70 years old. 43 years later (1994) you are 121 years old (70+42=121).

Being an artist myself, I think that your artist, Jack Davis, and the Old Hag's, cops, I mean Old Witch's artist, Graham Ingels, are the most talented artists of the EC horror comics. Jack's corpse drawings and Graham's finely rendered pictures are superb.

My top favorite three takes, in order, are: 1st - "The Chips Are Down" (RCP VAULT #1) 2nd - "Pool Play" (RCP VAULT #6) and 3rd - "While The Cat's Away" (GLAD VAULT #1). The best episodes from "Tales From The Crypt" the series are "18 Death" and "Mountain Mead".

Now come the dreaded questions. On the back of my Crypt card #60 it says the (cover of) CRYPT #68 was to be the cover for a new EC horror comic. What was the comic's title to be, and who was to be the host?

Do you have any posters or T-shirts to sell? Please print my address.

Jeffrey Jones 4231 Sansam Blvd  
Bensalem, PA 19050

An interesting theory, that much on my age. How long after my telling that tale did EC write it up for the comics? I said "about" 60 years. And, were these human years or dog years?

EC planned a fourth horror title in late 1984, and was going to call it THE CRYPT OF TERROR (which revived the original title of this mag, dropped after the "first" three issues). I would have been the host (who died?) and the first issue was prepared and did see print as issue "448" of CRYPT (actually 430).

Funny you should ask (hah-hah); the back cover of this comic offers a T-shirt ONLY YOU COMICS FANS will get! —CK

Also available this month are WEIRD SCIENCE and SPOCK, stories for VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-PICTED and HAUNT, Don't Forget HAUNT, INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION and GHOST. See them at your local comic book shop or WorldWide Web our ad in this issue for details.

Single Issues: CRYPT #1, 64 page (subject to availability) at \$1.99 per copy (Issue 25, \$1.99 each. Issues 24 and up, \$2 each. Add \$5 per order (US & Canada \$6) for \$26.

Write to:  
CRYPT  
RUE COLEMAN  
POB 488  
WEST PLAIN, MO 65755

#### THIS COMIC REPRINTS

TALES FROM THE CRYPT #67" (J11, CBC \$1/JAN 92)

COVER by Wally Wood

"West-Coast Horror"

"Madame Bluebeard"

"Return!"

"Horror Head...J. Off!"

Jack Davis

Joe Orlando

Jack Kamen

Graham Ingels

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters we feel are overly abusive and angry. We sometimes remove short letters and do not return, so really we are your own opinion. The intent is to encourage discussion of letters, so do not treat your address as confidential either.



HERE'S A GHOSTLY YARD!

I CALL IT...

**RETURN!**



MYRA SAT ON THE CHAIR BY THE WINDOW, STAREING OUT AT THE GENTLY FALLING RAIN! A SINGLE TEAR SLID SILENTLY DOWN ONE CHEEK.

OH, JIM! JIM! WHY DID YOU GO AWAY AGAIN? WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK. NOW THAT I NEED YOU SO?



MYRA SMILED! SUDDENLY THE TELEPHONE RANG! SHE RUSHED TO IT, HOPEING. PRAYING ...

HELLO? WHAR? IT'S MAM... MAM FORREST? I JUST GOT IN! WILL YOU BE HOME FOR THE REST HEART?



HAL, BEAR! IT'S SO, MYNA! GOING TO ~~WASH~~ YOUR VOICE? IS ~~JIM~~ WITH YOU?



MYNA HOOKED EARLY AND HUNG UP! HAL - HAL FORREST, JIM'S PARTNER, WAS HOME. WITHOUT ~~JIM~~ MYNA PLUNGED HERSELF ON THE SOFA AND BEGAN TO SOB.

OH, JIM! ~~JIM~~ WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU, DARLING?



HAL FORREST HAD BEEN BEST MAN AT JIM AND MYNA'S WEDDING! THAT HAD BEEN OVER SIXTEEN MONTHS AGO! THE THREE OF THEM HAD DRIVEN UPSTATE TO A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

TEN MORE MILES, KIDS! THEN DOGS! EXCUSE ME!



THE J.P.'S HOME HAD BEEN A LOVELY LITTLE PLACE. THE KIND OF HOUSE MYNA'D READ ABOUT IN BOOKS! IT WAS WHITE SHINGLES, COVERED WITH CLIMBING ROSES AND VINE.

AND I NOW PRODUCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!

JIM! MYNA!



UH-UH! YOU TAKE THE CAR! DRIVE UP SOME-PLACE AND ENJOY YOURSELVES! SOON!

SO LONG, HAL! THANKS A LOT, KID! YOU'RE A DREAM, HAL!



HAL HAD PLANTED THE BEST MAN'S TRADITIONAL KISS ON MYNA'S CHEEK, AND THEN ANNOUNCED.

WELL, KIDS! HAVE A NICE TIME ON YOUR HONEYMOON! I'VE GOT A TRAIN TO CATCH!

TRAMP! YOU! BUT YOUR CAR!



LATER, AS JIM AND MYNA SPED ALONE.

THAT WAS *FREE!* OF HAL TO LOAN US THE CAR, WASN'T IT, JIM?

YEAH! HE'S A *SWELL* GUY! WE *FLIP* TOGETHER DURING THE WAR! WE'RE GOING INTO *BUSINESS* TOGETHER WHEN YOU AND I GET BACK!





WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS?

AN AIR-FREIGHT 'NAL'S GOT A LINE ON A DC-3! IF WE CAN SWING IT...



YOU MEAN FLYING?

WHY NOT? THAT'S ALL I KNOW! BESIDES - THERE'S GOOD MONEY IN IT IF YOU OWN YOUR OWN SHIP!



BUT, THAT MEANS WE'LL BE SEPARATED!

ONLY FOR A FEW DAYS AT A TIME, MYRA! WE'RE JUST GOING TO FLY SHORT-HOP STUFF!

AND SO MYRA'S HONEYMOON HAD BEGUN! THEY'D FOUND A QUIET LITTLE HOTEL AND SPENT TWO WEEKS OF HEAVEN. THEY'D SOME RIDING, FISHING, SWIMMING.



C'NONE IS, HONEY! THE WATER'S FINE!

BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE! I'VE GOT TO PUT ON MY CAP.

BUT EVERYTHING WONDERFUL FINALLY HAD TO END AND MYRA AND JIM'S HONEYMOON WAS NO EXCEPTION THEN...



WE GOT THE FLARE, MYRA! A DC-3! IT'S A BEAUTY! AN AIR-SUPPLIES JOB! MAIL'S STRIPPING DOWN THE EMBARKING NOW! I'VE GOT TO GET RIGHT BACK TO THE AIRPORT...

OH, I SEE! THEN YOUR WORKING TO RIGHT?

AFTER THE FLARE WAS RECONDITIONED, JIM HAD BEGUN SOLICITING BUSINESS...



ANY LEAD, JIM?

NOT ONE LEAD! BLAST IT! THE BIG LINES HAVE THE AIR-FREIGHT SERVICE ALL SERVED UP!

AND THEN, ONE NIGHT, JIM HAD RUSHED HOME...



MYRA! LOOK! A CONTRACT! WE'RE RICH!

OH, JIM! I'M SO HAPPY!





JIM!

MYRA! DARLING!

MYRA HAD FLUNG HERSELF INTO JIM'S STRONG ARMS, CRYING UNCONTROLLABLY.

I... I WAS AFRAID, OH—HONEY! YOU WERE... IT DOESN'T MATTER, NOW!



WE'RE FOREVER! THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!

JIM! JIM! IT'S BEEN SO LONG—SO LONG!



THEY'D GLUNG TO EACH OTHER... NOT SPEAKING! THEN...

WHY DIDN'T YOU WRITE, JIM? YOU PROMISED!

I COULDN'T, MYRA! I WOULD HAVE IF I COULD! IF YOU KNOW THAT!



COME! YOU MUST BE TIRED! OH, DARLING! IT'S SO GOOD TO HAVE YOU HOME!

IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME, MYRA!

AND SO, THEY'D BEEN TOGETHER AGAIN... IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS! BUT MYRA'S JOY WAS SHORT-LIVED... FOR THE NEXT MORNING...



COME! JIM'S HOME!



SHE'D FOUND THE NOTE...

'MYRA DEAREST, WRITING THIS IS THE HARDEST THING I'VE EVER DONE. I HAVE TO GO AWAY, AND JUST CAN'T FACE YOU TO SAY GOOD-BYE. BELIEVE ME, DARLING, SOMEDAY WE'LL BE TOGETHER FOR KEEPS...AND I'LL NEVER HAVE TO LEAVE YOU AGAIN. TELL THEM, REMEMBER THAT I LOVE YOU.'

JIM!

NO!... NO!





JIM HAD LEFT NO FORWARDING ADDRESS...JUST THE NOTE! SOON ANOTHER THREE MONTHS HAD SLIPPED AWAY MYRA'S BEGIN TO FEEL ILL! SHE'D HAD HEADACHES...GIZZY SPELLS...ATTACKS OF NAUSEA...

THE DOCTOR WILL SEE YOU NOW, M'AM!

THANK YOU!



HER FAMILY PHYSICIAN HAD EXAMINED HER...FINALLY ANNOUNCING THE SYMPTOMS YOU DESCRIBE ARE NOT UNCOMMON TO SOMEONE WHO IS GOING TO BECOME A MOTHER.

MYRA!

DOCTOR ARE YOU SURE? WHEN?



SIX MONTHS OR SO! YOU'D BETTER BE TAKING IT EASY!

I WILL, DOCTOR! THANK YOU!



NOW, MYRA LAY DOORBING ON THE COUCH, WAITING FOR HAL. FORGET, JIM'S PARTNER? SUDDENLY THE CHIMES SOUNDED! MYRA OURED HER EYES AND OPENED THE DOOR...

HAL! WHY DID YOU COME ALONE? WHY DIDN'T YOU BRING JIM BACK WITH YOU?

I COULDN'T, MYRA! JIM'S... DEAD!



MYRA STARED AT HAL! SHE COULDN'T BELIEVE HER EARS...

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! I'M GOING TO HAVE A BABY! WHEN I SAW JIM THREE MONTHS AGO...

THREE MONTHS AGO! IMPOSSIBLE!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, IMPOSSIBLE? JIM WAS HERE...HE SPENT THE NIGHT THREE MONTHS AGO!

BUT... IT CAN'T BE!



OUR PLANE CRASHED UP FOUR HUNDRED MILES SOUTH OF PANAMA...IN THE JUNGLE! JIM WAS KILLED INSTANTLY! IT TOOK ME FIFTEEN MONTHS TO CRAWL OUT OF THAT GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE...BACK TO CIVILIZATION!

THE END



HEH, HEH! I SEE YOU'RE SURPRISED! THAT'S THE SPIRIT! WHAT'S THAT YOU ASK? HOW SHOULD I KNOW? ASK MYRA! FUNNY THING ABOUT MYRA AND JIM! WHEN THEY FIRST MET, MYRA DIDN'T THINK SHE HAD A CHANCE OF A CHANCE WITH HIM! WELL, NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO BE REVOLTED BY THE OLD MYRA'S EYES, RIGHT?

# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

NOW THAT YOU'VE HAD YOUR *CHILLING APPETIZERS* FROM MY FELLOW GHOULMATES, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO SERVE YOU THE *MAIN COURSE*! SO COME INTO THE *HAUNT OF FEAR*! MY CAULDRON BUBBLES AND GURGLES! IT'S *BEVIL*, *BEVIL* IS JUST ABOUT READY! YEP! IT'S *ME AGAIN*! *THE OLD WITCH*! HELLO! *HUNGRY*? GOOD! THEN OPEN YOUR LITTLE LEERING MOUTHS AND I'LL STUFF IN THE *TASTY TERROR-TALE* I CALL...

**HORROR!**

**HEAD...**

**IT OFF!**

THE YEAR WAS 1793! THE PLACE WAS FRANCE DURING THE BLOODY DAYS KNOWN AS 'THE REIGN OF TERROR'. FOLLOWING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION! IN PAUL SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE GRAY SKY STOOD THE NOTORIOUS *GUILLOTINE* FOR ITS GLAMING BLADE WAS HOISTED, THE GATHERED CROWD BROUDED AND CAT-CALLED! FROM SOMEWHERE CAME THE OMINOUS ROLL OF A SHARP DRUM! THE BLADE FLASHED DOWNWARD... AND ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE DOOMED ARISTOCRACY MET HIS END AS HIS HEAD UNFROD INTO THE WAITING BASKET.

DAVID L. V.

FAR ACROSS PARIS...WEARY FROM THIS BLOODY SCENE...TWO FIGURES MADE THEIR WAY SLOWLY THROUGH A CROOKED STREET. ONE MAN WAS TALL, WELL-BUILT, BUT CRIPPLED. THE OTHER WAS SHORT AND SQUAT. THE CRIPPLED ONE MOVED PAINFULLY, FIRST STEPPING, THEN DRAGGING HIS HELPLESS CLUB FOOT.

DOOR THE STRANGER TWO-ONE CAME TO A DARK ALLEY. THEY TURNED IN, STOPPING BEFORE A BATTERED DOOR. THE SMALL ONE THROCKED ANXIOUSLY. FINALLY, IT CREAKED OPEN.

YES? WHAT IS IT? WE WE HAVE COME TO BUY SOME FLOWERS!



WORTH MASTER! WE ARE ALMOST THERE! I AM GASP COMING, LOUIS! I CAN'T WALK AS FAST AS YOU!

THE GREY MAN BEHIND THE DOOR PEERED OUT AT THEM...

FLOWERS? WE WANT SOME WHAT KIND FLEURS-DE-LIS OF FLOWERS?



COME IN! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

YOU ARE MOST KIND!



THE FAT MAN CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND THE TWO VISITORS AND TURNED TO THEM.

AND... IT DOES NOT MATTER WHO THIS IS THE MARQUIS DE ARCHEMONT? I AM HIS SERVANT, HERE? LOUIS?



YOU HAVE... MONEY?

YES! WE HAVE THE AMOUNT! YOU WILL HELP HIM TO FLEE PARIS AS THEY SAID YOU WOULD?



CERTAINLY! I WILL MAKE ALL THE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS! BUT FIRST... IF YOU DON'T MIND... THE MONEY!

OF COURSE! HERE YOU ARE!



THE FAT ONE COUNTED THE  
SOLS AND THEN SMILED.  
AND YOU AM?  
I AM HENRI LUGENE!  
LUGENE? YOU ARE THE  
DURE DE LUGENE?  
AT YOUR SERVICE!



THAT IS CORRECT!  
I HAVE DEDICATED  
MYSELF TO HELPING  
FELLOW MEMBERS  
OF MY CLASS  
ESCAPE THE  
GUILLOTINE!



AM' M'SIEU  
LE DURE?  
THIS IS A  
NOBLE  
THING  
YOU DO!  
IT WERE  
NOT FOR  
MY CLUM-  
FOOT.



YOU WILL BE  
READY TO  
LEAVE AT MID-  
NIGHT? A COACH  
WILL BE AT THE  
ALLEYWAY!



I WILL BE  
READY!  
I DO NOW,  
MASTER.  
BEFORE I  
AM MISSED!  
GOOD LUCK!



AFTER LOUIS, THE MARQUIS DE HOSCHENMONT'S  
SERVANT, LEFT.

HE IS NOT  
BORN WITH  
YOU?  
THERE IS NO NEED! HE WAS  
ONLY MY SERVANT! THE  
GUILLOTINE DOES NOT THINK  
FOR HIS HEAD! ONLY  
MINE...



THAT NIGHT, A COACH DREW UP TO THE ALLEY-  
WAY! THE CLUMP ORAG CLUMP ORAG  
FOOTSTEPS OF THE FUGITIVE MARQUIS APPROACHED!

SEN VOYAGE, MARQUIS  
AND GOOD LUCK!  
GOOD-BYE, M'SIEU LE  
DURE! THANK YOU! MAY  
YOU CONTINUE TO HELP  
OTHER UNFORTUNATES  
LIKE ME!



AS THE COACH CLATTERED OFF INTO THE DARK-  
NESS, HENRI... THE FAT GUY DE LUGENE  
SMILED TO HIMSELF...

DO NOT WORRY, M'SIEU LE MARQUIS! I  
WILL CONTINUE! IT PAYS ME WELL  
AND MY HEAD REMAINS ON MY  
SHOULDERS!



SOON AFTER, NEAR THE GATES OF PARIS

WHAT IS THE  
MEANING  
OF THIS?  
IT MEANS, M'SIEU LE MAR-  
QUIS, THAT YOU ARE UNDER  
ARREST IN THE NAME OF  
THE FRENCH REPUBLIC!  
TOMORROW, THE GUILLO-  
TINE AWAITS.



SOON, BACK AT THE HOUSE OF HENRI, DUKE DE LUZERNE...



WELL, CAPTAIN? THAT IS OUR ARRANGEMENT? I TURN THEM OVER TO YOU - AND SAVE MY NECK, EN?

SAVE YOUR NECK IS NEXT, LUZERNE! IF IT WERE NOT FOR THIS LITTLE SERVICE YOU PERFORM, YOUR HEAD WOULD HAVE ROLLED LONG AGO!



AND SO THE NEXT DAY BEFORE THE JEERING MOB, THE MARQUIS DE ROCHEMONT LIMPED UP THE STEPS OF THE GUILLOTINE.



AND AS THE GLIMMING BLADE WAS HOISTED SKWARD, THE DRUM BEGAN ITS OMINOUS ROLL.



THE CROWD ROARED AS THE BLADE PLUNGED DOWNWARD! BUT IN ITS RISE, ONE MAN DID NOT CHEER! HIS FACE WAS GRIM! IT WAS SHORT, BOUT LOUIS, THE MARQUIS' SERVANT.



LATER... CAPTAIN! THERE IS A MAN OUTSIDE! HE HAS COME TO CLAIM THE MARQUIS DE ROCHEMONT'S REMAINS. HE WAS HIS SERVANT!



LET THE BOSSMAN TAKE IT! TONIGHT!



AND SO, LATE THAT NIGHT A CART RUMBLLED THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS OF PARIS CARRYING A MACABRE CARGO... A COFFIN, CONTAINING THE DECAPITATED REMAINS OF THE MARQUIS DE ROCHEMONT! IT WAS DRIVEN BY LOUIS, HIS EVER-FAITHFUL SERVANT.



I WILL SEE THAT YOU HAVE A DECENT BURIAL, MASTER!

THE NEXT DAY, LOUIS STOPPED  
HENRI WHERE ON THE STREET.

AN, LOUIS? I AM  
SORRY! I HEARD  
THE BAD NEWS!

YES, M'SIEU LE  
DOCT' MY MAS-  
TER... WAS BE-  
HEADED YESTER-  
DAY!

SH-H-H! YOU  
FOOL! DO NOT  
CALL ME LE  
DOCT'!

WHY NOT? EVERY-  
ONE KNOWS  
ABOUT YOU! I  
HAVE LEARNED  
THE TRUTH...  
MYSELF!

I, I MUST  
BE GOING!

WAIT! THERE IS  
SOMETHING I MUST  
SHOW YOU! COME!

LOUIS LED HENRI LUSURE TO THE MARKETPLACE...

HAVE YOU EVER BOUGHT A CHICKEN HERE,  
M'SIEU LUSURE? HAVE YOU EVER SEEN  
HOW THEY *KILL* THEM? LOOK!

USH!  
THEY CHOP  
OFF ITS  
HEAD!

YES, M'SIEU! NOW WATCH! SEE HOW  
THE BODY SQUIGGLES ABOUT WITHOUT  
ITS HEAD! SEE HOW IT FLAPS ITS  
WINGS!

HOW DIRTY!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DRIVING AT?

SOMETIMES A CHICKEN WITH ITS HEAD  
CHOPPED OFF LIVES FOR MANY HOURS!  
I KNOW OF A GASE WHERE ONE LIVED  
FOR ALMOST A MONTH! IT ONLY DIED  
BECAUSE THE FARMER WHO OWNED IT  
ALLOWED THE *WINDPIPE* TO BLOW  
CLOSED!

WHY DO  
YOU TELL  
ME THESE  
THINGS?  
WHY?

IF A CHICKEN CAN LIVE ON  
WITH ITS HEAD REMOVED,  
M'SIEU LUSURE, THEN  
WHY NOT A HUMAN BEING?  
ERR

YOU'RE MAD! YOU'RE  
TRYING TO FRIGHTEN  
ME! BAN! FOOLISH-  
NESS!

LOUIS SCURRIED OFF, LAUGHING. WHILE HENRI WIPOED THE PERSPIRATION FROM HIS FACE! LATER THAT NIGHT, AS HENRI LURED SAT IN HIS HOUSE...



THE IDIOT! IF HE THINKS HE CAN SCARE ME, HE'S...

SUDDENLY HENRI HEARD AN UNMISTAKABLE SOUND! FIRST, A CLUMP. THEN SOMETHING GRASSING... THEN A CLUMP... THEN THE GRASSING NOISE...



W. WHAT WAS THAT? IT SOUNDED LIKE FOOTSTEPS! LIKE A MAN... WITH A GLUB-FOOT!

THE CLUMPING, GRASSING SOUNDS CAME FROM THE ALLEY OUTSIDE! HENRI RUSHED TO THE DOOR... AND SLID THE BOLT CLOSED...



HE... HE'S AFTER ME! THE MARQUIS...

AS HENRI WATCHED NERVOUSLY, THE DOORKNOB TURNED SLOWLY! THEN IT RATTLED! SOMEONE OUTSIDE WAS TRYING TO GET IN...



OH, LORD... PROTECT ME! THANK GOD, I BOLTED IT IN TIME!

THEN THE CLUMP... GRAS... CLUMP... GRAS... FARED AWAY DOWN THE ALLEY...



HE... HE'S GOING AWAY! ME...

SUDDENLY, HENRI CURSED. WHAT A FOOL I AM! A STUPID FOOL! OF COURSE! THAT WAS LOUIS OUT THERE! HE'S TRYING TO FRIGHTEN ME! WHO EVER HEARD OF A BEHEADED MAN LIVING ON...



HENRI FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR AND PEERED OUT! THEN HE GASPED! THE TRACKS IN THE DIRT WERE UNMISTAKABLE! ONE SET WAS THAT OF A SMALL MAN! THE OTHERS WERE STRANGE... AS IF THE PERSON MAKING THEM GRASSED ONE FOOT...



A... A... GLUB-FOOT! NOW DIE! THEY WERE BOTH HERE!

HEMME SPUN AROUND! THE DOOR  
BLAMMED SHUT BEHIND HIM.

I... I'M LOCKED  
OUT!



THEN IT CAME AGAIN! THOSE  
ECHOES! *CLUMP... DRAG...  
CLUMP... DRAG...* THEY MOVED  
TOWARD HEMME FROM THE DARK-  
NESS OF THE ALLEY...

WHO WHO'S THERE?  
LOUIS? IS THAT  
YOU?



A PAIR OF LEGS MOVED INTO THE  
SQUARE OF LIGHT THAT STREAMED  
FROM THE LAMP ABOVE THE DOOR.  
ONE OF THE LEGS HAD A CLUB  
FOOT! *STEP... DRAG... STEP...  
DRAG...*

DE MOCHMONT?  
NO! IT CAN'T  
BE!



THE LIGHT CREEPT UP THE HORRIBLE  
FIGURE... SLOWLY TO THE WAIST.

LOUIS? IT'S  
YOU... ISN'T IT?



TO THE GHOST...

YOU... YOU'RE  
TRYING TO...  
Frighten ME?  
AREN'T YOU?  
LOUIS? LOUIS?



AND THEN, THE WHOLE FIGURE  
MOVED INTO THE LIGHT! AND IT  
HAD NO HEAD...



LOUIS WAS HEARD ONE MORE TIME... RASHER IT...

JUST A LITTLE FURTHER...  
JUST A LITTLE!

NO! NO! KEEP AWAY!  
YAAAAAAAAAHHH!



WEE... WEE... YES-SURE! HEMME WAS JUST SURPRISED  
IN FACT HE LOST HIS HEAD! THEY FOUND HIM THE  
NEXT MORNING WITHOUT IT! HIS BODY WAS  
LAIN BESIDE THE MARCHION DE ROCH-  
MONT'S! THEY MADE QUITE A PAIR! IN FACT IF  
IT WEREN'T FOR THE MARCHION'S CLUB-FOOT, YOU  
WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO TELL THEM APART!  
WHY? OH, COME, COME! USE YOUR HEAD! WHAT  
HAPPENED TO HEMME? HOW SHOULD I KNOW?  
WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL OF THE HEADS THAT  
ROLLED DURING 'THE NIGHT OF TERROR'? HMMM!  
SOUNDS LIKE SPORT MATERIAL! THERE! I'LL HAVE  
TO LOOK INTO IT! OH, BY THE WAY! ALL MY  
BACK ISSUES ARE AVAILABLE! THE CRYPT-  
KEEPER'S CORNER TELLS YOU HOW TO GET YOURS!  
THAT WINDS IT UP, KIDDIES? I HOPE YOUR  
HUNGER IS SATISFIED!  
WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT  
IN THE HAUNT OF HORROR!  
BYE FOR NOW!



# TALES FROM THE CRYPT

THE  
GHOST OF  
THE  
MOUNTAIN



THE  
GHOST OF  
THE  
MOUNTAIN



THE  
GHOST OF  
THE  
MOUNTAIN



THE  
GHOST OF  
THE  
MOUNTAIN



FAMOUS 1950s EC COMICS!

TE  
RR  
OR



NO. 12  
JUNE

# TALES



200  
27¢  
CANADA

FROM THE

# CRYPT

FEATURING



THE CRYPT KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE GRINNING MAN



## BACK ISSUES!!

THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE FAMOUS (AND INFAMOUS!) EC COMICS LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE FIRST ISSUE OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE BITTER END! GET ON THE SANDWAGON, AND FILL IN THE GAPS IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLISST!

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OTHER TITLES IN THE LINE ARE VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY, TWO-FISTED TALES, HAUNT, WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY AND CRIMINAL THE BACKLIST ON EVERY TITLE REPRESENTS THE SAME ISSUE NUMBER AS THOSE ILLUSTRATED ABOVE. SEE THE AD IN THIS COMIC TO SUBSCRIBE TO ANY OR EVERY TITLE.

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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! SO YOU'RE BACK FOR MORE, BUT CAN'T GET ENOUGH HORROR, EH? WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR DIME'S WORTH THIS TIME! HEH! IT'S ME... YOUR HOST... **THE CRYPT-KEEPER!** HEHE! WHAT CHILLER CAN I TELL YOU THAT WILL MAKE YOUR BLOOD RUN COLD AND THE HAIR ON YOUR NECK CRAWL? AHAH! I KNOW JUST THE ONE! THIS IS A REAL SPINE-TIMBLER! I CALL IT... AFFECTIONATELY...

## BARGAIN IN DEATH!



MY STORY HAS ITS BEGINNING ON A COOL OCTOBER EVENING IN 1922? IN THEIR ROOM IN THE DORMITORY OF LOGANWOOD MEDICAL COLLEGE, TWO YOUNG STUDENTS, SIT DEJECTEDLY, THEIR FACES SULKY...

WHAT CAN WE DO, WELL? UNLESS WE RAISE SOME MONEY, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO PAY OUR LABORATORY FEES!

AND WITHOUT THAT, OF COURSE, WE CAN'T GO ON WITH OUR STUDIES! DISSECTING THOSE GADAVERS IS REQUIRED FOR ANATOMY CREDIT!





CORPSE! I DIDN'T KNOW  
STUFF'S GONT SO  
MUCH! THAT'S WHAT  
THE LAB TEE COVERED,  
YOU KNOW!

YEAH I  
KNOW! SAY!  
WHAT IF WE  
SUPPLIED  
OUR OWN  
CORPSE?



AIN'T MORTY YOU  
YOU MEAN...

DON'T LOOK  
SHOCKED, NO!  
IT'S BEEN DONE  
BEFORE! WE  
JUST DID UP A  
FRESH ONE IN  
THE TOWN CEM-  
ETERY!



STEAL A BODY  
FOR A GRAVE?

EITHER THAT  
OR WE DON'T  
BECOME SUCCESS-  
FUL! TAKE YOUR  
CHOICE!



HEH, HEH! NOW THAT WE'VE SET SID AND MEL, AND  
HEARD THEIR PROBLEM, LET'S LOOK IN ON THE SECOND  
SCENE OF OUR BRILLY LITTLE TRAMP! THIS IS TAKING  
PLACE FAR ACROSS TOWN AT ALMOST THE SAME

MOMENT.

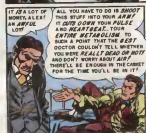
IT'S CRAZY, ALEX,  
ABSOLUTELY CRAZY! I  
WON'T AGREE TO IT!

BUT IT WILL WORK,  
GEORGE! I KNOW!  
I SAW WHAT THIS  
GUY CAN DO! WE  
NEED THE MONEY, DON'T  
WE?



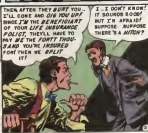
YES! OF COURSE! BUT,  
TO GIVE UP EVERY-  
THING, START ALL  
OVER...

WITH TWENTY THOU-  
SAND DOLLARS OF  
INSURANCE MONEY!



IT IS A LOT OF  
MONEY, ALEX!  
AN ANNUAL  
LOSS!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SHOOT  
THIS STUFF INTO YOUR ARM!  
IT GOTS DOWN YOUR PULSE  
AND HEARTBEAT. YOUR  
ENTIRE METABOLISM TO  
SUCH A POINT THAT THE BEST  
DOCTOR COULDN'T TELL WHETHER  
YOU WERE REALLY DEAD OR NOT!  
AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT AIN!  
THERE'LL BE ENOUGH IN THE CASKET  
FOR THE TIME YOU'LL BE IN IT!



THEN, AFTER THEY BURY YOU -  
I'LL COME AND GET YOU UP!  
WHEN I'M THE BENEFICIARY  
OF YOUR LIFE INSURANCE  
POLICY, THEY'LL HAVE TO  
PAY ME THE FORTY THOU-  
SAND YOU'VE INSURED  
FOR! THEN WE SPLIT  
IT!

I... I DON'T KNOW!  
IT SOUNDS GOOD!  
BUT I'M AFRAID!  
SUPPOSE, SUPPOSE  
THERE'S A KITCH?



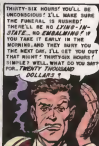
DON'T BE A FOOL, GEORGE! WHAT CAN SO WRONG?

SUPPOSE THE INSURANCE COMPANY SUSPECTS?



HOW CAN THEY? IT WILL LOOK LIKE **HEART-FAILURE!** I'LL BE AT HOME WITH A **PERFECT ALIBI!** NO ONE ELSE HAS ANY **MOTIVE!**

HOW LONG WILL THE **EFFECT** OF THE **DRUG** LAST?



THIRTY-SIX HOURS! YOU'LL BE UNCONSCIOUS! I'LL MAKE SURE THE FUNERAL IS RUSHED! THERE'LL BE NO **LIVING-IN-STATE... NO EMBALMING!** IF YOU TAKE IT EARLY IN THE MORNING, AND THEY BURY YOU THE NEXT DAY, I'LL GET YOU OUT THAT NIGHT! THIRTY-SIX HOURS! SIMPLY? WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY? FOR...**TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS?**



HHMM! SEEMS LIKE **EVERYBODY'S** GOT PROBLEMS! WELL! LET'S HURRY BACK ACROSS TOWN AND SEE WHAT **JED** AND **MEI** HAVE DECIDED...

ALL RIGHT, WELL! I'LL **DO** IT!

ATRA BOY, **SID!** WE'LL GET OLD GLEN TO HELP US! HE'LL DO **ANYTHING** FOR MONEY!



HEH, HEH! THE PLOT THICKENS, EH, KIDNEST AS FOR ALEX AND GEORGE, SURELY YOU MUST HAVE ANTICIPATED...

I'LL **JUSTICE**, ALEX! BUT IT'S AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGEMENT...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, GEORGE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF **EVERYTHING!** HERE'S THE HYPODERMIC AND THE DRUG! TAKE A **FULL SHOT!**



AND FOR **BOB'S** SAKE, SET RID OF THE BOTTLE AND NEEDLE BEFORE THE STUFF TAKES EFFECT! YOU'LL HAVE ABOUT **TEN MINUTES!**

I'LL BE CAREFUL, ALEX! DON'T WORRY!



SO THAT'S THE SITUATION, FIENDES! LIKE IT? GOOD! NOW FOR THE COMPLICATIONS! READY? HERE GOES! THE NEXT MORNING, GEORGE'S LANDLADY DISCOVERS HIS BODY...

EEEE

# A DOCTOR IS BURNED BY THE HYSTERICAL WOMAN.

THIS MAN IS DEAD! LOOKS LIKE HEART-FAILURE! MUST HAVE HAPPENED EARLY THIS MORNING! DID HE HAVE ANY RELATIVES?

NO! ONLY A FRIEND! I'LL DO FOR HIM!



# ALEX RECEIVES THE BAD NEWS...

WHAT? GEORGE... DEAD? GOOD LORD, WHAT A SHOCK! I'D BETTER COME BACK WITH YOU AND MAKE ARRANGEMENTS!

SOR... SOR! HE... HE WAS SUCH A GOOD MAN! SUCH A GOOD MAN!



# Alex ARRANGES GEORGE'S FUNERAL.

BUT, IT'S CUSTOMARY TO WAIT SEVERAL DAYS...

NO! GEORGE WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED IT THAT WAY! THE FUNERAL WILL BE HELD TOMORROW... IN THE AFTERNOON!



# THAT EVENING, IN THEIR DOWN-PORT ROOM.

LOOK, SID! WE'RE IN LUCK! SOME FOLKS SAID GEORGE DIED THIS MORNING! THEY'RE BURYING HIM TOMORROW AFTERNOON!

COME! LET'S GO SEE CLEM! WE'LL DIG UP THE BODY TOMORROW NIGHT!



# SID AND MEL FIND CLEM, THE BATHEN STUPID COLLEGE HANDY-MAN, AND EXPLAIN THEIR PLAN.

WAL... I DUNNO, FELLERS! WHEN UP A CORPSE? THAT'S kinda SCARY BUSINESS!

WE'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE, CLEM! SAY... FIVE DOLLARS?



WAL... FIF FIVE DOLLARS... I WANT!

GOOD! MEET US HERE TOMORROW NIGHT!

BRING THE TOOLS!



# THE NEXT DAY, TOWARD LATE AFTERNOON, GEORGE, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE DRUG... IS 'LAIN TO REST...

HE WAS... A GOOD MAN!

LOWER THE COFFIN!



AFTER GEORGE'S CASKET IS LOWERED INTO THE TAWNY BLACK PIT, THE GRAVE-DIGGERS STOP FOR-  
WARD...



FROM A DISTANCE, ALEX, GEORGE'S BEST FRIEND AND BENEFICIARY, SMILES AS THE SOFT CRAWLING EARTH IS SHOVELLED INTO GEORGE'S GRAVE...



WHEN ALEX RETURNS TO HIS ROOMING HOUSE, A STRANGER IS WAITING FOR HIM...

MY NAME IS FORTNEY. I'M FROM COSMOPOLITAN LIFE. ARE YOU ALEX LAWRENCE?



YOU ARE THE BENEFICIARY NAMED IN THE FORTY-THOUSAND DOLLAR POLICY OF THE RECENTLY DECEASED GEORGE ARKMAN...



SO WE’VE EXAMINED THE CERTIFICATE OF DEATH. EVERY-  
THING SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER!



WHY, TO PRESENT YOU WITH YOUR CASH, SISTER LAWRENCE! HERE YOU ARE!



AS DARKNESS BLANKETS THE TOWN AND THE LITTLE DRAB-LOOKING CEMETERY, ALEX LAWRENCE HASTILY PAGES...





MEANWHILE, DEEP DOWN UNDER THE MOLEY BLACK EARTH IN THE CEMETERY, SOMETHING STIRRS/GEORGE IS COMING TO...



GEORGE REACHES UP TO THE SATIN-LINED LID OF HIS UNDERGROUND PRISON...



AT THAT MOMENT, ALEX STANDS ON A USED-CAR LOT, SURVEYING A SHINY BLUE CONVERTIBLE...



LATER THAT NIGHT, AS GEORGE LIES BURIED SIX FEET BELOW THE CEMETERY'S GRAVESTONE REDECKED SURFACE...



SLOWLY, THE LID OF THE DESERTED CEMETERY SPRINGS OPEN, ITS RUSTED HINGES SCREAMING IN PROTEST. THREE FIGURES ENTER...



3. FREELY, SID AND MEL, THE TWO MEDICAL STUDENTS, MAKE THEIR WAY ACROSS THE GRAVE-MOUNDED TO THE FRESH ONE...



DOWN BELOW, GEORGE HEARS A MUFFLED THUD, AS CLEM'S SPADE CUTS INTO THE DARK SOIL.



LITTLE BY LITTLE, CLEM'S SPADE BOUNCES OUT AN EVER DEEPENING HOLE AS THE MINUTES TICK BY...



FAR ACROSS TOWN, THE MOTOR OF THE BLUE CONVERTIBLE HUMS AS ALEX, AT THE WHEEL, GUIDES IT OUT OF THE LOT...



THE HOLLOW ROOM OF CLEM'S SPADE STRIKING THE COFFIN ECHOES ACROSS THE DESERTED CEMETERY.



CLEM SLIPS THE SHARP EDGE OF THE CROW-BAR UNDER THE LID AND PRESSED DOWN! THE COFFIN SHUDDERS... THEN THE LID GOES AWAY.



GEORGE, GASPING FOR AIR, COVERED WITH PERSPIRATION, IS SOFT UPRIGHT IN THE COFFIN! CLEM'S EYES WIDEN... AS HE SCREAMS...



ALEX, IN HIS NEW RED SHINY BLUE CONVERTIBLE, IS HITTING EIGHTY AS HE LEAVES TOWN ON THE ROAD THAT SNIKTS THE CEMETERY...



HEH, HEH! HOPE YOU'RE COMFORTABLE IN THERE, GEORGE!

SUDDENLY, TWO FIGURES LOOM UP BEFORE HIM... SCAMPERING ALONG THE ROAD...



LOOK OUT!

ALEX SWERVES TO AVOID HITTING THE FRIGHTENED, RACING STUDENTS! THE CAR HURTLES ACROSS THE ROAD TOWARD THE CEMETERY FENCE...



EEEEAAAAAAGH!

LATER, IN A DARK CORNER OF A LOCAL BAR, SID AND MEL COMPOSE THEMSELVES WITH SEVERAL SHOTS OF HARD LIQUOR...

LOAD, MEL! IF I DIDN'T SEE IT WITH MY OWN EYES, I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT! THAT GORPHE ACTUALLY BAT UP!

AND THAT POOR GUY IN THE CONVERTIBLE? HE TRIED TO AVOID HITTING SID AND KILLED HIMSELF!



FINALLY, SID AND MEL RETURN TO THEIR ROOM AS THEY OPEN THE DOOR...



THE LESS SAID ABOUT TONIGHT, THE BETTER!

GEE? I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO GLEN?

HERE I WAS! I BEEN WAITIN' ON THAT!

GLEN! THAT'LL BE FIVE BUCKS, PLEASE! THAT'S WHAT YUH PROVIDED ME FOR THE BODY!

GOOD LORD, SID? LOOK!



THE TWO MEDICAL STUDENTS STARE IN HORROR AT THE PROSTRATE BODY OF GEORGE ARKMAN STRETCHED OUT ON THE FLOOR... ITS HEAD CRUSHED FROM THE BLOW OF A CROW BAR.



MEN, HEH? YEP! OLD GLEN REALLY GAVE A GOOD... BY GEORGE! AND SID AND MEL HAVE THE STIFF THEY NEEDED! AS FOR ALEX... WELL... HE'S PRETTY BLUE... FROM CAR PAINT! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GET ALL WRAPPED UP IN SOMETHING! NOW, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO MY FELLOW GHOULBROTHER, THE NIGHT-KEEPER, WHO'S WAITING TO RELATE HIS TERROR-TALES! SEE YOU LATER WITH INFORMATION ON HOW TO OBTAIN BACK ISSUES FROM ME! IT'S ALL COVERED IN MY COLUMN, THE GRIFF-KEEPER'S CORNER!



# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

NEVER BEEN HYPNOTIZED? NOW THEN YOU'LL LIKE THE CHILLING FARM I'M ABOUT TO SPIN IT CONCERNS A HYPNOTIST... HIS WIFE... AND... WELL, WHY NOT COME INTO THE VAULT OF HORROR... PULL UP THAT COFFIN... SIT YOURSELF UPON ITS WORMY LID... AND LISTEN! YOU ALL KNOW WHO I AM! YES! THE VAULT-KEEPER! READY? THEN, I'LL BEGIN! I CALL THIS HORROR TALE...

## ANTS IN HER TRANCE!



THE GUESTS AT THE DINNER PARTY TURNED AS THEIR HEALTHY HOSTESS, MRS JUSTINE FLEETWOOD, CLAPPED HER HANDS FOR ATTENTION! BEHIND HER STOOD A STRIKING DARK-HAIRED MAN WITH BLACK PIERCING EYES! BESIDE HIM, A NERVOUS FAIR - LOOKING WOMAN FIDGETED WITH HER NECKLACE.

ALL RIGHT, MY FRIENDS! IF I CAN HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU ALL! I'VE INVITED A FAMOUS PERSON TO ENTERTAIN... SOMEONE I'M SURE YOU'VE ALL HEARD ABOUT! THIS... IS LEOPOLD MONETTI...

NOW EXCITING! HE'S THE AMAZING HYPNOTIST!



LEOPOLD MONETTI STEPPED FORWARD AND BOWED GRACEFULLY! THEN HE TURNED TO THE PALE THIN WOMAN AT HIS SIDE...

THIS IS MY WIFE...EVETTE! TONIGHT, AT YOUR CHARMING HOSTESS'S REQUEST, I WILL PRESENT FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT A DEMONSTRATION OF THE ASTOUNDING ART OF HYPNOTISM!

WILL YOU ALL PLEASE FIND SEATS?



THE GUESTS SCURRIED ABOUT CHANGING CHAIRS TO AND FRO UNTIL THEY WERE ALL SEATED BEFORE THE HYPNOTIST AND HIS WIFE...

NOW THAT YOU ARE SETTLED I WILL BEGIN! MY WIFE HERE WILL BE MY SUBJECT IN THIS DEMONSTRATION! FIRST, I WILL PLACE HER INTO A **HYPNOTIC TRANCE!** ONCE PLACED UNDER THIS SPELL, SHE WILL OBEY MY EVERY WISH! ONLY AFTER I UTTER THE WORDS **'SNAP OUT OF IT!'** WILL SHE BE REVIVED!



LEOPOLD TURNED TO HIS PALE WIFE AND PASSED HIS HANDS OVER HER FACE SEVERAL TIMES! THEN HE BEGAN TO STARE INTO HER EYES, WHILE MURMURING INCOHERENT PHRASES! SOON, EVETTE'S EYES GLAZED...HER BODY BECAME RIGID...



THERE! EVETTE IS NOW IN A HYPNOTIC TRANCE! HER WILL IS MINE TO COMMAND!

THE MIND IS A WONDERFUL THING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! IT HAS FULL CONTROL OVER EVERY PART OF THE BODY! NORMALLY, WE DO NOT FULLY USE THE POWERS OF THE MIND! BUT, UNDER HYPNOTISM, THESE POWERS ARE BROUGHT INTO PLAY! FOR EXAMPLE...



MONETTI TURNED TO HIS WIFE



EVETTE! OBEY!

EVETTE'S WAXEN FEATURES SAGGED! SHE SIGHED PITIFULLY AND THEN BEGAN TO WHIMPER! HER EYES FILLED WITH TEARS! THEY SPILLED OVER HER EYELIDS AND RAN DOWN HER CHEEKS...



YOU SEE! AT MY COMMAND, SHE INSTANTLY OBEYS!

A STUNNING!

INCREDIBLE!

MONETTI TURNED TO HIS WIFE ONCE AGAIN...



EVETTE! PERSPIRE!

SMALL BEADS OF PERSPIRATION GUSTED FROM THE PORES IN EYETTE'S BALLYHOO FACE! SOON HER ENTIRE COUNTERTANCE WAS SHIMMING WITH...

NO... AT MY WORD! PERSPIRATION?

UNBELIEVABLE!

FANTASTIC!



AND NOW, FOR MY FINAL DEMONSTRATION! IS THERE ONE AMONG YOU WHO IS EITHER A PHYSICIAN OR HAS A KNOWLEDGE OF MEDICINE?

I WAS A NURSE!



GOOD! WILL YOU WHOLLY COME UP! I AM GOING TO DO SOMETHING THAT SCIENCE CLAIMS IS IMPOSSIBLE! I AM GOING TO COMMAND EYETTE TO STOP HER HEART FROM BEATING!

WHAT? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



THE LOVELY YOUNG WOMAN WHO HAD VOLUNTEERED CAME UP TO THE HYPNOTIST AND HIS ENTHRALLLED WIFE...

KINDLY FEEL MY WIFE'S PULSE, IF YOU WILL!

I... I FEEL IT! IT'S RAPID... STRONG...



DO NOT BE ALARMED, YOUNG LADY! I HAVE MERELY TO UTTER THE WORDS 'SNAP OUT OF IT' AND MY WIFE WILL BE RELEASED FROM HER HYPNOTIC TRANCE AND HER HEART WILL BEAT ONCE MORE!

WELL, SNAP IT THEN FOR GOD'S SAKE! HURRY!



ALL RIGHT, EYETTE! STOP YOUR HEART!

SNAP! HER PULSE! IT'S STOPPED! SHE'S DEAD!



SNAP OUT OF IT, EYETTE!

WOMAN! WHERE AM I... OH...

THANK THE LORD!



THE COLOR RETURNED TO EYETTE'S CHEEKS AND SHE MOVED ABOUT THE GUESTS CHATTING SATISFIEDLY! MEANWHILE, LEOPOLD HAD ENBAED HIS VOLUNTARY ASSISTANT IN CONVERSATION...

YOU SEEMED WOR-  
RIED FOR A WHILE.  
MISS... MISS...

APPLETON? SELMA  
APPLETON? YES! I  
WAS!

YOU WERE  
IMPRESSED,  
THEN, MISS  
APPLETON?  
IT IS... MISS!

YES! IT'S  
MISS APPLETON!  
OH, I WAS  
IMPRESSED! YET!  
YOU'RE WON-  
DERFUL!

PERHAPS I CAN  
SEE YOU TOMOR-  
ROW SAT FOR  
LUNCH? WE CAN  
TALK FURTHER...  
ON HYPNOTISM!

OH, I'D BE  
DELIGHTED!  
MAKE IT  
TWELVE-  
THIRTY?  
THE BLUE  
CANDLER?

THE NEXT DAY, SELMA APPLETON MET LEOPOLD MORETTI FOR LUNCH! IN THE DINNERS OF THE CANDLE-LIT CAFE... HIS EYES BORED INTO HER AS HE CONFESSED...

I HAD TO SEE YOU  
AGAIN, SELMA! LAST  
NIGHT, WHEN I FIRST  
SAW YOU... I KNEW  
IMMEDIATELY! IT  
TOOK ONLY A  
MOMENT...

P... PLEASE, LEOPOLD!  
SOMEONE WILL SEE  
US!

LET THEM! I MUST TELL  
YOU! I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU!  
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! EXCIT-  
ING! DESIRABLE! I FELL  
IN LOVE WITH YOU THE  
MOMENT I SAW YOU!

BUT, LEOPOLD!  
YOUR WIFE!  
YOU... YOU'RE  
MARRIED!

AND IF I WERE  
NOT MARRIED?  
WOULD YOU  
CONSIDER...?

I... I DON'T KNOW!  
I... I LIKE YOU! I...  
THANK SO! YES! I  
THINK I WOULD!

AND SO, A SECRET LOVE AFFAIR BETWEEN  
SELMA AND LEOPOLD BEGAN! THEY SAW  
EACH OTHER OFTEN AFTER THAT! FINALLY...  
ONE NIGHT, AT SELMA'S APARTMENT...

IT CAN'T GO ON LIKE  
THIS, LEO! THIS MEET-  
ING SECRETLY, BEHIND  
LOCKED DOORS... IN  
DARK STREETS...

WHAT CAN I DO,  
SELMA? EYETTE  
WOULD NEVER  
GIVE ME A  
DIVORCE!

SELMA SLIPPED DOWN BESIDE LEOPOLD THERE WAS A WILD GLEAM IN HER EYES.

IF...IF SHE WERE DEAD, LEO, WE COULD BE MARRIED!

YOU HEAR... KILL HER!



IT COULD LOOK LIKE A NATURAL DEATH! YOU REMEMBER HOW WE MET? YOU WERE DEMONSTRATING HOW YOU COULD COMMAND EVELLE TO STOP HER HEART...

YOU WERE THE ONE WHO FELT HER PULSE! YOU THOUGHT SHE WAS DEAD!



EXACTLY! ANY DOCTOR WOULD HAVE THOUGHT SO! YOU REMEMBER YOU ASSURED ME...

I TOLD YOU THAT THE WORDS 'SNAP OUT OF IT' WOULD REVIVE HER! THEY ALWAYS DO! WE'VE USED THE SAME OATH FOR YEARS!



SUPPOSE YOU USED OTHER WORDS! SUPPOSE YOU 'FAILED' TO REVIVE HER!

SHE'D BE DEAD!



AND YOU'D BE FREE! THE POLICE WOULD CALL IT AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT! THEY COULDN'T PROVE INTENT! YOU'D BE BROKE-HEARTED!

YES! VERY! I'LL DO IT, SELMA!



THE NEXT NIGHT, LEOPOLD AND EVELLE HAD AN ENGAGEMENT TO DEMONSTRATE HYPNOTISM! LEOPOLD HAD MADE UP HIS MIND...

YES! I'LL FEEL HER PULSE! IT'S VERY STRONG!

ALL RIGHT, EVELLE! STOP YOUR HEART!

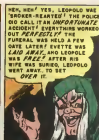


GOOD LORD! HER PULSE HAS STOPPED! WAKE HER UP, MAN!

WAKE UP, EVELLE! OR... I SAID WAKE UP, EVELLE!







SELMA BEGAN TO HAVEN? HER  
SCREAMING VOICE ECHOED  
ACROSS THE HEADSTONES...

WE'RE MURDERERS!  
MURDERERS!  
MURDERERS!

THANK GOD  
THE PLACE  
IS DESERTED!  
NO ONE WILL  
HEAR HERE!

LEOPOLD GRABBED SELMA'S  
SHOULDERS! HE SHOOK HER  
FURIOUSLY...

SNAP OUT OF IT!  
YOU'RE HYSTERICAL!

SOR...  
SOR...

THEN THEY TURNED TO GO? AS THEY  
MADE THEIR WAY ACROSS THE ROWS OF  
GRAVES, A SMALL FIGURE APPEARED IN  
THE MOON BEHIND EYETTE'S TOMB-  
STONE! THE GRAVE WAS CRACKING  
OPEN!

SOR... SOR... IF YOU WERE  
ALIVE, SELMA,  
WE SHOULDN'T  
HAVE COME!

A ROTTEN HAMBLECRABLING AND FOUL SMELLING,  
REACHED UP INTO THE GATHERING TWILIGHT!  
LEOPOLD AND SELMA WERE JUST DISAPPEARING INTO  
THE DARK...

IT'S JUST THAT I THOUGHT  
IT WOULD LOOK GOOD! I  
DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD  
BREAK YOU UP LIKE  
THAT!

LEOPOLD AND SELMA REACHED THE CEMETERY GATE!  
IT TOWERED ABOVE THEM... RISING TWELVE FEET INTO  
THE FALLING DARKNESS... ENDING AT THE TOP IN RAZOR-  
SHARP SPIRES...

LEOPOLD! THE  
GATE?

GOOD LORD! IT'S  
LOOKED! CHAINED...  
AND LOCKED!

SUDDENLY THERE WAS A SOUND  
BEHIND THE TRAPPED COUPLE!  
THE HAUSSEATING OODOR OF DECAY  
AND PUTRESCENCE BURNED THEIR  
NOSTRILS! THEY TURNED...

OH, MY EYETTE!  
GOD!

THE MASSOT-COVERED BLIND  
THING LUMBERED TOWARD THEM!  
BITS OF ROTTED FLESH FELL  
FROM ITS CHALKY BONES! GLOBS  
OF GRAVE YARD EARTH SLIPPED  
FROM ITS MOLDY CLOTHES! IT  
REACHED OUT A DECAYED HAND  
TOWARD THEM... PASSING IT  
BEFORE THEIR PALED FACES.

YAAAAAAH! EYETTE!

WELL, WHEN THEY FOUND SELMA AND  
LED THE NEXT MORNING? FURRY  
THING! THERE WASN'T A MARK ON  
EITHER OF THEM! THE GARDENER  
SAID IT LOOKED LIKE HEART-  
FAILURE! THEIR EYES WERE  
BULGING OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS  
THOUGH! HE SAID IT WAS AS IF  
THEY'D BEEN HYPOTHETIZED! HEN,  
HEN? WELL? WE KNOW DIFFERENT.  
BUT A BETTER NAME FOR IT WOULD  
BE "CORPSENTIZED"! OH, BY THE  
WAY? FOUR EYES WILL BULGE FROM  
THEIR SOCKETS WHEN YOU SEE BACK  
GARDEN! THE GRIFF-KEEPER'S  
CORNER, WHICH  
FOLLOWS THE  
TEXT, TELLS YOU  
HOW TO GET  
YOURSELF!





# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Gappi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear "CRYPTY" (Crypt-Keeper)

I know your nickname is "CRYPTY" I wanted to say that I loved the story "I repeat!" in VALLEY 10 (I'm not writing good because I'm writing with a PEN THAT DOESN'T HAVE INK) I loved the line when Marty was all in the story stuff and says "IT IT IS LIKE FLY PAPER!" I imagined Marty's voice like a New Orleans type

Ramiro J. Roman

Glendale, CA

But, y'all... Get some ink, my old eyes aren't what they used to be!

—CK

Do you and the Vault-Keeper ever fight? Sincerely,

Chad J. Ben

Peaceflow City, GA

Sure, we fight—we fight The Old Witch!

—OW

It's me, DARK DIMON who was the Crypt-Keeper before you? Do you have to pay taxes and how old are you?

Dark Demon

address unknown

I am the original Keeper! None authentic without this signature: <X I I am exempt from death, and I am exempt from taxes! Eat your heart out!

—CK

I'm an average-sized fat who loves your stories as old my dad when he was a kid. "Judy, You're Not Yourself Today" definitely ruled! That was the weirdest story ever written. Who wrote it? Do you have any background on it? I also read the one about the insane class kids ending up with epilepsy. Who's the probe who wrote that one? It was cool and ruled, too. Another one that ruled was the one with the poor sister and her brother who turns into glop. That one was so grim it made Kafka look like the Dark Club. Other than EC I like the early early SPIDERMAN comics. PLASTICMAN is also cool! But if I had to have one thing to say, it would be, "Judy, You're Not Yourself Today" ruled! As does the Crypt-Keeper. He's boss and George!

Nat Hirsch

Labadie, CT

And, I'm gone, best! Let's see—we're into the second year, the art is by Wood with no particular reason to believe Harrison was involved; an art excuse Feldstein wrote the script & like the psychic angle is less mechanistic than tale of Feldstein. —CK

How you been hanging? Probably at the end of a rope, ha, ha. You can print my address

Adam Griesbaum

4871 Cleveland RD  
Brookline, OH 44111

Yes, ha-ha. I get axes for you; when at the end of your rope, keep your trap (dear) shut!

—CK

"ABRA CADAVEN"

I just got issue #10, and you guys sure didn't disappoint me.

"Drawn And Quartered!" Excellent! Oh, and in your painting at the beginning, isn't that the werewolf from "By The Fright Of The Silvery Moon" in the upper right-hand corner? "The Borrowed Body" Good plot, but not as well carried-out as I would have expected "Within Burial Mound" As much as I hate to say it, I could not get into

this story. This was the first EC story I've ever seen without at least one exclamation point. After reading it, I can understand why "Theatrical Plot!" Not as good as "Drawn And Quartered!", but excellent just the same.

As for "Abra Cadaver," it's about a doctor whose career is ruined when his brother's cruel practical joke gives him a heart attack. He gets back at his brother by killing him and giving him a voodoo drug to keep his brain alive. He then pretends to cut his brother's brain out as a practical joke. The joke gives the brother a heart attack, and kills him. So, can ya ID it for me? Keep printing my address.

Myron James

RR 4 BOX 141  
Rockville, IN 47872

I don't have to ID it, "issues..."

—CK

About the new CRYPT movie, "Damon Knight" see this film! I give it two (severed) thumbs up!

I wish people would stop complaining about the HBO show. TV and comics are two different mediums and so of course the stories have to be a little different. True, the show goes too far sometimes, but for the most part, I think it is worthy of its title. I am certain that you and the HBO CK are the same, after all, if you were an old man in the 1950s, by now you would probably be a rotting corpse.

Finally, I have a helpful note for Myron James, who asked in which issue the story "Abra Cadaver" could be found. You noticed that you never ran a story with that title. This is because the story was originally called "Dead Right!" HBO had already used that title with a completely different story. They obviously wanted to use the original story later on, so they changed the title to "Abra Cadaver." You can print my address.

David Lowery II

1018 Grosse PT  
Irving, TX 75061

Now the question is, what is the plot of the HBO "Dead Right?" (Our "Dead Right" ran in CRYPT #37—was it our #21.)

—CK

## MORE HBO STUFF

Are the covers you use now the same covers that were used on the original comics? Which SHOCK issue will (or has) reprinted "Cannon Death"? I see that one on HBO and loved it and would like to read it.

Tyler Compton

Polsom, CA

Yup, original covers. You'll find "Cannon Death" in SHOCK 5, which is available from us as a back issue (art by the great Reed Crandall).

—CK

## NEXT ISSUE



I always tape your TV show. My dad loves it and so do I. I watched the Santa Claus one on Saturday night, I loved it! I want that one to come on every Saturday night!

Tiffany Wise

Stafford, VA

And on tape, it sent

—CK

There was a "Crypt" episode with Larry (L.A. Law) Drake about an escaped mental patient dressed as Santa Claus who terrorizes a winter cabin, which magazine is it in? There was an episode starring Lou Diamond Phillips and Prescilla Presley called "Cl a Night That Ends Well" where can I find it? Why aren't these "Crypt" in on video? I have to watch the creepy re-runs that are taped down! Finally, why is the case show going off? I saw a preview for it in a magazine.

James C. Puckett

Houston, TX

I've been assuming the bogus Santa is from "...And All Through the House..." VAULT #38 (but is our VAULT #4) and "On a Trail" will be in CRYPT #34 (our CRYPT #8, but also in 84-pg RCP CRYPT #2 available now). The other questions are for order heads than mine.

—CK

I have CRYPT comics and I watch your show on HBO and FOX, but I like the show on HBO better because they don't leave the good parts out.

Jack Comer, age 12

St Charles MO

Makes them kinda creepy, do you think? Or, does it make them more elderly entertaining?

—CK

I am very excited about the HBO "Tales from the Crypt" season finale that airs on February 15. "You, Murderer." It was a brilliant idea to have Humphrey Bogart "resurrected" for it.

My favorite episodes of your show are "Well Cooled Hems" and "The Thing from the Grave." Please print my address.

E Grand CYN LH

Chad Rushkoff (OK, I)

Connet, NY 11727

I am of two minds on computer "resurrections": at least the producers of TV's "Crypt" know the significance of the images they'd be tampering with. Better than their soft drink guys!

—CK

I have collected CRYPT Volume 1 and 2. If you don't really like The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch why do you let those monsters be in your comic books? Please print my address. I would like to have a pen pal.

Alexander Onosco

10501 Sam Maguire  
South Gate, CA 90280

I look as good by comparison!

—CK

I love your stories. Me and my big brother collect your comics. I would like a pen pal.

Carole Drake

681 E Garden RD  
Winland NJ

CRYPT #10 was awesome! "Drawn and Quartered" was the best story in the mag. "The Borrowed Body" made no sense to me—how do they switch bodies? "Indian Burial Mound" was the classic plot: man does something mean and dies for it. "Political Pull" was exciting, but a little predictable. Please print my address.

Brandon Hendrix

POB 117  
Broken Bow OK 74726

I read your comics and watch your shows. I enjoy the blood, gore and murder. I enjoy drawing comics of my own. I have very few friends but the friends I have love CRYPT. Could I be in your fan club?

Dustin (Crypt Jr) Price

Coushatta, LA

Three of the most recent fan-groups are: HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF PSA, 36 Ivy DR, Mahwah, NJ 07437; THE EC REGISTER, Abner Dean Productions,

8801 Atlantic AV, Margate City, NJ 08402 and THE INTERNATIONAL E.C. FAN CLUB, 6847 Calypso ST, Philadelphia, PA 19120.

—CK

Do you have Crypt FOGG? If you do give me some or tell me where they are.

Greg Miller, age 8

Reisterstown MD

I had the chickenFOGG ones. Didn't like it; all that scurrying (dark those chickens!). Ma, you got me. But I show up in the darndest places. Keep looking!

—CK

What up? I was in New York last night around 11:00 and I saw the comic store and I walked out with the first 3 issues just like that. What kind of music do you like?

Keith Diphick

Upper Merionide, NJ

I assume you paid for those comics before anything! Music is my sers in the ringing of a cash register when you buy EC comics!

—CK

I saw the "Tales from the Crypt: Demon Knight" movie last week. It was horrible. Terrifying, gruesome, disgusting, and nightmare-inducing. I loved it! Please print my address. I would like to hear from other TFG fans.

Garret S. Haeberl, age 22

818 W McClary

Pearle, IL 61804-3380

[Re: the CRYPT #1 look]. What about the wrinkles? Hey, wanna make something of it? Not long 'n prosper.

Carl "Crypt" Howe

Morton IL

All I'm saying is if I had awf wrinkles, I would make a whole "Weather Old Witch"!

—CK

Why don't you wear your hood like everyone else?

Mark Passafium

Union, NY

Get not hood, get not hat, get no shoulder, get no feet! Get no neck, get no chest, so depressed, my robe is blue! (Am I you sorry you asked?)

—CK

Only getting one EC comic each month wasn't enough. So I decided to subscribe to your others! Are you going to have new stories beside reprints? Do you need help with them. I am your man. Print address. I would like a Crypt pen pal.

Zac Gale

2324 Willard ST

Saginaw MI 48602

No place for new material. Be sure your pen has ink (see R. Roman, above)!

—CK

## NEXT ISSUE





YOU'LL SHUDDER OVER THIS ONE  
EVEN THOUGH YOU MIGHT CALL IT ...

# A-CORNY STORY



ARNOLD EVERETTE STRODE DOWN THE AISLE BETWEEN THE ROWS OF DESKS THAT LINED HIS OFFICE, GLANCING FROM ONE TO THE OTHER. HE SMILED TO HIMSELF AS HE NOTED THE OCCUPANT OF EACH. YES! THINGS WERE WORKING OUT FINE. THERE WAS ONLY ONE MAN LEFT ONE MAN TO GET RID OF! OLD MAN PIETRO! ARNOLD STOPPED BEFORE THE GREYING, AND CALLED PIETRO'S DESK AND LOOKED DOWN AT THE GAUNT FIGURE.



MR. WILL YOU SEE  
ME IN MY OFFICE, MR.  
PIETRO? SAY TEN  
MINUTES?

WHY  
YES, SIR!

ARNOLD RETURNED TO HIS LUXURIOUS PRIVATE OFFICE. HE WAITED IMPATIENTLY FOR PIETRO'S SMOKE. AFTER A WHILE IT CAME. TWO THICK RAPS! ARNOLD BO HE ENTER.



YOU ... WANTED TO  
SEE MR. MR.  
EVERETTE?

YES, MR. PIETRO! COME  
IN! SAY DOWN!

THE WRINKLED OLD MAN SAT DOWN NERVOUSLY! ARNOLD STUDIED HIM...NOTED HIS TREMLING BONEY HANDS...HIS GRIM SKULL-LIKE FACE...

I'VE INSTRUCTED THE CASHIER TO ISSUE YOU A CHECK FOR TWO WEEKS' PAY IN ADVANCE, MR. PIETRO! I'M SORRY... BUT I'M FORCED TO LET YOU GO...

BUT... WHY, SIRT? DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG?



NO, PIETRO! IT'S NOT *THAT*! IT'S JUST THAT YOU'RE *TOO OLD*! I WANT ONLY *FOURTY* MEN WORKING FOR EVERETTE AND SON!

BUT, MR. EVERETTE! I'VE BEEN HERE *TWENTY YEARS*! I WORKED FOR YOUR FATHER BEFORE YOU!



THAT DOESN'T MATTER NOW! MY FATHER IS DEAD! THERE IS NO ROOM FOR SENTIMENT IN BUSINESS! I WANT NO ONE TO OLD MEN WORKING FOR ME! THEY'RE SLOW... FIRE EASILY...

PLEASE! I HAVE NO PLACE TO GO... NO ONE TO TURN TO!

DON'T YOU HAVE A *FAMILY*, CARLO?

NO! THEY ARE ALL BACK IN *ITALY*! I LEFT THEM TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO COME TO WORK IN AMERICA!

WELL, WHY NOT GO BACK TO THEM? A MAN YOUR AGE SHOULD RETIRE ANYWAY!

PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT! I ONLY HOPE THAT WHEN YOU ARE OLD, YOU ARE NOT TREATED THIS WAY!



ARNOLD TURNED AWAY FROM THE WRETCHED OLD MAN AND BLANCED INTO THE MIRROR! EXCEPT FOR A FEW WHITE LINES ACROSS HIS FOREHEAD, HE SCARCELY LOOKED HIS THIRTY-FIVE YEARS...

DON'T WORRY, CARLO! I'LL MAKE SURE I'M NOT DEPENDENT ON ANYONE WHEN THAT TIME COMES!

SOME OF US ARE NOT AS FORTUNATE! YOU DO NOT HAVE TO FEAR OLD AGE!



NOT WITH *MY* DOUGH, CARLO! BUT... I'M A *SMALL* MAN! YOU CAN PICK UP YOUR CHECK ON THE WAY OUT! GOOD-BAY!

GOOD-BYE, MR. EVERETTE! PERHAPS YOUR LOVE OF YOUTH, AND *DISINTEREST* FOR OLD AGE WILL CHANGE IN THE FUTURE! WE SHALL SEE!



CARLO PIETRO LEFT THE OFFICES OF EVERETTE AND SON AND NEVER RETURNED! ARNOLD HIRED A YOUNG MAN TO TAKE HIS PLACE, AND CARLO WAS SOON FORGOTTEN! BUT SEVERAL WEEKS LATER... IN NANTU... WHERE THE AGENT PIETRO HAD GONE...

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH \$50,000, OLD MAN? WHY DO YOU COME TO ME?



I WANT SOMETHING FOR ONE WHO LOVES DEATH TOO MUCH TO TEACH HIM A LESSON!



IT WAS ALMOST TWO MONTHS AFTER ARNOLD HAD FIRED CARLO PIETRO THAT THE SPY ARRIVED! ARNOLD SURVEYED IT ON THE REAR TERRACE OF HIS PALATIAL ESTATE...

WHAT IN THE WORLD COULD IT BE, JEEVES? IS THERE A RETURN ADDRESS?

YES, SIR! IT COMES FROM NANTU... A CARLO PIETRO SENT IT!



THE SPY STOOD ABOUT NEVER FEET HIGH! ARNOLD SCOWLED AT IT...

PIETRO? WELL, MIGHT AS WELL OPEN IT AND SEE WHAT IT IS!



JEEVES, THE BUTLER, FIRED THE BODIES OF THE SPY LOOSE AND THEY FELL AWAY, REVEALING...

WHY IT'S A SMALL TREE. THERE'S A NOTE HANGING ON ONE OF ITS BRANCHES!



IT SAYS: DEAR MR. EVERETTE, IN MY NATIVE LAND THIS TREE IS WORSHIPPED BY THE UNEDUCATED! THEY BELIEVE THAT IT CAN WARD OFF OLD AGE! SHOWING HOW MUCH YOU DESPISE THAT INEVITABLE STATE, I SEND THIS VARIETY OF OAK TO YOU! PERHAPS IT WILL HELP!



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH IT, SIR? HOW IS BLAZES SHOULD I KNOW PLANT IT, I SUSPECT IT'S AN INTERESTING TYPE OF TREE IN ANY CASE! YES! PLANT IT!



AND SO, WHILE ARNOLD EVERETTE WATCHES, HIS SERVANT DUG A HOLE NEAR THE GARDEN WALL AND PLANTED THE WEIRD CHARLED OAK-TREE...



THAT'S A GOOD SPOT FOR IT! I CAN'T SEE IT FROM THE HOUSE, SO I WON'T BE REMUNDED OF THE ONLY THING...



A WEEK WENT BY? THE BURDEN OF WORK THAT HAD SEEMED SO HEAVY ON ARNOLD SEEMED LIGHTER, SOMEHOW? ARNOLD MOVED ABOUT EASILY, AND BEGAN TO FEEL MORE ENERGETIC...

GOOD MORNING, MR. EVERETTE! YOU'RE LOOKING WELL THIS MORNING!

I FEEL WELL THIS MORNING, JEDDY!



ARNOLD FOUND A DESIRE TO PLAY GOLF AGAIN. SOMETHING HE HADN'T DONE FOR YEARS...

GOOD SHOT, EVERETTE! RIGHT ON THE GREEN!

LONG! I HAVEN'T PLAYED LIKE THIS SINCE I WAS THIRTY!



EVER HE VISITS TO NIGHT CLUBS AND THEATERS WITH OLD FLAMES BEW MORE FREQUENT...

WHY, ARNOLD, YOU DEAR? YOU DANCE DIVINELY! THIS BRINGS BACK OLD MEMORIES... DOESN'T IT?

NOT SO OLD, HELEN? REMEMBER? THINK YOUNG... FEEL YOUNG!



THEN, ONE MORNING ARNOLD STARED INTO THE MIRROR...

THAT'S FUNNY! I USED TO HAVE WRINKLES ON MY FOREHEAD AND UNDER MY EYES! NOW THEY'RE GONE!



IT WAS THAT VERY SAME MORNING THAT ARNOLD SAW THE TREE? HE'S DECIDED TO PAKE TO THE STATION AND HAD NOTICED IT AS HE PASSED THE GARDEN WALL...

WHY, EVEN THE TREE ITSELF SEEMED HE LOOKS YOUNGER? DOESN'T SEEM AS CRACKED AND SHARDED ANYMORE? AND THE LEAVES LOOK GREENER!



ARNOLD SMILED AND WALKED ON PAST? LIFE CERTAINLY WAS BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL LATELY! PROBABLY BEING SURROUNDED WITH YOUNG MEN AT THE OFFICE DID IT? THEN... SOME DAYS LATER...

WHMM! FACE DOESN'T LOOK ~~BAD~~ THIS MORNING! THINK I CAN SQUEEZE BY WITHOUT A SHAVE TODAY!



ARNOLD WAS WHISTLING A MERRY TUNE AS HE REARED THE GARDEN WALL. BUT THE TUNE GAVE TO A GUSH OF AIR THROUGH HIS LIPS AS HE SPIED THE TREE...

STRANGE! THE TREE SEEMS TO BE STRAIGHTENING UP! IT LOOKS... DIFFERENT! ALMOST... YOUNGER!



THE NEXT MORNING ARNOLD  
DIDN'T HAVE TO SHAVE AGAIN! ON  
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, FOR  
THAT MATTER...



ARNOLD DIDN'T GO TO THE OFFICE  
ONE DAY! HE'D MEANT TO, BUT A  
STRANGE DESIRE TOOK HOLD OF  
HIM! THE AFTERNOON FOUND HIM  
IN THE BLEACHERS ALONG WITH  
HUNDREDS OF TEEN-AGERS,  
CHEERING FOR THE HOME TEAM...



IN FACT, ARNOLD NEVER WENT TO  
THE OFFICE AGAIN! SOMEBODY  
HE'D SUDDENLY LOST INTEREST



EXCEPT FOR THE CURIOUS FACT THAT HIS BEARD  
HAD STOPPED GROWING AND HIS WHISKERS HAD  
VANISHED, ARNOLD HAD NOT NOTICED THE HORRIBLE  
CHANGE THAT WAS TAKING PLACE! IT WASN'T UNTIL  
HIS TAILOR EXPLODED THAT HE REALIZED SOMETHING  
WAS WRONG...



AND WHEN JEEVES ANNOUNCED THAT HE WAS LEAV-  
ING... TERROR CREEPT INTO ARNOLD'S HEART...



ARNOLD LOCKED HIMSELF IN AFTER JEEVES LEFT! HE  
WAS FORCED TO SEARCH THROUGH OLD THINGS IN THE  
ATTIC FOR CLOTHES LONG SINCE PACKED AWAY TO  
WEAR! CHILD'S CLOTHES...



ONE DAY, AS ARNOLD SCAMPERED ABOUT THE GAR-  
DEN, HIS HOOP ROLLED OVER TO THE WALL! IT  
STOPPED BEFORE A YOUNG, SLEEKLY SHAPED TREE A  
SAWM...



IT WAS THE GNARLED OLD CROOKED TREE THAT CARLO PIETRO HAD SENT<sup>1</sup> NOW, IT STOOD FIRM AND STRAIGHT... REACHING TOWARD THE SUNLIGHT<sup>2</sup> ARNOLD STUDIED IT FOR A MOMENT, SCRATCHED HIS MOP OF UNCOMB HAIR... THEN SKIPPED AWAY...

OH, WELL<sup>3</sup> ANOTHER TIME<sup>4</sup> NOW I'VE GOT TO GO PLAY WITH MY SOLDIERS<sup>5</sup>



THE NEXT MORNING, ARNOLD TUMBLED OUT OF BED ONTO THE FLOOR<sup>1</sup> HE TRIED TO GET UP<sup>2</sup> SOMETHING WAS WRONG<sup>3</sup> HIS SHORT STUBBY LEGS WOULDN'T RESPOND<sup>4</sup> HE CRAWLED ALL THAT DAY...

MM...BROOKS<sup>1</sup> WHERE ARE MA BROOKS<sup>2</sup> OH? HERE THEY ARE<sup>3</sup> COVER HERE...



NEAR THE GARDEN WALL, THE INFANT THAT ARNOLD HAD BECOME GAWLED AFTER AN INTERESTING LITTLE INSECT<sup>1</sup> HE STOPPED BEFORE A YOUNG GREEN SAGEO, SPRINGING FROM THE SOFT RICH EARTH...

PRETTY FLOWER<sup>1</sup> SEE PRETTY FLOWER<sup>2</sup>



THAT NIGHT THE DESERTED HOUSE OF ARNOLD EVERETTE WAS FILLED WITH THE SQUALLING HOWLS OF A HUNGRY BABY...CRYING FOR ITS BOTTLE...

A-WAH... A-WAH... A-WAH... HIC... A-WAH...



TOWARD MORNING, THE SCREAMS HAD CHANGED TO THE FAINT BURLLES AND CRIES OF A NEW-BORN BABE...



AND SOON AS EVER THOSE CRIES DIED AWAY<sup>1</sup> AS THE MORNING SUN STREAMED OVER THE GARDEN WALL... A BOLDEN RAY SHOT DOWNWARD TOWARD THE SPOT WHERE ARNOLD EVERETTE...SEVERAL MONTHS BEFORE...HAD PLANTED CARLO PIETRO'S GNARLED AND CROOKED TREE<sup>2</sup> THEN, ON A BARE SPOT OF BLACK EARTH, LAY A SINGLE OBJECT...AN ADORN<sup>3</sup>



HER, NEW<sup>1</sup> WELL, DIDDIE<sup>2</sup> I HOPE YOU **SEED ON POINT** OF THIS WHOLE LITTLE TALE<sup>3</sup> WHICH IS **FORGET** SHOWING OLD OR SHOWING **FOUNT**<sup>4</sup> ARNOLD CAN'T HELP YOU! HE'S JUST A **BEAN**...OF SUNLIGHT...NOW DON'T FORGET TO READ MY COLUMN, **THE DRIFT-KEEPER'S CORNER**, FOR BACK

ISSUES. INFO<sup>1</sup> NOW I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THAT **HAG**. **THE OLD WITCH**<sup>2</sup> SHE! DON'T FORGET! OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES...HEH, NEW<sup>3</sup>



# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! YEP, IT'S ME... *THE OLD WITCH*... MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! THIS TIME, FOR THE OFFERING FROM MY CAULDRON, I'VE DRESSED UP A TALE TOLD TO ME BY LARRY DOUGLAS, A THEATRICAL MAN! IT'S IN HIS OWN WORDS, AND HE CALLS IT...

**"The Ventriloquist's Dummy!"**



IT HAD BEEN YEARS SINCE I'D SEEN CHARLES JEROME! AS I STUDIED HIS PALE, DRAWN FACE I WAS SHOCKED TO SEE HOW MUCH HE'D CHANGED! HIS WARM SMILE HAD DISAPPEARED... IN ITS PLACE WAS A TIGHT GRIMACE! HIS EYES THAT ONCE SPARKLED HAPPILY WERE SAD AND BLOODSHOT, ENCIRCLED BY TIRED LINES.

CHARLES! YOU OLD SON-OF-A-GUN! HOW ARE YOU? I'VE BEEN LOOKING HIGH AND LOW FOR YOU!

LARRY! LARRY DOUGLAS! COME IN! COME IN!



CHARLES STEPPED BACK AND I ENTERED HIS HOTEL ROOM. I LOOKED AROUND. THE PLACE WAS BARE EXCEPT FOR AN IRON BED AND A BROKEN CHEST OF DRAWERS. I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES...

HOW DID YOU FIND ME, LARRY?

YOUR OLD AGENT TOLD ME WHERE YOU WERE LIVING. I... I DON'T KNOW THOSE WERE SO BAD WITH YOU, CHARLES!



CHARLES MOOSED. I LOOKED AT HIS HAND. HIS LEFT HAND. THE HAND HE'D USED TO MANIPULATE HIS DUMMY...

RETIRED? YES? YOU CAN CALL IT THAT!

IF YOU'RE RETIRED, WHY DO YOU STILL KEEP YOUR HAND SLEEVED?



CHARLES ALWAYS KEPT HIS 'DUMMY-HAND' ENCASED IN A BEASTY WOOLLEN MITTEN. I REMEMBERED NOW I'D RUBBED HIM ABOUT IT...

JUST FORCE OF HABIT I GUESS!

TELL ME, CHARLES, DO YOU STILL HAVE MORTY, YOUR DUMMY?



CHARLES JEROME HAD BEEN A FAMOUS VERTIGO-DUINIST TEN YEARS BEFORE. HE'D BEEN A STAR. HIS ACT HAD BEEN FANTASTIC. HIS DUMMY HAD BEEN SO LIFE-LIKE. NO ONE HAD EVER SEEN HIS LIPS MOVE. HE'D BEEN ACCLAIMED BY AUDIENCES WHEREVER HE'D PERFORMED...

I AM NOT WORKING ANYMORE, LARRY!

YES! YOUR AGENT TOLD ME HE SAID YOU REFUSED ALL OFFERS! HE SAID YOU'D RETIRED...



CHARLES STARED AT ME FOR A MOMENT. THEN HIS BLANCE SHOT ACROSS THE ROOM TO A BATTERED SUITCASE IN THE CORNER...

OH! YES. I SEE! I THOUGHT SO! NOW HERE, THE...

DON'T TOUCH THAT SUITCASE!



I STOPPED IN MY TRACKS. CHARLES'S VOICE HAD A WILD PRINTERED RING IN IT.

COURSE NOT, CHARLES. IF YOU'D RATHER I WOULDNT NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS. I'VE COME TO OFFER YOU A JOB!



A JOB? BUT, I TOLD YOU! I'M NOT WORKING ANYMORE!

LOOK, CHARLES. I'M THE ENTERTAINMENT DIRECTOR FOR A NEW RESORT HOTEL IN THE MOUNTAINS. THIS CAN MEAN A LOT TO YOU. IT CAN PUT YOU BACK ON TOP. IF THEY LIKE YOU, WHAT DO YOU SAY? I HAVE A SPOT FOR YOU NEXT WEEKEND!

NO! I WON'T DO IT! I'M THROUGH PERFORMING THROUGH!



AS I DROVE BACK UPSTATE, I KEPT THINKING OF CHARLES JEROME! HE'D FALLEN A LONG WAY! I REMEMBERED BACK TO THOSE YEARS WHEN HE'D THRILLED AUDIENCES... HAD THEM HOLLERING IN THE AISLES...



YOU WERE GREAT TONIGHT CHARLES!

YOU MEAN **WORTHY** HERE WAS GREAT, LARRY!

CHARLES'S ALWAYS REFERRED TO WORTHY AS THOUGH IT WERE A REAL PERSON! CERTAINLY THE DUNGE BEHAVED THAT WAY! IT WAS THE INCREDIBLE WAY CHARLES USED TO MANIPULATE IT! AND, ALTHOUGH I USED TO THINK IT WAS JUST A PUBLICITY STUNT, CHARLES'S GUARDED THE MANIPULATING HAND WELL.



WHY DO YOU ALWAYS WEAR THAT **HEAVY WOOLLEN** HITTER, CHARLES?

MY **HARD** IS MY FORTUNE! I'VE GOT TO PROTECT IT!

I'D BEEN CHARLES'S AGENT BACK IN THOSE YEARS! WHEN I'D NOTTEN AN OFFER OUT IN HOLLYWOOD, I'D SOLD HIS ACCOUNT! THAT WAS THE LAST I'D HEAR OF HIM, ALTHOUGH I'D FOLLOWED HIS DAREEN IN THE **THREE PAPERS**...

HMM! WHAT'S THAT CHARLES JEROME LEAVES SHOW AFTER MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF DANGER ON SAME BILL?



I'D BEEN AFTER THAT USER-PLAINED DEATH THAT CHARLES HAD BEGUN HIS DOWNWARD SLIDE! THE GIRL HAD BEEN ATTACKED, IT SEEMED, BY A HOARD OF **RATS**...

NOTHING ELSE COULD HAVE RIPPED HER UP LIKE THAT EXCEPT SMALL SHARP-TOOTHED ANIMALS, SUCH AS... **RATS!**



I'D HEARD LITTLE ABOUT HIM AFTER THAT! THEN, WHEN I'D TAKEN THE JOB AS ENTERTAINMENT DIRECTOR FOR THE WHITE LANE HOTEL...

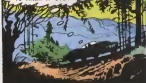
WE WANT TOP-NOTCH, OUT-OF-THE-ORDINARY TALENT, LARRY!

I THINK I KNOW **ONE** ACT YOU'LL LIKE!



I'D BOOKED THE ACTS I'D NEEDED AND THEN LOOKED UP CHARLES! NOW I WAS DRIVING BACK TO THE HOTEL, THE SPOT STILL OPEN FOR THE NEXT WEEKEND...

WATER HE'LL CHANGE HIS MIND! I'LL GIVE HIM A LITTLE TIME TO THINK IT OVER!



I WAS SO BUSY THE NEXT FEW DAYS PLANNING THE MID-WEEK SHOWS THAT I COMPLETELY FORGOT ABOUT CHARLES JEROME! THEN ON FRIDAY MORNING, I LOOKED UP FROM MY DESK TO SEE...

CHARLES! YOU DID COME! I'M SO HAPPY!

I HOPE THE SPOT IS STILL OPEN, LARRY!



THERE WAS A STRANGE LOOK IN CHARLES'S EYES AS HE STOOD BEFORE MY DESK. HE SEEMED TO BE STARRING RIGHT THROUGH ME.

OF COURSE, CHARLES! THE SPOT IS FINE! I'LL ARRANGE FOR YOUR ROOM!

THAT'S GOOD OF YOU, LARRY!



CHARLES'S WITHERED HAND RANG AT HIS SIDE. IN HIS OTHER HAND HE CLUTCHED THE SUITCASE CONTAINING MORTY... HIS DUMMY.

WHAT MADE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND, CHARLES?

WHY...I JUST DECIDED TO COME OUT OF RETIREMENT. THAT'S ALL!



A BELL-HOP BROCKED AND ENTERED.

TAKE MR. JEROME TO THE ENTER-TAINERS' COTTAGE, JOE! SINE HAS A NICE ROOM!

YES, SIR! NIGHT THIS MORN, SIR!



I WATCHED OUT OF MY OFFICE WINDOW IN THE RECREATION HALL AS CHARLES MOVED DOWN THE WALKWAY, HIS SUITCASE, FOLLOWING THE BELL-HOP. HIS FEET SEEMED TO DRAG...AND HE STAGGERED A LITTLE...

POOR FELLOW! PROBABLY TOOK A FEW SHOTS OF WHISKY TO BOLSTER HIMSELF. AH, HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT. JUST AS SOON AS THE CURTAIN OPENS!



THAT NIGHT, SINCE IT WAS A WEEKEND, THE RECREATION HALL WAS JAMMED! THE SHOW MOVED ALONG SMOOTHLY! THEN IT CAME TIME FOR CHARLES'S ACT! I SAW HIM STANDING IN THE WINGS HOLDING MORTY... HIS FAMILIAR DUMMY...AS THE ANNOUNCER INTRODUCED HIM...

AND NOW...FOR HIS FIRST PERFORMANCE ANYWHERE AFTER TEN YEARS OF RETIREMENT...THE WORLD FAMOUS VENTRILOQUIST...MISTER CHARLES JEROME...AND MORTY!



CHARLES CAME OUT ON THE STAGE WITH MORTY BEATED IN THE CROOK OF HIS RIGHT ARM! THERE WAS SOME SCATTERED APPLAUSE FROM THOSE WHO REMEMBERED THE GREAT MAN IN HIS PRIME! MORTY BEGAN TO EYE THE AUDIENCE, LOOKING FROM FACE TO FACE...



WENT HE CUTE?

HE LOOKS SO REAL!

LIKE A LIVE BOY!

SUDDENLY MORTY STOPPED! HIS GLANCE HAD FALLEN UPON A RATHER ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN SEATED NEAR BY! HE WHISPERED SLILY...AND QUINNED...



I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW, MORTY...AFTER THE SHOW!

IT WAS THE PERFECT THING TO SAY! THE AUDIENCE HOWLED! YOU KNOW THE CROWD THAT FREQUENTS A RESORT LIKE THAT: WOMEN ON VACATIONS LOOKING FOR RICH HUSBANDS MEN HUNTING FOR WEALTHY WIVES! IT ALWAYS ENDS UP LIKE A RAT-RACE, WITH EVERYONE LYING TO EVERYONE ELSE! ANYWAY...THEY LOVED CHARLES AND HIS DUMBY.

SO MR JEROME? YOU ENJOY A BETTER WAY TO STUDY ASTRONOMY?

HAW, HAW!

THEY'RE A SCREAM!

AFTER THE SHOW, I WENT BACKSTAGE TO CONGRATULATE CHARLES ON HIS WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE! HE'D OUTDONE HIMSELF! HE'D MANIPULATED MORTY BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE...

MR JEROME? WHY, HE LEFT THE HALL AS SOON AS HE CAME OFF-STAGE?

OH! HE MUST HAVE GONE ON BACK TO THE ENTERTAINERS' COTTAGE!

I MOVED DOWN THE WALK TO THE COTTAGE! BACK AT THE HALL, THE GUESTS WERE POURING OUT OF THE EXITS THEIR LAUGHTER DRIFTING ACROSS THE NIGHT AIR TOWARD ME! I COULD HEAR CHARLES'S NAME REFERRED TO IN THE GABBLE OF CONVERSATION.

THEY LIED HIM!

THE COTTAGE DOOR SLAMMED BEHIND ME AND SILENCE CLOSED IN AS I STOOD IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS! I SAZED DOWN THE CORRIDOR AT THE SIX DOORS...

NOW, WHICH ONE IS CHARLES'S?

SUDDENLY, THE SLOOD FROZE IN MY VEINS! VOICES EXPLODED FROM BEHIND ONE OF THE DOORS! LOUD VOICES HEARD WITH ANGER! CHARLES, USING HIS NORMAL VOICE, WAS ARGUING WITH HIMSELF! USING MORTY'S VOICE...

NO! I HEARD! YES YOU WILL! I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU! MAKE YOU! YOU'RE TOO WEAK TO STOP ME!

I STOOD OUTSIDE THE DOOR FOR A MOMENT LISTENING TO THE BAYING.

GOOD LORD! HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND! HE'S FIGHTING WITH THAT DUMBY OF HIS OVER THE GIRL IN THE AUDIENCE!

I SHOOKED! THE TELLING STOPPED ABRUPTLY! I HEARD A SHORT WHIMPER AND THEN CHARLES OPENED THE DOOR! HIS EYES WERE RED AS THOUGH HE'D BEEN CRYING.

I...I WANTED TO CONGRATULATE YOU, CHARLES! THE AUDIENCE LOVED YOU!

TH...THANK YOU, LARRY! I...I'M TIRED! I MUST GO TO BED NOW... SO I WON'T INVITE YOU IN!



CHARLES CLOSED THE DOOR, AND I STOOD THERE FEELING FOOLISH! I SHRUGGED AND RETURNED TO THE 'RED' HALL! THERE WAS SOME WORK I HAD TO DO BEFORE I COULD GO TO BED! LATER AS I SAT AT MY DESK...

WHAT WAS THAT?

SCREEEEEEEEHHHHH!



IT WAS THE SAME WOMAN THAT CHARLES'D HAD MOSTLY BUSY TO! I THOUGHT OF THE DANGER THAT HAD DIED THE SAME WAY TEN YEARS BEFORE! I RUSHED TO THE COTTAGE AND FLUNG OPEN CHARLES'S DOOR...

CHARLES! HE HE'S DEAD!



THE SUITCASE CONTAINING CHARLES'S DUMMY SAT ON THE FLOOR IN THE CORNER! I MOVED TOWARD IT! I HAD TO SEE! I THREW BACK THE LID...

WHAT THE...? THE DUMMY HAD NO HEAD!



I STARED DOWN AT THE HEADLESS VENTRILOQUIST'S DUMMY! I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THEN I SAW OTHER THINGS IN THE SUITCASE...

MAKE-UP! THE SUITCASE HAD MAKE-UP IN IT!



A SHOUT FROM THE HOTEL KITCHEN DREW MY ATTENTION! I RUSHED ACROSS THE GRASS AND ONTO THE PORCH! THE CHEF STOOD WIDE-EYED, YAWNING HIS ARMS...

WHAT HAPPENED?

HE TAKE MY CLEAVER! HE STEAL MY CLEAVER! THAT VENTRILOQUIST!



I LOOKED AROUND! A BUTTER LAY ON THE FLOOR BY MY FEET! I PICKED IT UP! IT WAS COVERED WITH BLOOD! SUDDENLY I HEARD CHARLES'S VOICE COMING FROM BEHIND SOME BUSHES...

CHARLES!

I'M GOING TO GET RID OF YOU, ONCE AND FOR ALL, YOU...HYDRAINE FREAK! YOU LITTLE BEAST!



AS I RUSHED TOWARD THE BUSHES, I HEARD MORTY'S VOICE... SHOUTING, SCREAMING! THEN A CRAWLING SENSATION STARTED UP MY SPINE! THE VOICES OVERLAPPED! THERE WERE TWO HANDS...

AS I BURST AMONG THE BUSH, I CAUGHT SIGHT OF A GLEAM OF STEEL IN THE DARKNESS! CHARLES STOOD OVER A TREE STUMP, HIS LEFT FOREARM PRESSED ON ITS FLAT TOP! AND HE WAS BRANDING THE CLEAVER DOWN UPON IT...

MORTY'S SCREAM WAS CUT SHORT AS THE CLEAVER FELL! A NAUSEATING FRAMED HEAD... SHRIVELED AND UGLY... ROLLED TO MY FEET

NOT DON'T, CHARLES! DON'T!

IT'S NO USE! I'M FREEZING MYSELF FOR GOOD!

NO! NO! EEEEEE!

I'M AID OF YOU! AID OF YOU!

OH, MY GOD!

CHARLES PITCHED FORWARD AND FELL! HIS LEFT HAND HAD BEEN SEVERED AT THE WRIST! NOW I KNEW WHY HE'D ALWAYS WORN THE GLOVES! INSTEAD OF A LEFT HAND, A HORRIBLE HEAD HAD GROWN FROM HIS WRIST...

I... I HAD TO DO IT, LARRY! TEN YEARS AGO HE FILLED THAT DANGER! HE TOOK OVER MY BODY AND KILLED HER!

YOU'RE BLEEDING, CHARLES! I'VE GOT TO GET YOU A DOCTOR!

WHEN I WAS A CHILD, THEY SAID I HAD A DEFORMED HAND! BUT AS I GROW UP THAT HORRIBLE HEAD DEVELOPED! SOON IT OPENED ITS WICKED EYES AND BEGAN TO TALK! I BECAME A VENTRILOQUIST, USED IT AS A PUPPET!

THAT EXPLAINS THE REALISTIC MOVEMENTS MORTY HAD!

THEN IT BEGAN TO WHIST CONTROL OF MY BODY WHILE I SLEPT! I HAD TO RETIRE FROM SHOW BUSINESS! I KEPT THE HEAD SILENT! BUT YOU YOU CAME... AND OFFERED ME WORK! TOMORROW, IT TOOK OVER AGAIN! I COULDN'T STOP IT!

I'LL GO FOR THE DOCTOR, CHARLES! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

I TIES A CRUDE TOWNLIGHT ON CHARLES'S WRIST AND RUSHED OFF! WHEN I GOT BACK, CHARLES WAS DEAD! HE'D BEEN FORN TO JARRED! THE SEVERED HEAD LAY NEARBY...

THE HEAD WASN'T QUITE DEAD! WITH ITS LAST THREAD OF LIFE, IT ATTACKED CHARLES! THEY'VE DESTROYED EACH OTHER!

HEL, HEL! WELL, THAT'S THE TALK LARRY PALMED OFF ON ME! SO I JUST NAMED IT DOWN TO YOU! I HOPE YOU LIKED IT! NEXT TIME YOU SEE A VENTRILOQUIST, LOOK CAREFULLY TO SEE HOW HE HOLDS HIS DUMMY! IF HE'S READING IN TOO FAR, BEWARE! WELL, WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THE HAPPIEST OF HORROR! DON'T FORGET TO READ THE GIFT

KEEPER'S CORNER FOR BACK ISSUE 'N' SUBSCRIPTION INFO! SEE, NOW!

**HEE-HEE! I'M GOING TO DO  
LIKE THESE TWO GOOFY  
GHOULUNATICS, AND GET MY  
OWN SUBSCRIPTIONS TO ALL  
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GLAD VAULT #4



GLAD VAULT #5



GLAD VAULT #6



GLAD WEIRD #1



GLAD WEIRD #2



GLAD WEIRD #3



GLAD WEIRD #4



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## CONTENTS OF GLADSTONE EC COMICS

### GLAD CRYPT

#1 CRYPT 32 (1962)  
ORANGE 17 (1962)

#2 CRYPT 35 (1962)  
ORANGE 18 (1962)

#3 CRYPT 36 (1962)  
ORANGE 1 (1962)

#4 CRYPT 38 (1962)  
ORANGE 19 (1962)

#5 CRYPT 45 (1964)  
ORANGE 5 (1961)

#6 CRYPT 42 (1964)  
ORANGE 27 (1962)

### GLAD VAULT

#1 VAULT 34 (1962)  
HAUNT 1 (1962)

#2 VAULT 37 (1962)  
HAUNT 18 (1962)

#3 VAULT 32 (1962)  
VAULT 13 (1962)

#4 VAULT 33 (1962)  
VAULT 12 (1962)

#5 VAULT 18 (1961)  
W PAGE 5 (1961)

#6 VAULT 32 (1962)  
W PAGE 5 (1961)

### GLAD WEIRD SCIENCE

#1 W SCI 32 (1962)  
W PAGE 1 (1962)

#2 W SCI 35 (1962)  
W PAGE 17 (1962)

#3 W SCI 3 (1961)  
W PAGE 14 (1962)

#4 W SCI 37 (1962)  
W PAGE 15 (1962)

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CRYPT #2



CRYPT #3



CRYPT #4



CRYPT #5



CRYPT #6



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WEIRD #3



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WEIRD #5



WEIRD #6



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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! ANOTHER FEW MONTHS... ANOTHER \$2.00... AND ANOTHER TALES FROM THE CRYPT, ENLIGHTENED! ALSO TO SEE YOU! COME MY COME INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! THIS IS YOUR HOST, THE CRYPT. KEPTER, SPOOKS! I'VE CHOSEN A REAL MEATY TALE OF TERROR FROM MY COLLECTION TO START OFF MY BOOK! IT'S A FAVORITE OF MINE. ONE THAT I'M SURE WILL MAKE YOUR BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR VEINS AND THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK CRAWL! I CALL THIS SHIVERY FARM...

## GROUNDS...FOR HORROR!



ARTIE'S STEP-FATHER SLAMMED THE CLOSET DOOR AND TURNED THE KEY FROM WITHIN. CAME THE MUFFLED BARS OF THE BOY'S PITFUL CRYING...

AND YOU'LL STAY IN THERE, YOUNG MAN! UNTIL I DECIDE TO LET YOU OUT!

I-I PLEASE, DAD! DON'T LOCK ME IN HERE! I'LL BE GOOD! DON'T! PLEASE! I PROMISE...



BEHIND ARTIE'S ANGRY STEP-FATHER STOOD A FEAR-LOOKING, SAD-FACED WOMAN! SHE SHOOK HER HEAD, HER EYES FILLED WITH TEARS...

YOU... YOU *SHOULDN'T*, SAM! YOU *SHOULDN'T* LOOK HIM *IN* THERE EVERY TIME HE'S *SAD*! IT *FRIGHTENS* HIM! IT ISN'T RIGHT!

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! I KNOW WHAT I'M *DOING*!



SAMUEL SHICKER TURNED AND STAMPED OUT OF THE TINY APARTMENT, THROUGH A CURTAINED DOORWAY, INTO THE BUTCHER SHOP IN THE FRONT...

HE'S *GOING TO LEARN TO OBEY*! THE SHIRT IS *SPOILED*! HE NEEDS TO BE *DISCIPLINED*!

BUT LOOKING HIM IN A DARK CLOSET IS TOO *HARSH*!



SAM MEYER HEARD HIS WIFE'S OBJECTION! HE SWUNG OPEN THE HUGE MEAT-REFRIGERATOR DOOR AND STEPPED INSIDE! IN THE APARTMENT BEHIND THE STORE, LILY SHICKER STARED AT THE LOCKED CLOSET DOOR, LISTENING TO HER SON'S QUIET WHIMPERING...

POOR NATIE! AND HE'S *SO SCARED OF THE DARK*!

SOS... SOS...



THEN ARTIE'S CRYING STOPPED! SILENCE CLOSED IN AROUND LILY! THE ONLY SOUND WAS THE HUM OF THE ELECTRIC MEAT-SHINDING MACHINE IN THE SHOP, AS SAM PREPARED AN ORDER OF CHOPPED-MEAT! SUDDENLY, ARTIE *SMILED*...

TEE-HEE, EE-EE-E!

HE...HE'S *LAUGHING*! THE *LITTLE SCOUNDREL*! HE'S *NOT AFRAID AT ALL*!



LILY SHRUGGED AND RETURNED TO HER HOUSE-WORK! FROM TIME TO TIME SHE WOULD STOP AND LISTEN! FROM THE CLOSET, SHE COULD HEAR ARTIE'S MUFFLED WHISPERS AND AN OCCASIONAL CHUCKLE...

*LISTEN TO HIM! HE'S TALKING TO HIMSELF! HE'S PLAYING IN THERE!*



AFTER A WHILE, ARTIE'S STEP-FATHER CAME IN FROM THE SHOP AND UNLOCKED THE DOOR! AS THE LIGHT STREAMED INTO THE CLOSET, CHASING THE DARKNESS BEHIND THE HANGING COATS AND FLEED BOXES, ARTIE BLINKED UP! HE SAT IN THE CORNER ON THE FLOOR...*SMILING*...

ALL NIGHT! SET UP! SET OUT! I HAVE AN ORDER FOR YOU TO *DELIVER*!

YES, DADDY!



SAM SHICKER TURNED AND STARTED TOWARD THE FRONT! AT THE CURTAINED DOORWAY, HE LOOKED BACK! ARTIE WAS STANDING OUTSIDE THE CLOSET, WAVING HIS CHUBBY LITTLE HAND AND WHISPERING INTO THE CLUTTERED ENCLOSURE...

BYE! I HOPE I SEE YOU *AGAIN*!

ARTIE!



ARTIE MOVED TOWARD HIS STEP-FATHER, HIS CURLY LITTLE EIGHT-YEAR OLD HEAD BOWED. SAM BRIDGER BLARED DOWN AT HIM...

WHO IN BLAZES WERE YOU TALKING TO, JUST THERE?

IF NO ONE, DADDY! I WAS JUST PLAYIN'!



WELL, CUT IT OUT! HERE! TAKE THIS ORDER OVER TO MRS. SAFFERTY, AND DON'T STOP TO TALK TO THE OTHER BRAT'S ON THE WAY!

YES, DADDY!



ARTIE CURLED HIS ARM AROUND THE SPONY SOFT BAG OF MEAT, AND SKIPPED OUT THE DOOR. HIS STEP-FATHER SHOULDED AFTER HIM.

YOU'VE GOT TO CLEAR THE CHOPPING BLOCK WHEN YOU GET BACK, SO HURRY UP!

YES, DADDY!



ON HIS WAY BACK FROM DELIVERING MRS. SAFFERTY'S MEAT ORDER, ARTIE WAS STOPPED BY A FEW OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS...

HI, ARTIE! WE GOT A BUNCH OF MORE-OR-LESS COOKED UP!

SEE, FELLERS, I CAN'T. I GOTTA CLEAN THE CHOPPING BLOCK!

HA, 'CHOP ARTIE! JUST FOR A LIL' WHILE!



IT WAS GETTING DARK WHEN ARTIE RETURNED TO THE BUTCHER SHOP. AS HE SHEEPISHLY ENTERED THE DOOR, HIS STEP-FATHER EXPLODED...

WHERE WERE YOU? YOU'VE BEEN GONE FOR OVER AN HOUR! YOU STOPPED TO PLAY, DIDN'T YOU? DIDN'T YOU?

YES, DADDY! THE KIDS ASKED...



SAM BRIDGER FLUNG THE WIRE-BRUSH AT HIS STEP-SON...

I TOLD YOU NOT TO STOP ON THE WAY! DIDN'T I? HERE! GET TO WORK! SCRUB THAT CHOPPING BLOCK SPOTLESS, HEAR ME? AFTER YOU'RE THROUGH, I'LL DEAL WITH YOU!

YES, DADDY! SOMMA PUT ME IN THE CLOSET AGAIN, DADDY!



THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M GOING TO DO! YOU'LL LEARN TO BE OBDIENT FET, YOUNG MAN!

YES, DADDY!



YOU KNOW WHAT A BUTCHER'S CHOPPING BLOCK IS, DON'T YOU? IT'S THAT LITTLE TABLE ABOUT THREE FEET SQUARE AND A FOOT OR SO THICK THAT THEY CROP THE MEAT ON! AFTER A BUST DAY, IT'S PRETTY WEIRD! THE WAY THEY CLEAN IT IS TO SCRAPER THE BLOOD STAINS AND IMBEDDED MEAT WITH A WIRE BRUSH UNTIL ALL TRACES ARE GONE! IT'S A TOUGH JOB FOR A MAN, LET ALONE AN EIGHT-YEAR OLD!



AFTER AN HOUR OR MORE, ARTIE FINALLY FINISHED THE BACK-BREAKING TASK OF SCRUBBING THE BLOCK, AND ENTERED THE APARTMENT BREATHELESS.

I'M FINISHED, DADDY! ARE YOU GOING TO PUT ME IN THE CLOSET, NOW?

THAT'S RIGHT! AND WITHOUT SUPPER, TOO!



GRAY, SAM! YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, MARTHA!



ARTIE OPENED THE CLOSET AND STEPPED IN! HE SAT DOWN UNTIL HE WAS CROSSED-LEGGED ON THE CLUTTERED FLOOR! HE SMILED UP AT HIS STEP-FATHER.

I'M READY, DADDY!

NEXT TIME YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME WHEN I TELL YOU SOMETHING!

SAM! PLEASE! HE'S A BROWNE BOY! HE NEEDS HIS MEALS!



MR BRICKER BLAMMED THE DOOR! THERE WAS NO SOUND IN THE DIRTY APARTMENT BEHIND THE BUTCHER SHOP! HE TURNED THE KEY! STILL NO SOUND! ARTIE'S MOTHER GASPED.

HE... HE DIDN'T CRY! HE... HE SEEMED TO WANT TO BE LOCKED IN!

THE KID'S CRAZY!



YET LISTENED FOR A MOMENT! ARTIE WAS WHISPERING TO HIMSELF BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR! THEN HE SMILED...

SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE, SAM BRICKER! SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE? LISTEN TO HIM! HE TALKS TO HIMSELF! HE LAUGHS IN THERE! SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH THIS... PUNISHMENT?

SAM! HE'S PUTTING ON AN ACT! HE'S TRYING TO RID US! HE'S SCARED STIFF!



SAM STARED OUT THROUGH THE CURTAINED DOORWAY...

I'M GOIN' OVER TO EDE TO PLAT CARDS! YOU CAN LET 'IM OUT AFTER A WHILE! BUT REMEMBER WHAT I SAID! NO SUPPER!

YES, SAM!



LILY LISTENED FOR THE TINKLE OF THE BELL AS EAM WENT OUT THROUGH THE BUTCHER SHOP! THEN SHE TURNED TO THE CLOSET! BRACE, ARTIE WAS STILL CHATTERING AWAY IN LOW TONES! LILY TRIED TO MAKE OUT WHAT HE WAS SAYING...

SEE, NO! NOT THAT! UH, UM! SEE! HE ISN'T... THAT BAD! HUNT ON, THAT'S BE GRAY I GUESS!

ARTHUR?

ARTIE GASPED! THEN HE NICHED HIS IMAGINARY PLAYMATE! HIS MOTHER UNLOCKED THE CLOSET DOOR AND SWUNG IT OPEN! ARTIE SAT CROSS-LEGGED ON THE FLOOR SHINING UP AT HER SMILE.

YES, MOTHER!

YOU, YOU MUST BE HUNGRY, DEAR! COME OUT! I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO EAT!

ARTIE PEERED OUT OF THE CLOSET, ABOUT THE TIME APARTMENT...

IS HE DADDY? NO! HE'S SOME! BUT YOU'RE NOT TO TELL HIM I FED YOU... UNDERSTAND?

NO! HE'S SOME! BUT YOU'RE NOT TO TELL HIM I FED YOU... UNDERSTAND?

LILY PLACED THE GLASS OF MILK AND JAM-COVERED BREAD BEFORE HER SMALL SON! SHE SAT DOWN OPPOSITE HIM... STUDYING HIS FACE AS HE SIPPED HIS FOOD.

ARTIE! WHO DO YOU TALK TO IN THE CLOSET?

HUH? OH? YOU HEARD?

YES! WHO IS IT? SOMEONE YOU MADE UP?

UH, UM! NOPE! HE'S REAL! HE LIVES THERE IN THE CLOSET!

REAL? NOW, ARTIE! WHY HE JUST IN YOUR IMAGINATION?

UH, UM! NOPE! HE WANTS TO PUNISH DADDY FOR PUNISHING ME! HOORAY LIKE ME!

WHAT'S HIS NAME?

HOORAY! HE WANTED TO DO SOMETHING TERRIBLE TO DADDY! I WOULDN'T LET HIM!

ARTIE! MY BABY!

BUT I SAID IT'S GRAY IF HE PUSHES DADDY SO'S HE FALLS DOWN AN HURTS HIMSELF A LITTLE! THAT'S GRAY, ISN'T IT, MOMMY?

LILY STARED AT HER SON...HER EYES FILLING WITH TEARS! POOR ARTIE! SAM HAS HURT HIM BY LOCKING HIM IN THE CLOSET! MUST HE BEADLY! SUDDENLY, THE TINKLE OF THE STORE BELL STARTLED HER! SHE JUMPED UP.



SAM BECKER STRODE ACROSS THE BANQUET-COVERED BUTCHER SHOP FLOOR! AS HE CAME THROUGH THE CUNTAINED DOORWAY...



SUDDENLY, SAM SPRAWLED FORWARD, SLIDING ON HIS FACE...



ARTIE'S STEP-FATHER GOT TO HIS KNEES CURSING...



LILY STARED IN HORROR AT THE MISCHIEVOUS LOOK ON HER YOUNG SON'S FACE.



ARTIE GRINNED! SAM CAUGHT HIS STEP-SON'S EXPRESSION...



ARTIE'S STEP-FATHER DRESSED HIS SON BY HIS SHIRT COLLAR AND SHOVED HIM INTO THE CLOSET...



SAM SPUR AROUND, GLARING AT HIS WIFE...

YOU SHUT UP!  
I'LL HANDLE  
THIS MYSELF!

PLEASE, SAM!  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE  
DOING!



SAM STRODE INTO THE SHOP AND  
FLUNG OPEN THE MEAT-REFRIG-  
ERATOR DOOR...

YOU LEAVE HIM IN  
THERE, LILY! I'M GOING  
TO SLICE UP A SLICE  
OF BEEF FOR  
TOMORROW...

YES,  
SAM!



LILY LISTENED FOR THE WHIRL OF  
THE SLICING MACHINE! FINALLY IT  
STARTED! SHE EDGED TOWARD THE  
CLOSET... LISTENING...

OH-UN-HOPE! NOT  
THAT! THAT'S TOO  
FEROUS! HUH?  
MY FINGER! OHAY!

ARTIE!  
SASPI!



SUDDENLY THE BUTCHER SHOP BEYOND THE CUR-  
TAINED DOOR WAS FILLED WITH A BLOOD-  
CURDLING SCREAM...



LILY DARTED ACROSS THE APARTMENT, THROUGH  
THE SHOP, AND INTO THE REFRIGERATOR! SAM STOOD  
HOWLING BEFORE THE WHIRRING SLIDING MACHINE...  
A HANDKERCHIEF DUTCHED AROUND ONE HAND...



IT WAS DIFFICULT FOR SAM BRICKER TO DO HIS  
WORK IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED LOPPING OFF  
THE LAST JOINT OF A FINGER. CAN BE QUITE PAINFUL,  
OF COURSE. HE WAS GRANDER THAN EVER...



IT WAS ABOUT A WEEK LATER THAT IT HAPPENED!  
SAM HAD SENT LILY OFF TO A MOVIE THAT NIGHT!  
HE'D LOST HIS TEMPER WITH ARTIE...



WHEN LILY CAME HOME LATE THAT NIGHT, AS SHE OPENED THE SHOP DOOR, SHE HEARD ARTIE CRYING HYSTERICALLY IN THE CLOSET...

ARTIE "MY BABY! MY BABY!"



SHE RAN TO THE CLOSET AND OPENED IT! ARTIE LOOKED UP AT HER WITH TEAR-FILLED RED EYES.

I TRIED TO STOP HOZIR... SON... SON! HE WOULDN'T LISTEN!

WHAT HAPPENED, DARLING?



DADDY HIT ME! IT MADE HOZIR ANGRY! HOZIR SAID HE'D DO IT THIS TIME! I COULDN'T STOP HIM!

DO WHAT? TELL ME!



SUDDENLY LILY HEARD THE HUNNING... THE HUNNING OF A MOTOR...

HOZIR SAID... SON... SAID HE WAS GOING TO DO THE FERRIBLE THING! AND THEN I HEARD DADDY SCREAMING!

ARTIE WHAT'S THAT HOZIR?



IT'S THE MEAT-GRINDER, MOMMY! HOZIR PUT DADDY IN THE MEAT-GRINDER!

GOOD LORD!



LILY RUSHED TO THE MEAT-REFRIGERATOR! THE MEAT-GRINDER WAS ON... AND HUNNING! BELOW IT, ON THE FROSTY FLOOR, WAS A HUGE PILE OF RAW CHOP-MEAT...



EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

I... I... TRIED TO STOP HIM, MOMMY! HOZIR WAS ANGRY... ANGRY! ANGRY!

HEH... HEH? YEP, KIDDER! THAT'S THE STONK! HOZIR MADE MINCE-MEAT OUT OF ARTIE'S STEP-DADDY! WELL! WE WOULDN'T MINDH GOOD, ANYWAY! HE ONLY MARRIED LILY TO GET THE DOWN TO OPEN THE BUTCHERY SHOP! THE DUGH THAT ARTIE'S REAL DADDY LEFT THEM! OF COURSE... SAM NEVER INTENDED TO END UP SO... SO INVOLVED IN HIS WORK!

BY THE WAY! NEXT TIME YOU EAT A HAMBURGER, DON'T LOOK TOO HARD! YOU MIGHT FIND A BOLD TROOP IN IT... JAWW! AND NOW, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE HAM-KEEPER! SEE YOU LATER!





# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! YEP! IT'S YOUR OLD FRIEND, *THE VAULT-KEEPER*. AMBARKING! I SEE MY HOST, C.E., HAA FINISHED HIS... YOU SHOULD PARDON THE EXPRESSION... *'HORROR'* STORY. AND NOW IT'S MY TURN! WELL, I'M READY! ARE YOU? GOT THE *SHELLING SALTS* HANDY? GOOD! YOU'LL NEED THEM BEFORE YOU'RE THROUGH WITH THIS *SPINE-TINGLER* I CALL...

## A ROTTIN' TRICK!



CLINT BARTON MADE HIS WAY NERVOUSLY DOWN THE DARK MIDDING STREET OF THE LITTLE BREEK SEAPORT TOWN! FROM TIME TO TIME, HE WOULD STOP IN THE SHADOWS OF A DOORWAY... LISTENING FOR THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM! HE WAS BEING FOLLOWED. HE KNEW THAT! THEY'D TRAILED HIM TO THE WATERFRONT AREA. THEY WERE NOT ON HIS HEELS! HE WIPED HIS PERSPIRING FACE, GASPING FOR BREATH...



I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS COUNTRY. BUT HOW? WHO CAN I TURN TO?

AND THEN HE REMEMBERED **NICK!** ESSIE HAD TOLD HIM NICK WAS A FISHERMAN! NICK HAD A **BOAT!** NICK COULD HELP HIM! CLINT BARTED ACROSS THE ROAD THAT RAN BESIDE THE WHARF...



**NICK! THAT'S IT! HE COULD SET HIS OUT OF THE COUNTRY BY BOAT!**

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS CLACKED OVER THE COBBLESTONES BEHIND AERON! THEY WERE SETTING CLOSER, NOW! HE HAD TO HIDE! LATER, IF THEY DIDN'T FIND HIM, HE'D LOOK FOR NICK...



**THERE'S A SKIFF TIED UP DOWN THERE WITH A TARPULIN ROLLED UP! I'LL HIDE THERE!**

CLINT SWUNG HIMSELF OVER THE EDGE OF THE WHARF AND DROPPED INTO THE SKIFF AS NOISELESSLY AS HE COULD! HE UNFURLED THE CANYAS AND, CURLING HIMSELF UP IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT, COVERED HIMSELF WITH IT...



**LEAD! I'M TIRED! BEEN HUNNING FOR TWO DAYS! GOT TO BE STILL NOW...CAN'T ATTRACT ATTENTION!**

CLINT HELD HIS BREATH AS THE VOICES AND FOOTSTEPS DREW NEAR! HE COULD HEAR THEM RESITATE OVERHEAD ON THE WHARF, TALKING TO EACH OTHER IN LOW TONES! A FLASH OF LIGHT STREAMED IN THROUGH A TINY HOLE IN THE TARPULIN, AND CLINT KNEW THEY WERE COVERING THE PIER AND ITS BOATS WITH A FLASHLIGHT...



**THEY'RE RILL BE ON EIGHT IF THEY SPOTTED ME!**

CLINT LOOKED AT HIS WATCH! IT WAS THREE-THIRTY! SOON IT WOULD BE SETTING LIGHT AND THE FISHERMEN WOULD BE COMING DOWN TO THEIR BOATS! HE'D LOOK FOR NICK THEN! CLINT LIT A CIGARETTE AND BEGAN PUFFING IT! HE LAY BACK, HIS HEAD ON THE SKIFF'S STEER-SEAT, AND SMILED...



**SHE WAS ALL RIGHT, ESSIE! REAL HORROROUS BABE! YEAH...I LIKED THAT DOLL!**

THEN THE VOICES AND THE FOOTSTEPS DIED AWAY, AND CLINT BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF! SOON ONLY THE LAPPING OF THE WATER AND THE CREAKING OF THE PLANKS COULD BE HEARD! CLINT THREW BACK THE CANYAS AND LOOKED UP AT THE STARRY SKY...



**NICK'S MY ONLY HOPE! HE'S THE ONLY ONE I CAN TURN TO! I WONDER, I WONDER IF HE STILL HATES ME OVER WHAT HAPPENED TO ESSIE!**

CLINT MET ESSIE RIGHT THERE IN THAT BROADCAST TOWN ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO! HE'D HIRED A TOURING CAN IN ATHENS AND COME DOWN THE COAST LOOKING FOR A LITTLE RELAXATION! HE'D MADE HIS ROUNDS OF THE WATERFRONT JOINTS AND THEN HE'D SEEN HER! THE CHEAP TWO-BIT BARD HAD ALMOST DROWNED OUT HER VOICE, BUT THE SPOTLIGHT'S REVEALED ALL THAT CLINT'D BEEN INTERESTED IN...



**BEST! WAITER! WILL YOU GIVE THIS NOTE TO THAT YOUNG LAD WHO'S SINGING?**

**YES, SIR! SOON AS SHE'S THROUGH!**

AFTER HER SONG, ESSIE'D COME TO CLINT'S TABLE...



I..I RECEIVED YOUR NOTE!

SO I SEE? WON'T YOU... SIT DOWN?

EVEN IN THAT SMOKE-FILLED DIVE, ESSIE'D LOOKED LIKE A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STAR...

YOU'RE AN AMERICAN AREN'T YOU?

YES! IS MY BREECH THAT BAD?



NO! YOU SPEAK IT QUITE WELL! IT IS YOUR CLOTHES THAT IS NOW I CAN TELL!

YOU'RE A CLEVER GIRL, MISS...MISS... ER...WHAT IS YOUR NAME?



IT IS A VERY LONG, VERY HARD NAME TO PRONOUNCE! BUT YOU CAN CALL ME ESSIE!

MY NAME'S CLINTON ASHTON! CALL ME CLINT! WOULD YOU HAVE LUNCH WITH ME TOMORROW, ESSIE?



I..I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T THINK SO! IF RICK WERE TO FIND OUT...

RICK? WHO'S RICK? DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE MARRIED?



NOT AS YET! RICK AND I ARE ENGAGED! WE ARE TO BE MARRIED AS SOON AS HE HAS PAID OFF THE BOAT!

THE BOAT? OH! YOUR BOYFRIEND'S A FISHERMAN?



YES! AND VERY JEALOUS! HE HAS INSISTED THAT AS SOON AS WE ARE MARRIED, I STOP WORKING!

BUT YOU'RE NOT MARRIED YET, ESSIE! I STILL HAVE A CHANCE!



THAT NIGHT, CLINT'D CHECKED IN AT THE TOWN'S ONLY MOTEL! AS HE'D UNZIPPED FOR BED...



SHE'S A CUTE NAME! THERE IS SOMETHING TO BE FOR!

THAT'S THE WAY CLINTON ANTON HAD ALWAYS BEEN! WITH THE INHERITANCE HE'D GOTTEN FROM HIS WEALTHY FATHER, CLINT'D TAKEN TO TRAVELING AROUND THE WORLD MAKING 'CONQUESTS'! ESSE WAS TO BE JUST ANOTHER NAME ON HIS ALREADY LEXICON LIST! THE NEXT DAY...



ESSE! NO YOU DID COME!

YES! I KNOW I SHOULDN'T HAVE, BUT...

CLINT'D TAKEN HER HAND...

YOU COULDN'T HELP IT! PLEASE COULD YOUR LAST NIGHT SOMETHING HAPPENED... BETWEEN YOU AND I... SOMETHING WONDERFUL!



THEY'D GONE FOR A DRIVE. HE AND ESSE! THEY'D DRIVEN OUT OF TOWN AND UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS WHERE THEY'D BE SAFE FROM PRYING EYES.



P- PLEASE, CLINT! I HARDLY KNOW YOU! PLEASE!

YOU KNOW ALL THERE IS TO KNOW, ESSE! YOU KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU! LET'S NOT FIGHT IT!

IT'D BEEN AS EASY AS THAT! CLINT HAD A WAY WITH WOMEN! HE KNEW IT! IN FACT, ESSE'D BEEN A PUSHOVER! BUT SHE'D BEEN PRETTIER THAN MOST, SO CLINT'D HUNG AROUND LONGER THAN USUAL! THEN ONE DAY, COMING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN FROM ONE OF THEIR DAILY DRIVES...



THE BRAKES! THEY WON'T HOLD! THE CAR'S OUT OF CONTROL!

EEEEEEEEEE!

JUST BEFORE THE CARRODDING CAR PLUMBED OVER THE EMANKMENT, CLINT'D JUMPED CLEAR! ESSE WENT DOWN WITH THE CAR, SPINNING OVER AND OVER.



SHE'D BEEN BARELY HURT! CLINT'S GOTTEN AWAY WITH A FEW SCRATCHES! THAT NIGHT, CLINT'S MET RICK FOR THE FIRST TIME! HE'D COME TO CLINT'S HOTEL ROOM...



LOOK, RICK! I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO ESSE! I TRIED TO STOP! THE BRAKES...

SHE... SHE WILL BE OUPHISHED FOR LIFE, MR. ANTON! HER FACE HAS BEEN... BOB BOB

"YES! I KNOW, NICK!  
I SPOKE TO THE DOCTOR!  
BUT... WHY DID YOU  
COME HERE TONIGHT?"

"YOU, YOU WILL  
MARRY HER  
STILL, EH, MR  
ASHTON? THIS  
WILL NOT MAKE  
A DIFFERENCE?"



"MARRY HER?  
DON'T BE A FOOL.  
NICK! I NEVER  
INTENDED TO  
MARRY HER!"

"WHAT? BUT SHE TOLD  
ME... WHEN SHE GAVE ME  
BACK THE RING! SHE  
SAID YOU'D TALKED  
ABOUT IT!"



"TALK IS  
CHEAP, NICK!  
BESIDES, I'D  
BE A FOOL  
TO MARRY  
HER, NOW!"

"THEN YOU  
NEVER LOVED  
HER, EH? THIS  
WAS JUST A...  
GAME WITH  
YOU?"



"THAT'S RIGHT,  
NICK! JUST A  
GAME! NOW  
THE GAME'S  
OVER, CALLED  
BECAUSE OF  
RAIR! AND I'M  
HITTING THE  
ROAD!"

"YOU  
ARE NO  
GOOD,  
MR. ASHTON!"



"MARRY THE  
GIRL YOURSELF,  
NICK!"

"I WILL... IF  
SHE WILL  
HAVE ME!"



THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENED! CLINT'D JOPPED A  
TRAIN NORTH... OUT OF EDDIE'S AND NICK'S LIVES!  
NOW, CLINT WONDERED WHAT NICK WOULD SAY  
WHEN THEY'D MEET! OVERHEAD, THE SKY WAS  
LIGHTENING! DARK WAS COMING UP.

"IT'S GETTING LIGHT! I BETTER  
START LOOKING FOR NICK!"



CLINT COMBED THE WATERFRONT SEARCHING  
THE SLEEPY FACES FOR NICK! FINALLY HE  
SPOTTED HIM, WORKING OVER THE ENGINE OF  
HIS SMALL BUT STURDY-LOOKING CRAFT.

"YES, NICK! IT'S ME! CLINTON  
ASHTON! I'M IN TROUBLE, NICK!  
BAD TROUBLE! I NEED HELP!  
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS  
COUNTRY!"

"A  
WOMAN!  
AGAIN,  
MR. ASHTON?"



"YES!  
HOW DID  
YOU  
KNOW?"

"I GUESSED!  
CAN YOU PAY?"



"HOW MUCH?  
I'VE GOT ONE  
THOUSAND  
LIRA WITH ME,  
BUT I CAN  
RAISE MORE!"



"IT WILL BE  
ENOUGH, MR.  
'ASHTON'! GET  
BELOW, BEFORE  
SOMEONE SEES  
YOU!"



SOON THE LITTLE FISHING  
VESSEL'S ENGINE BEGAN TO  
SPUTTER, THEN RUM-  
BLINGLY! BELOW DECK,  
CLINT FELT THE CRAFT BEGIN  
TO MOVE AWAY FROM ITS  
WHARF AND OUT INTO THE  
ROLLING SEA...



CLINT LOOKED BACK AT THE RECEIVING GREEK  
MAINLAND...

"WHERE ARE  
YOU TAKING  
ME, NICK?"

"I KNOW AN ISLAND.  
NOT FAR. SEVERAL HOURS...  
WHERE YOU WILL BE TAKEN  
CARE OF UNTIL YOUR TROUBLES  
BACK THERE PASS!"



THE BOAT ROLLED AND PITCHED, MOVING FOR-  
WARD THROUGH THE CHOPPY SEA...

"IT'S GOOD OF YOU TO  
DO THIS FOR ME, NICK.  
'AFTER WHAT HAPPENED?"

"WHAT'S DONE  
CANNOT BE  
UNDONE, MR.  
'ASHTON'!"



THEY SAILED IN SILENCE ACROSS THE TORMING  
BLUE WATER! SOON A SMALL ISLAND ROSE LIKE  
A SPECK ON THE HORIZON, GROWING STEADILY  
LARGER...

"IS THAT IT, NICK?  
IS THAT THE  
ISLAND?"

"YES, MR. 'ASHTON'! THAT  
IS WHERE I AM TAKING  
YOU!"



CLINT PRESSED THE THOUSAND LIRA INTO  
NICK'S HAND AS THE BOAT SKEINED THE  
ISLAND'S SHORE-LINE AND ENTERED A SMALL  
WHITE-BEACHED BAY.

"HERE, NICK!  
HERE'S YOUR  
MONEY! AND  
THANKS!"

"THANK YOU, MR. 'ASHTON'!  
YOU CAN WALK TO SHORE  
FROM HERE! THEY WILL  
TAKE CARE OF YOU!"



CLINT SLIPPED OVER THE SIDE OF NICK'S BOAT. BACK WAS RIGHT! THE WATER WAS WAIST-HIGH! CLINT STARTED TO WADE TOWARD THE WHITE BEACH...

NICK'S BOAT BEGAN TO DRIFT...

THE GAP BETWEEN THEM WIDENED...

CLINT WAS NEARING THE BEACH! THEY HAD TO SHOUT TO HEAR EACH OTHER...



CLINT SPUN AROUND! NICK HAD STARTED THE ENGINE! THE SMALL BOAT WAS TURNING AND HEADING FOR THE OPEN SEA...



CLINT STOOD THERE ON THE WHITE SAND, WATCHING THE BOAT DISAPPEAR OVER THE HORIZON! THEN HE TURNED! TWO PASTY-FACED MEN STOOD BEFORE HIM! ONE OF THEM EXTENDED A LUMPY HAND! NICK TOOK IT AND THEY SHOOK HANDS WARMLY...



THEY CAME FROM BEHIND THE TREES AND BUSHES THAT BORDERED THE WHITE BEACH! THEY CAME WITH THEIR PESTERING SORES, THEIR ASH-WHITE SKIN, THEIR BLOATED FEATURES! THEY GATHERED AROUND CLINT, TOUCHING HIM, EXAMINING HIM CURIOUSLY! HORRIBLY DISTORTED REMAINS OF HUMANITY, BRINING, GURGLING, SOME BLIND... SOME WITH FINGERS GONE... LEGS WITHERED AWAY... ARMS BOTTED OFF! THEY BELONGED HIM!



WELL, YES! AND THERE'S NO GETTING AWAY FROM IT EITHER, CLINT! THAT'S WHY NICK SAID HE'S NEVER COMING BACK FOR YOU! YOU GOT IT, JOO... LEPROSY, THAT IS! PURE! DIDN'T YOU SHAKE HANDS WITH 'EM? DIDN'T THEY FINGER YOU? COME, COME, CLINT! NO USE COMING TO PIECES RIGHT AWAY! YOU WILL IN DUE TIME, ANYWAY! AND NOW, KIDDIES, I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO THE CRIFT-KEEPER!





# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Rene Cockran

Dear Crypt-Keeper

I really like the story in CRYPT #11, "Well-Cooked Ham?" I guess what goes around comes around.

Orlando Garcia 1728 N. Superior  
Chicago, IL 60602

Especially on a ratatouille!

—CK

In CRYPT #10 you made a mistake. Under your "LAF" column you said I was from Texas! Caught you!

CRYPT #10 was a good issue. "Bargain in Death" was an excellent story. Said it all. "Arts in her Theater" was pretty boring and the worst story in the book. "A-Comy Story" wasn't that good. No offense, but you can do better. "The Ventriloquist's Dummy?" was a good story. I really liked the end.

John Brown Harrison, TN

I like what you look like on the show better than in the comic. I like dead zombies better than living people. How come the Old Which looks the scariest?

James Frutko Agawam, MA

That's what I need—leading questions!

—CK

Once or twice on your show, you referred to your pet named Scab. What exactly is Scab? And how might I one day become an accomplished Scab-artist, like you? Your willing minion of the darkness,

James Fan, age 15 Oswego, ON

Scab is a crusty B\* devil, hired during the extra-artist.

—CK

Though I'm not a fan of comics, I love all the ECs (except WEIRD SCIENCE and FANTASY). In France it is very difficult to find some of it, or they cost too much. In addition, we cannot get back issues.

I have known "Tales from the Crypt" by the TV show, but today I prefer the comics. I'm a new fan, tell me how I can [get] your [comic]. Does a catalogue exist?

To the Crypt-Keeper: You are (and) very bad and I love it! [You] are better than Asterix & Obelix. I love your concept!

David Ghes Montreuil, FRANCE

All back issues are available, check the end of the column. Order lots at once and minimize shipping costs. Better than "Asterix"! Wow!

—CK

What comic book is Demon Knight in? Do you know anything about a fan club? What comic book is "Split Personality" in?

How I want to tell you about my finger nails. I paint them black in honor of you. I also have blood red lipstick.

Tatjana Protsa Cowpens, SC

Demon Knight is in no original EC comic. They made him up! "Split Personality?" is in VAULT #30 (will be our #18). Blood red lipstick is better than lips stinky with red blood—or is it?

—CK

I am writing because in your last issue there was a letter from someone using my name. I was not amused. I have disposed of the impostor. Anyone else who attempts it will suffer the same fate. There is only one Demon of the Dark and it is I!

Dark Demon address unknown

Who is the Dark Demon? Is he some kind of EC joke? Please print my address.

Pete Arnold, age 10 10 Lambert ST  
Washington, NJ 07052

We're not sure who he is, but we figure he's not to be messed with!

—CK

I've been collecting all the EC horror comic books and I have exactly 40 issues. I've also looked through other comic books, some lesser known titles by DC and other stuff, but nothing else has quite the unique, original, creative, eye-catching, innovative writing or art styles as EC. EC has got to be the most worthwhile, entertaining, get-it-your-money's-worth comic around.

Aubrey Cheekin address unknown

1) Did Sam Wrightson draw some stories for EC? 2) Who is the creator of The Crypt-Keeper?

Marc Gies Cole Barcelona, SPAIN

EC produces Wrightson by 18 years, but Sam's work owes much to Ingels' EC stuff. I guess I'm 88% Ingels, 12% Polanski—and ah-boy!

—CK

## MORE HBO STUFF

Thanks to David Lowery II for shedding some light on this whole "Atra Cadaver" mystery. And I have to agree with Chad Kuchins. "You, Murderer" was totally sinister! And if anyone wants to buy some "Crypt" cards, I've got quite a few packs, so get in touch with me.

Was HBO a "The Man Who Was Death" based on "A Shocking Way to Die" in CRYPT #6?

Please continue to print my address, and if anyone out there wants to buy some cards, or just to hang out via mail, write to me.

Myron James RR 4 Box 141  
Rockville, IN 47872

We've seen only one HBO episode ("The Reluctant Vampire"), but assume "Man" was based on the story of the same name in CRYPT I.

—CK

If you want you can put me in your comic. I always wanted to be a vampire or a zombie. I send you my picture so you know what I look like. But don't show it to anyone else! Please print my [address]

Domink Zakrevand 81-27 66 RD  
Manhasset, NY 11278

I looked at your picture—maybe you should try out for ghoul!

—CK



I really enjoyed CRYPT #11, the artwork by Joe Orlando in "Madon Bluebeard" was in my opinion, some of his best! "Return" was a good story. When I there a story called "Return" in one of your sci-fi comics?

A few things I noticed in this issue: "Crypt" completely left out all of the greetings such as "Dear Crypt-Keeper." I guess this was because you received many letters and had to make room. Also, I noticed that you now are publishing at a different place. Please print my address.

Burton Hendrix

POB 117  
Broken Bow, OK 74720

A "Return" was in it (SC 8 and a "Return Show" in CRIME 13, a "Round Trip" in W-S-P 8, and a complete Santa round in "Revolution" in SPOT 11). —CK

Whaddya hear whaddya say? I just put down Tales from the Crypt #12 and all I can say is "Wow!" I'm impressed! Again!

"A-Comy Story" had to be my favorite. I don't know why. It wasn't as spooky as the others, maybe because you were the narrator. Crypt!

How about making another EC title that adapts your Saturday morning cartoons? Please? Pretty please? Ugly please? Please print my address (don't give it to Professor van Helsing, though. Hah. And doubt this never, "Blood is thicker than water" and further, too!"

Tony Martinez

6041 S California Av  
Chicago, IL 60629

I love your comics! My mom isn't too crazy about you, though. I'm a big horror fan. I watch CARS SHADOWS and stuff like that.

[Your] TV shows are okay, but nothing can match the original stories. The movie that was made back in 1972 is dumb. You tell Patrick Burkett that Mike Miller said I was dumb!

I would like to ask you if you could give me some tips for a book I'm writing. It's about 5 strangers that try to fight off zombies that are attacking New York City. So far, the book isn't scary.

Could you give me some ideas on how to make my room look like yours?

Blue letter

Madison, PA

Burt! Dual your room weekly. I see two beds in your story. —CK

In the original "Crypt" movie (1972) what is the title of the story that stars the great Peter Cushing as old Arthur Grimsby, and in which issue does it appear in? You may print my address.

Alan Raine

Farm House  
22 Plowmorth RD  
Sedition Durham  
DH7 6PB ENGLAND

According to my notes (made in the dark), that's "Poetic Justice" from HAUNT 12. They changed the names to protect the guilty! —CK

I must say I was overjoyed with this issue of CRYPT. It's the only issue—not issue that the only comic I've ever read of the way through and been totally satisfied with every single story! Please print my address. (Over notice that the Crypt-Keeper's "mummy" in "Lower Birth" looks just like the HBO Crypt-Keeper with black hair!) Respectfully yours

Myron James

RR #502 141  
Rockville IN 47872

Watch for the "Birth" announcement in our CRYPT 17 (or jump the gun and get GLAD CRYPT 1). —CK

HBO's "Woe Crawler." That show has changed many of the stories to the point where they have absolutely no resemblance to the original story whatsoever. In some cases, such as "Three's a Crowd," I think that HBO actually improved on the original story. But in other stories it seems like someone's big ego just got in the way of us getting to see a good story. But as far as I know, "Ame" is the only story where they changed the title. In terms of plot, this story most closely resembles the story "Dead Night" from CRYPT (original EC) 37, which will be your number 21.

Warren Standish

Sunnyvale, CA

Will there ever be any (HBO "Crypt") episodes released on video? Due to my unfortunate financial crisis, I was forced to cancel my cable TV. If you print my letter (you have my permission) I will give you my first born child—or a check for five bucks.

Elaine Ruthe

Glenn, AZ

I like to pass up books, but I don't know. Readers? —CK

I'm writing this letter in regards to your HBO "Crypt" cards. You see, I'm missing card number 25 from my collection. If you have any information on this I would really like to know! Enough about your cards, and more about your comics! They're simply wonderful! Just like the old Vault-Keeper's tales! Your covers are great, bright, and full of detail! Jack Davis is the best (at least I think) at drawing you. Al Feldstein is great at drawing corpses' faces and bodies! Karen is still the best I think. Your fan and reader

Grant Smith, age 11

Stanford, CT

I think you are an extremely easy comic. The only thing I don't understand is that you look different on TV (even senior).

One more thing: ALIEN and PUMPKIN HEAD, have nothing on you. I am free for a date anytime, I'm looking for an older man (with lots of money). I AM a female so don't get nervous.

Tomorrow is Mardi Gras, so "Happy Mardi Gras!" from New Orleans!

C. Delaine 21

Marrero, LA

You are a female; that's what makes me nervous. A date in New Orleans would make being a zombie worth it (oh, that's weird!). —CK



IANF (I also heard from):

Danny Epping  
Jeffrey Jones, Jr. ("print my address")  
4235 Bensalem BLVD Bensalem, PA 19020  
Dave Kelly  
Tapeles, KS  
Andy Kimble ("print my address")  
215 S Heritage DR  
Winnetka, IL 60447  
Markus (Killer Kid) Lavender

address unknown

Jess Lovelace  
Derek McKenna  
Chris (POG) Polday  
address unknown  
Darren Seiders  
Jonathan Smith  
Derek Stead  
Renae White  
Andreas Witting, age 9  
address unknown  
Anchorage, AK  
Houston, TX  
address unknown  
Fountain, CO  
Houston, TX  
Allamore, OH  
Tempe, AZ  
Jamaica, NY





HERE'S THE CHILLING TALE OF  
A GAL WHO FOUND SHE WAS...

# BOARD TO DEATH!



THE BUZZING...THE INSISTENT DROPPING...HAMMERED INTO MYRNA'S EARS AS SHE CAME TO! SHE FELT HER HEART POUNDING IN HER CHEST, WATCHING THE RISE AND FALL OF THE CONTINUOUS HUMMING! MYRNA OPENED HER EYES BUT SHE SAW NOTHING! ONLY A VOID OF BLACK FILLED WITH THE EAR-SPLITTING ROAR! SHE FELT DIZZY AND BOM...

WHAT...WHERE...WHERE  
AM I?



MYRNA TRIED TO MOVE! ACROSS HER CHEST A BAND OF SOMETHING TIGHT DOG IN! HER LEGS WERE FASTENED! ALSO! MYRNA GASPED! SHE WAS TIED UP! THE HUMMING SOUND CONTINUED! MYRNA MOVED HER HAND! HER HAND WAS FREE! SHE REACHED UP INTO THE DROPPING DARKNESS AND TOUCHED SOMETHING... SOMETHING FLAT AND HARD ABOVE HER! FEAR CLUTCHED AT MYRNA'S HEART! NOW! SHE REACHED OUT TO HER SIDE AND SCREAMED...

I...I'M IN A COFFIN! I'M BURIED  
ALIVE! HE DID IT! HE DID IT!



MYRRA LIFTED HER OTHER HAND AND BEAT HER SMALL FISTS ON THE FIRM WALLS AROUND HER! AGAIN SHE SHRIEDED...

OH, LORD...HELP ME! SOMEBODY, HELP ME! HE'S BURIED ME ALIVE!

EEEEEEEEEE...



THEN MYRRA BEGAN TO SOB! SHE HAD HER WRISTED FINGERS AROUND HER WOODEN PRISON! THE BUZZING IN HER HEAD CRIPED INTO HER BRAIN...

I'M SUFFOCATING! THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING! THE BUZZING...I...I...I'M GOING TO DIE!



MYRRA REACHED DOWN AND TOUCHED THE HEAVY ROPE THAT CUT INTO HER REARER CHESS...

HE...HE TIED ME DOWN! BUT HE FORGOT MY HANDS!



SHE UNDOED THE KNOT AND BREATHED HARD AS SHE PULSED THE ROPES RACE! BUT THE HUMMING SOUND CONTINUED...

I...I'M GETTING DIZZY! I FEEL MYSELF FALLING! HELP! SOMEBODY...PLEASE HELP ME!



MYRRA'S COFFIN PRISON SEEMED TO BE TURNING! SPINNING! HER LEGS WERE STILL TIED AND IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HER TO REACH THE ROPES THAT SECURED THEM! SHE LAY BACK GASPING...

I...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HEH! ACTUALLY DID IT! HE'D THREATENED TO DO IT SO OFTEN! HE KNEW I WAS AFRAID OF BEING BURIED ALIVE! EVEN SINCE I WAS A CHILD!



I REMEMBER THE INCIDENT SO WELL! I WAS PLAYING IN AN OLD ABANDONED MINE! I MUST HAVE JAMMED A RHINO'S POLS LOCKS...BECAUSE THE NEXT THING I SAW...

THE ROOF! IT'S COMING IN! EEEEEEE...



IT TOOK THEM FOUR HOURS TO DIG THEIR WAY THROUGH TO ME! I CRIED ALL THE WHILE! FINALLY, THE BLACK DIRT FELL AWAY, AND A WHITE FACE GINNED AT ME...

ROR...ROR...ROR...I'M GOING TO DIE!

TAKE IT EASY, BOB! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW! WE'VE GOT YOU! YOU'RE SAFE!



"EVER, EVER SINCE THEN, I'VE BEEN DEATHLY AFRAID OF BEING BURNED ALIVE!" HEARD WHEN IT! I TOLD HIM ON OUR FIRST DATE! HE'S GONE TO ONE OF THOSE AMUSEMENT PARKS...

"I'M SCARED, MYRNA! DON'T BE A PRUDE. IT'S THE FUNNEL OF LOVE!"

"NO, HERE! NO! I'M AFRAID!"



"WHAT ARE YOU SCARED OF, MYRNA? IT'S JUST A BURN PLACE WHERE WE CAN..."

"IT'S SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED TO ME WHEN I WAS A KID HERE! I WAS CAUGHT IN A BURN-ING! EVER SINCE THEN..."



"YES! HERE WHEN! AND LATER WHEN WE WERE MARRIED, HE USED TO JOKE ABOUT IT..."

"IF I DON'T GET A GREAT BIG HUSBAND AND A NICE JURY JUDGE THIS VERY MINUTE... I'M GOING TO DISA ROLE AND PUT YOU IN AND BURN YOU ALL!"

"HERE! STOP IT!"



"HERE NEVER MADE MUCH MONEY AND I WAS PRETTY HARD ON HIM! HE BEGAN TO ARGUE A LOT! THAT'S WHEN HE STARTED TO THREATEN ME..."

"LEAVE ME ALONE, MYRNA! I DO THE BEST I CAN! THERE'S JUST NO CHANCE FOR ADVANCEMENT HERE! NOW!"

"LOOK AT ME! I HAVEN'T BOUGHT A NEW DRESS IN MONTHS!"



"I'LL BUY YOU A NEW DRESS - WHEN I BURN YOU ALIVE!"

"STOP IT, HERE! STOP TALKING LIKE THAT!"



"MYRNA SCARPED! THE HUMMING WAS LOUDER NOW! SHE FELT A WAVE OF NAUSEA SWEEP OVER HER, ... FELT HERSELF SPINNING DIZZILY..."

"AND HE DID IT! HERE FINALLY DID IT! I'M GOING TO DIE! BURNED ALIVE! HE'S BURNED ME ALIVE LIKE HE BURNED ME IN THAT STINKING MINE TOWN..."



"... HERE TALKED ME INTO MOVING TO THAT HOTTER HOLE... MILES FROM NOWHERE... AND I FOOLISHLY WENT! HE'D BEEN OFFERED A JOB WITH A CHANCE FOR ADVANCEMENT! HE HAD TO DRIVE THREE DAYS OVER BAD ROADS TO REACH IT..."

"WELL, MYRNA! THIS IS IT! IT ISN'T MUCH, BUT THE PAY IS \$500, AND IN NO TIME AT ALL..."

"IT'S HORRIBLE... DON'T WORRY! I'VE GOT SOMETHING BUT A SHITTY SMARTY TOWN! THAT'S ALL..."



I WAS CRAZY TO HAVE LISTENED TO HIM! BUT I WAS **FRAZZLED**! I HAD TO STAY! EVERY DAY HERS WOULD GO OFF TO THE ONE-PTB AND LEAVE ME IN THAT FILTHY NOVEL I WAS FORCED TO **GALL HOME**...

I HATE IT HERE!  
HATE IT!



AND THEN I MET ANDY! ANDY WORKED WITH HERS! ONE NIGHT, HERS BROUGHT HIM HOME TO **DINNER**...

THIS IS MY WIFE  
MYRNA! ROBERT  
MEET ANDY  
CARSON!

HOW DO,  
MYRNA?

HELLO!



I DON'T KNOW **WHY** IT HAPPENED OR **HOW** IT HAPPENED! PERHAPS I WAS BORED WITH HERS... BORED WITH THE CRAB LIFE I WAS LIVING! ANYWAY, I FELL IN LOVE WITH ANDY CARSON.

LOOK, MYRNA!  
THIS IS  
MYRNA!  
ALL  
WRONG!

HERS' AT THE  
ONE-PTB, ANDY!  
HE'LL BE **GONE**  
TELL MICHIGAN!  
KISS ME!



I SAW ANDY EVERY CHANCE I COULD GET! TO MAKE SOME EXCUSE AND GO FOR A WALK... AND MEET HIM WHERE WE WOULDN'T BE SEEN.

WHAT ABOUT **HERS**?  
MYRNA? DOES HE  
**SUSPECT**?

NOT A BIT! HE'S  
TOO **STUPID**. TOO  
**BLIND**!



BUT I WAS MISTAKEN! HERS **DID** SUSPECT! ONE NIGHT...

IT'S BETTER SO, MYRNA!  
HERS'LL BE DOMING OFF  
HIS SHIFT SOON!

YES! KISS ME  
GOOD-NIGHT, ANDY  
CARSON!



HERS MUST HAVE GONE OFF HIS SHIFT EARLY THAT NIGHT, **INTENDING** TO CATCH US! AS ANDY TOOK ME IN HIS ARMS, THE FRONT DOOR **THUNG** OPEN.

HERS!

TAKE YOUR FILTHY  
HANDS OFF HER,  
CARSON!



'HERS WAS **HAD**. **STEAMING MAD**! I TRIED TO SAY SOMETHING.

WE... WE WERE  
GOING TO TELL  
YOU, HERB!  
WE...

**SHUT UP! GET OUT,  
CARSON! GET OUT  
OF MY HOUSE!**

SOLD ON  
A MINUTE.  
HERS! I...



ANDY NEVER FINISHED HIS SENTENCE! HERE HE HIT HIM WITH ALL HIS WEIGHT AND ANDY'S MOUTH SPURTED BLOOD! THEN HERE HE THREW HIM THROUGH THE DOOR, SLAMMED IT, AND LOCKED IT.

HERE!  
I...

HOW I'M GOING  
TO TAKE CARE OF  
YOU, MYRNA!

HERE HE CAME AT ME! I BACKED AWAY! HE PICKED UP A FOKER FROM THE COAL STOVE AS HE PASSED...

YOU'RE CHEAP  
AND ROTTEN!  
YOU SHOULD BE  
DEAD, MYRNA!  
DEAD!

PUT DOWN  
THAT FOKER,  
HERE! DON'T

I'M NOT GOING  
TO KILL YOU WITH  
IT, MYRNA! NO!  
THAT'S TOO SHORT...  
TO GOOD FOR YOU!  
I'M JUST GOING TO  
PUT YOU OUT  
FOR A WHILE...

PLEASE.  
HERE!  
I'M  
SORRY!  
I STILL  
LOVE  
YOU!  
PLEASE!

HE CAME AT ME, BLARING! HE SHARLED HEAVILY.

THEN YOU KNOW WHAT I'M  
GOING TO DO, MYRNA! I'M GOING  
TO PUT YOU IN A FIRE BOX AND  
BURY YOU ALIVE! YES! YOU'VE  
ALWAYS BEEN AFRAID OF THAT!

NO! NO!  
HERE!  
PLEASE...  
SOS, SOS.

HE WAS SHOUTING AS HE BROUGHT THE FOKER DOWN ON MY HEAD...

THAT'S THE WAY YOU'RE GOING TO  
DIE, MYRNA! BURIED ALIVE!

THE ROARING WAS LOUDER NOW! MYRNA RAO TO SHOUT INTO THE BLACKNESS TO HEAR HERSELF ABOVE IT...

AND HE DID IT... SOS, SOS! HE'S  
BURIED ME ALIVE!

SHE POUNDED HER BAW AND BLEEDING FISTS  
AGAINST HER FIRE PRISON, SCREAMING...

I'M GOING TO DIE! I'M GOING TO DIE!

MYRNA WAS CRACKING NOW! THE TERROR OF THE SITUATION... THE HORROR OF HER IMPENDING DEATH... HER ABNORMAL FEAR OF WHAT SHE NOW ACTUALLY FACED... ALL ADDED UP TO THE BREAKING POINT...

**YAAAAAAEEAAGHH!**



BACK AT THE MINERS TOWN, IN THE SHACK THEY'VE CONVERTED TO A JAIL, ARDY AND SEVERAL OTHERS QUESTIONED HENK...

IF SHE DIES, HENK, YOU'LL SOON BEAT FOR MURDER! I-I COULDN'T HELP IT! I SAW RED! I HIT HER WITH THE FORK! LUCKY FOR YOU THE MAIL PLANE WAS IN, HENK!



YEAH, DOC! I KNOW! SO YOU THINK SHE'LL PULL THROUGH? DON'T KNOW FOR SURE! IF THEY CAN GET HER TO THE HOSPITAL AT BUTTE IN TIME, AN OPERATION COULD SAVE HER!



PRETTY CLEVER OF ARDY, EH, DOC?

YOU MEAN SUGGESTING WE FLY HER DOWN LIKE THEY EVACUATE THE WOUNDED OVER IN KOREA? THAT PLANE COULD NEVER HOLD A STRETCHER INSIDE! BUT HOOKIN' THAT BOX ON THE OUTSIDE... THAT DOO THE TRICK!



ON THE AIRFIELD AT BUTTE, A SMALL MAIL-PLANE SILENTLY FASTENED TO ITS SIDE IS A LARGE PINE BOX, SOMEWHAT RESEMBLING A COFFIN! THEY'VE OPENED THE BOX NOW, TO REMOVE MYRNA AND HUSH HER TO THE HOSPITAL! BUT MYRNA DOESN'T SEE THE BLUE SKY ABOVE HER! IN HER MIND, SHE STILL HEARS THE CHORING SOUND... STILL SEES THE BLACKNESS AROUND HER! SHE SEATS HER HAND AND BLOODY FISTS AT THE AIR...

BURNED... ALIVE... BURNED... ALIVE... BURN... BURN... BURN... POOR WOMAN! THE SLOW MUST HAVE DAMAGED HER BRAIN! SHE'S COMPLETELY OUT OF HER MIND!



HEH, HEH! YEP! MYRNA'S CRAZY AS A LOOK, NOW! THEY'VE PUT HER AWAY IN A PADDED CELL SO SHE WON'T BREAK HER FISTS AS SHE POUNDS THE WALLS! AND POUND POUND THE WALLS WHEN YOU GET MY BLASTED BACK ISSUES! THEY'RE GOOD READERS! READ MY COLUMN, THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER, FOR INFO ON HOW TO OBTAIN 'EM! AND NOW I SWELL THE OLD WITCH'S CALLOUS! SO I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO HER!





# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HELLO! I'M COOKIN' MAAM! SMELL THE FETID ODOR? IT'S THE EVIL BREW IN MY CAULDRON! COME INCOME INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR! YES IT'S YOUR SHIVER-CHEEK, THE OLD WITCH, READY TO DISH OUT ANOTHER CREEPY CONCOCTION OF SLIMY SAMPLES! I'VE GOT SO MUCH UP CLOSE TO THE FIRE... KNEEL DOWN SO YOUR KNEES WON'T SHOCK. FASTEN YOUR SHOCK CAPS. TUCK YOUR BARBONS UNDER YOUR CHINS... AND I'LL FEED YOU THE MOUND MUSEL OF MELDORAMATIC MADNESS! I TELL.

## A SUCKER FOR A SPIDER!



MAXWELL STONEMAN, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNTY BANK AND TRUST COMPANY, PUSHED HIS CHAIR AWAY FROM THE ELABORATELY SET DINNER TABLE IN THE DINING ROOM OF HIS LUXURIOUS MANSION. HE SPINNED DOWN AT HIS DINING GUEST, THE BANK'S CHIEF TELLER, RANDOLPH SPURD...

COME, SPURD! BEFORE WE HAVE OUR COFFEE, I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING! SOMETHING I THINK YOU'LL BE VERY INTERESTED IN! MY COLLECTION OF RARE SPIDERS!

SPIDERS? OH, DEAR!



WEALTHY BANNER STONEMAN LED HIS BEER-LOOKING CHIEF TELLER THROUGH THE RICHLI FURNISHED LIVING ROOM INTO A GLASS-BALLED GREEN-HOUSE.

SPIDERS HAVE BEEN **TO** I DO-  
MY NOBBLIN' YEARS **LIKE**  
SPURD! I'VE SPEC- SPIDERS.  
IMENS FROM ALL MR.  
OVER THE WORLD! STONEMAN!



COVERING ONE WALL OF THE GREEN-HOUSE WAS A LINE OF GLASS CASES! EACH CASE CONTAINED A SOIL BOTTOM AND WAS ARTISTICALLY PLANTED WITH **COLLAGES...**

I LOVE THEM, SPURD!  
AN AMBITIOUS CRE-  
TURE... THE SPIDER!  
TAKE THIS ONE  
FOR EXAMPLE.

YEH!  
IT OVER  
ME THE  
BUTTERS!



MAX STONEMAN POINTED THROUGH THE FRONT GLASS OF ONE OF THE CASES! INSIDE, A HUGE, HAIRY, EIGHT-LEGGED CREATURE CRUMLED ON A BROAD LEAF...

THIS IS A TARANTULA!  
I GOT THIS ONE FROM A  
SEAMAN ON A BANANA  
BOAT! WHEN IT  
MATURES, IT WILL  
REACHES 300'...  
WITH EIGHT  
INCHES ACROSS!

IS IT  
A POISON-  
OUS?



IT CAN STING YOU PRETTY BADLY,  
BUT ITS BITE ISN'T TOO TOXIC!  
IT'S ABOUT AS BAD AS A WASP'S  
BITE! THERE AREN'T MANY  
SPIDERS WHOSE BITES ARE  
POISONOUS! THE BLACK  
WIDOW IS ABOUT THE ONLY  
SPIDER FOUND IN THE  
UNITED STATES THAT  
CAN KILL A MAN!

I'M DEATHLY  
AFRAID OF  
SPIDERS, MR.  
STONEMAN! CAN'T  
WE THAT IS...  
CAN'T WE TALK  
BUSINESS NOW?



BANNER STONEMAN TOOK HIS CHIEF TELLER BY THE ARM AND LED HIM TO ANOTHER CASE.

LATER, SPURD! FIRST I MUST SHOW  
YOU THE PRIZE OF MY COLLECTION!  
HERE... IN THIS CASE! IT'S A  
VERMULA SPIDER! A  
VERY RARE VARIETY.

WHAT A  
LOVELY WEB!  
IT'S SPUN!



MR. STONEMAN REACHED DOWN BELOW THE SPIDER-CASE AND PICKED UP A LARGE JAR COVERED AT THE TOP WITH CHEESE-CLOTH.

I WANT YOU TO WATCH WHAT THE  
VERMULA DOES TO ONE OF ITS  
VICTIMS, SPURD! THIS IS A  
BOTTLE OF FLIES!

PLEASE, MR.  
STONEMAN!  
DON'T.



MAXWELL STONEMAN CAPTURED ONE OF THE  
IMPRISONED FLIES FROM THE JAR AND HELD IT IN  
HIS CLOSED FIST! THEN HE OPENED THE SPIDER  
CASE AND FLUNG THE UNFORTUNATE INSECT INTO  
THE VERMULA'S WEB.

THERE! NOW, REMEMBER HOW  
THE LITTLE FELLOW STICKS  
THERE!

POOR THING! IT'S  
SPINNING TO  
FREE ITSELF!



THE TRAPPED FLY TWISTED AND TURNED IN AN EFFORT TO TEAR ITSELF FROM THE WEB...

IT WON'T GET LOOSE, SPURD!  
THE VENUSSULA'S WEB IS COVERED  
WITH A THICK ADHESIVE  
COATING!

THE  
SPIDER'S  
COMING!

YES! NOW...WATCH! SEE  
NOW THE VENUSSULA SNAPS ITS  
FANGS INTO THE FLY! IT  
PARALYZES ITS VICTIM!

OH...DEAR!

THEN IT BEGINS TO SPIN A  
COVERING AROUND THE FLY!  
BEEP! SEE NOW IT TURNS  
THE FLY OVER AND OVER,  
SPINNING ITS WEB AROUND  
IT LIKE A COCOON!

AND THE FLY  
IS IT STILL  
ALIVE?

EXACTLY! THE VENUSSULA  
WILL KEEP THE FLY THAT  
WAY UNTIL IT IS READY TO  
EAT IT! AT THAT TIME IT  
WILL INJECT THE FLY WITH  
AN ENZYME WHICH ACTS AS  
A PRE-DIGESTION AGENT!  
THEN THE SPIDER MENELY  
SUCKS UP THE LIQUIDIFIED  
INSIDES OF THE FLY, LEAV-  
ING ONLY A DRY OUTER  
SHELL, WHICH IT  
DISCARDS!

UGH! NOW  
DISGUSTING!

YOU... I AM, SIN! AND I  
LOOK SHOCKED  
AND CRUEL OF YOU  
SPURD  
TO THROW THOSE  
POOR FLIES INTO  
THAT VICIOUS  
SPIDER'S  
WEB!

COME, COME, MAN! I'VE  
NOT THAT VENUSSULA IN A  
CASE! IN ITS NATURAL  
HABITAT IN THE SOUTHERN  
SWAMPS OF NORTH AMERICA,  
IT WOULD NORMALLY TRAP  
FLIES IN ITS WEB!

IT'S  
REVOLTING!

DON'T BE SELF, SPURD!  
THAT'S NATURE! YOU KNOW,  
DOES EAT DOG! IN THIS  
CASE, IT'S SPIDER EAT FLY!  
THAT'S THE WAY IT SUR-  
VIVES! AND WE ALL  
STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE!  
WE'VE ALL GOT TO BE LIKE  
THAT SPIDER...IN A WAY!

PERHAPS...  
PERHAPS YOU'RE  
RIGHT, SIN!  
I...I NEVER  
THOUGHT OF  
IT THAT WAY!  
HMMM!

HANDOLPH SPURD FOLLOWED HIS EMPLOYER OUT OF THE GREENHOUSE INTO THE LUXURIOUS LIVING ROOM.

ALL RIGHT, SPURD!  
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?  
YOU INVITED YOURSELF HERE TONIGHT!  
WHAT'S UP?

WELL, SIR! I...I'VE NOTICED SOMETHING *WRONG* AT THE BANK... SOMETHING TERRIBLY *WRONG*!

OH? IT'S THE BOOKS, SIR! THEY DON'T *BALANCE*! IN FACT...I WOULD SAY SOMEONE IS...*EE...STEALING* FROM THE BANK, SIR! I CAME HERE TONIGHT TO...*ER...WARN* YOU! YOU SEE...I *KNOW* WHO THAT *SOMEONE* IS!

YOU... YOU DO?

YES, MR. STONEHAM! WHEN I *FIRST* CAME TONIGHT, I INTENDED TO LET YOU KNOW I KNEW ABOUT THE DISCREPANCY IN THE BOOKS SO THAT YOU COULD REPLACE THE MONEY AND NOTHING MORE WOULD BE SAID!

ARE YOU ACCUSING ME, SPURD?

BUT, AFTER HEARING YOUR TALK TONIGHT...ABOUT SPIDER EAT FLY... DOG EAT DOG...I'VE DECIDED TO *FORGET* THAT I NOTICED ANYTHING *WRONG*.

OH?

FOR, SAY...*FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS*! THAT ISN'T MUCH, MR. STONEHAM, COMPARED TO *FIFTY TWO THOUSAND*!

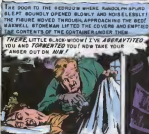
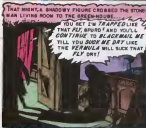
SO...IT'S BLACKMAIL, IS IT? YOU WANT A PAYOFF, EH?

LET US CALL IT A STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE, SIR! YOU PAY ME AND YOU SURVIVE! LIKE YOU SAID, SIR...IT'S *NATURE*!

THERE WAS A MOMENT OF SILENCE, AND THEN MAXWELL STONEHAM BEGAN TO LAUGH! HIS ROARS OF MIRTH ECHOED THROUGH THE HOUSE.

HEH...HEH! ALL RIGHT, SPURD! YOU WIN! I'M *PROUD* OF YOU! I DIDN'T THINK YOU HAD IT IN YOU! *FIVE GRAND, EH? IT'S A DEAL!*

AND EVERYTHING STAYS EXACTLY AS IT WAS! I KEEP MY JOB! THAT'S IN THE DEAL, TOO!



THE NEXT MORNING, THE POLICE CAME AN ANSWER TO MAXWELL STONEMAN'S 'FRANTIC' PHONECALL! THEY QUESTIONED MAX ABOUT RANDOLPH BRURO'S UNFORTUNATE DEATH! MAX WAS 'HEARTBROKEN'.

THE DOD SAYS A BLACK-WIDOW KILLED HIM. MR. STONEMAN! HAVE YOU ANY IDEA HOW THE SPIDER GOT OUT OF ITS CASE?

NO! I SHOWED MR. SPUD MY COLLECTION LAST NIGHT! PERHAPS THE CASE DOOR WAS LEFT OPEN!

THE POLICE INSPECTOR HAMMERED AWAY, BUT COULD PROVE NOTHING...

I INVITED HIM TO MY HOUSE SOONER! I DO THAT OFTEN FOR MY EMPLOYEES! I LIKE TO MAKE THEM FEEL I AM THEIR FRIEND AS WELL AS THEIR EMPLOYER!

DEAR, MR. STONEMAN! THAT'LL BE ALL! WRAP IT UP, BOYS! JUST AN ACCIDENT! THAT'S ALL!



BUT MAXWELL STONEMAN DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY THE POLICE INSPECTOR EYED HIM! MAX DECIDED IT MIGHT BE BETTER TO GET OUT OF THE STATE FOR A FEW MONTHS TILL THE INCIDENT WAS FORGOTTEN...

YOUR PLANE IS READY, MR. STONEMAN! GOING SOUTH?

YES, GEORGE! GOING TO BRAM FOR A FEW MONTHS!



MR. STONEMAN OWNED HIS OWN PLANE! HE WAS AN EXPERT PILOT, FLYING IT ALL OVER THE COUNTRY FOR BUSINESS AND PLEASURE! THE NEXT DAY, HIGH OVER GEORGIA...

COULD BE IN REACH IN TWO HOURS! THAT'S THE GREENHOCK SWAMP! DOWN THERE NOW! I...



SUDDENLY, THE ENGINE SPUTTERED AND DIED! THE PLANE BEGAN TO LOOSE ALTITUDE...

GOOD LORD! THE ENGINE'S GORGED OUT! I'M COMING DOWN!



MAX TUMBLED OUT OF THE TINY PLANE'S DOOR AS IT WENT INTO A SPIN! HIS CHUTE BUSHROOMED OPEN AND HE BEGAN TO FLOAT LADLY TOWARD THE FORE-BODDING SWAMP BELLO...

NOT A SIGN OF A ROAD OR A GARIN! I'M RIGHT OVER THE WORST SECTION OF THE GREENHOCK... THE PART THAT NO MAN IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO FIND HIS WAY OUT OF!



MAX DROPPED INTO A THICKLY OVERGROWN SPOT! HIS CHUTE SNARLED IN A MOSS-LASHEN CYPRESS TREE AND HE HUNG HELPLESSLY, DANGLING ABOVE THE STAGNANT FOUL-SMELLING WATER.

I'VE GOT...TO...OUT MYSELF LOOSE! THANK GOODNESS I HAVE A KNIFE!



BARKER STONEHAM HACKED AWAY AT THE CHUTE CORDS UNTIL HE CUT HIMSELF FREE! HE PLUMBED DOWNWARD TOWARD THE SWAMP SURFACE! SUDDENLY—

MAX LOOKED AROUND! HE SEEMED TO BE LYING UPON SOME SORT OF HUGE NET! HE STRUGGLED TO FREE HIMSELF.

WHAT THE...? I'VE FALLEN INTO SOMETHING!

THE NET! IT'S ALL STICKY! IT'S LIKE A... A HUGE SPIDER WEB!

THE MORE MAXWELL STONEHAM TRIED TO ESCAPE THE MORE HOPELESSLY ENTAILED HE BECAME! SUDDENLY A MOVEMENT CAUGHT MAX'S EYE! A HUGE HAIRY SHAPE LOOMED UP, BEFORE HIM.

THE DISGUSTING THING SPRAWLED AT MAX, DIPPING ITS DRIPPING FANGS IN HIS CHEST! HE FELT A SHRILLING CHILL CREEP OVER HIS BODY! THEN THE GIANTIC SPIDER BEGAN TO COVER HIM WITH ITS WILLY WHITE SPINNINGS.

OH, NO! NO! A VERMULA SPIDER!

HE-E-E-L-P-PP!

I... I'M PARALYZED! I CAN'T MOVE! THE VERMULA! IT'S... IT'S HEAVING ITS GIGGON AROUND ME!

WHEN THE WRECKAGE OF BARKER STONEHAM'S PLANE WAS SPOTTED BY AN AIRLINE PILOT DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE OKEFENOKEE SWAMP, HELICOPTERS BROUGHT A SEARCHING PARTY IN! THEY FINALLY FOUND HIM... OR WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIM.

HE... HE SEEMS TO BE COVERED WITH SOME SORT OF SILLY WHITE STUFF!

PROBABLY WHAT'S LEFT OF HIS CHUTE!

HE'S NOTHING BUT A DRIED-UP SNELL! ALL OF HIS FLESH AND GUTS SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN SUCKED OUT OF HIS BODY!

ARTS!

ARTS, NOTHING! HEE, HEE! MAXIE TELLERD ONCE! BEFORE THAT SPIDER GOT THROUGH WITH HIM! WHAT? YOU DOUBT THAT A VERMULA SPIDER THAT SIZE EXISTS IN THE OKEFENOKEE? WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A TRIP DOWN THERE WITH ME SOMETIME... AND SEE? HEE, HEE! I'LL LET YOU TALK TO AN OLD BUDE DOWN THERE! HE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME HE WAS OUT HUNTING QUACK AND SPIED 'EM! YES, NOW! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THAT RASPY THE WALK OF HORROR!





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GLAD CRYPT #4



GLAD CRYPT #5



GLAD CRYPT #6



GLAD VAULT #1



GLAD VAULT #2



GLAD VAULT #3



GLAD VAULT #4



GLAD VAULT #5



GLAD VAULT #6



GLAD WEIRD #1



GLAD WEIRD #2



GLAD WEIRD #3



GLAD WEIRD #4



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## CONTENTS OF GLADSTONE EC COMICS

### GLAD CRYPT

#1 CRYPT 33 (1952)  
CRIME 17 (1952)

#2 CRYPT 38 (1952)  
CRIME 18 (1952)

#3 CRYPT 35 (1952)  
CRIME 17 (1952)

#4 CRYPT 18 (1952)  
CRIME 18 (1952)

#5 CRYPT #4 (1952)  
CRIME 18 (1952)

#6 CRYPT #2 (1952)  
CRIME 27 (1952)

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HAUNT 1 (1952)

#2 VAULT 27 (1952)  
HAUNT 18 (1952)

#3 VAULT 32 (1952)  
VAULT 12 (1952)

#4 VAULT 33 (1952)  
HAUNT 12 (1952)

#5 VAULT 18 (1952)  
W. FAN 8 (1952)

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